THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Ill… …kly
Founded A° … …Franklin

OCTOBER 28, 1922

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ELIZABETH ALEXANDER—HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER—DOROTHY DeJAGERS
L. B. YATES—WALTER De LEON—GRACE LOVELL BRYAN—GEORGE WESTON

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ESTABLISHED 1870

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and
MEN WHO
STAY YOUNG

The Society Brand merchant has a wide choice of suits and overcoats to show you. The workmanship is *always* the same whether the price is $40 or $65.

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Paint which is cleaned without hard rubbing should last indefinitely. The quick cleansing of P and G keeps paint "young."

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So many women make it a rule to have P and G on their grocery lists regularly that it is the *largest selling laundry and household soap in America!*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Not merely a white laundry soap,
Not merely a naphtha soap,
But the best features of both, combined.

Speed *and* Safety

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Associate Editors

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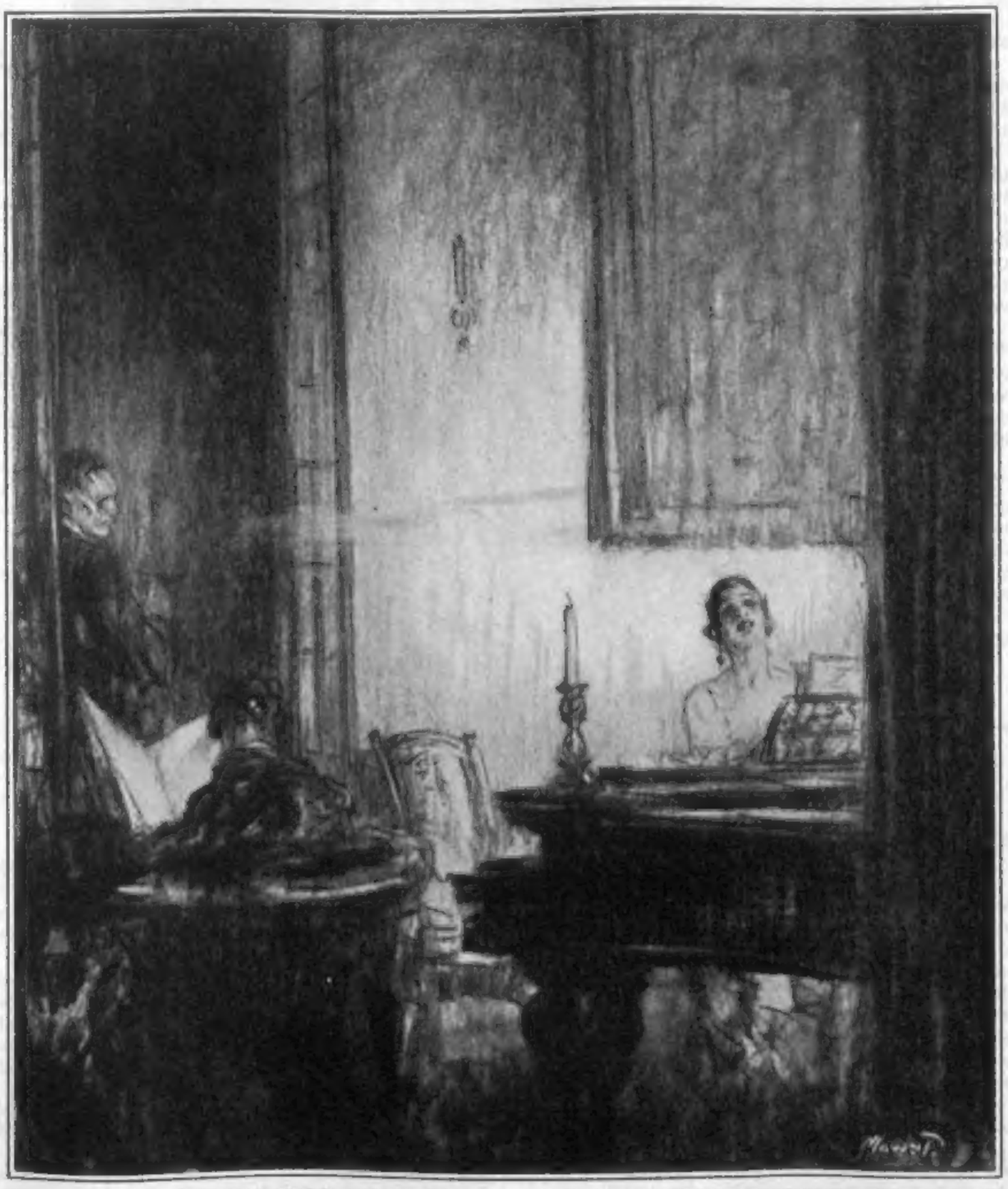
THE SELF-MADE WIFE

By Elizabeth Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT



Old English Ballads, Old Love Songs, Simple Things Mellowed by Time—She Sang One After the Other Lightly and Charmingly

IF YOU won't use the dining room I won't come home to dinner."

"There's no sense havin' two dinin' rooms."

"The breakfast room is not a dining room."

"Pshaw! Puttin' on airs. You used to be glad enough to eat in the kitchen, Tim Godwin!"

"Those days are over."

"Well, I haven't forgotten 'em."

"I wish you would, Corrie."

"Not likely!"

"But what's your objection? I don't understand you."

"No, you don't. And what's more, I don't understand you any longer either."

"That's the truth, God knows!"

"What's the sense dirtying that big dining room, and usin' the real linen tablecloths and the good silver, when there's no comp'ny? I don't see."

"Oh, Corrie, I wish you wouldn't make a difference between home folks and comp'ny, and everyday dresses and good dresses. Wear out everything in the house if you want to. I'll pay for it."

"Yes, isn't that just like you!"

"But why won't you try to please me?"

"Well, what's wrong with the—what you call the breakfast room? Isn't it good enough for you?"

"It's just that I want to live like other folks—like other people, Corrie."

"What other folks?"

"Why—the—the best people."

"Oh! So you've got the society bee in your bonnet?"

"No, I haven't. I wish you'd try to understand me. I just want to live decently, that's all."

"Decently! When did we ever not live decently, I'd like to know?"

"When we were poor."

"You mean to say you think it's indecent to be poor, Tim Godwin!"

"It is for me."

"You're talkin' like a crazy person."

"You think so. But I've always wanted good things, pretty things. And everything clean and right."

"Now you say your home wasn't clean! After all I worked and slaved!"

"It wasn't your fault, Corrie. I know you were always a crank about cleanliness, yourself. But it wasn't like it is now—four bathrooms, and hot and cold showers, and not having to spare the soap, and lots and lots of towels! Why, Corrie, I can't tell you how I enjoy just using towels—those great big Turkish ones, and the nice long, smooth face towels. Some fellows have that all their lives—and they don't know."

"That's another thing. Throwing 'em on the floor after you've used 'em once. You ought to be ashamed."

"But why? Why? Haven't I worked like a dog for it? Why can't I enjoy it now? Why won't you enjoy it too?"

"Throwin' your money away like a drunken sailor!"

"No, Corrie, that's just where you don't understand. It isn't wasting money to—well, to try and make your life—well—to make it—beautiful."

"Beautiful!" She gave a shrill scream of laughter. "Now aren't you one to talk about makin' your life beautiful—a great big six-foot, two-fisted man! All that poetry you been readin' must of turned your head."

"Yes. It has."

"Well, I knew it."

"It's turned me away from ugliness—that and other things. Not only reading, but what I've wanted all my life. And now that I've got the money to have things as I want them I won't live an ugly life. I'll tell you that straight, Corrie. With or without you—I'm going ahead."

"What do you mean by that, Tim Godwin?"

"Just what I said."

"You needn't threaten me. I'm your lawful wife. You can't cast me off like an old shoe because you're tired of me."

"Whoever said anything like that? I love you, Corrie. Don't you know that?"

"You talk like it, don't you?"

"But that's why you can make me so mad. If I didn't love you I wouldn't care what you did, would I? I want to make things better for you too. And you won't let me. And the children—you don't look ahead for them."

"Now he accuses me of being a bad mother. Me, who stayed up four nights without one wink of sleep when little Corrie had the diphtheria, and my clothes off never once in all that time!"

"Corrie, this doesn't get us anywhere, talking like this. I know there's not a finer, pluckier woman in the whole world than you. You stood by me through all those hard times like no one else ever would have done. But my Lord! You're not an old woman, girl. You're not thirty yet. You're young. And I'm young. Why can't we enjoy what we've got now?"

"I don't suppose we were made just to enjoy ourselves, Tim Godwin. The Lord you're so fond of callin' on must of put us into the world for some other purpose than that."

"What purpose? What's your purpose, Corrie? That's what I'm trying to get at."

"Why—to do my duty, I suppose."

"And what is your duty—as you see it?"

"Don't cross-question me, Tim Godwin. Don't try any of your lawyer's tricks on me."

"No, but I want to know, Corrie. I want to know what you want."

"To be let alone!"

"But what for? Are you going on every day just the same—never changing—never improving?"

"You liked me as I was when you married me, well enough."

"You're the only woman I ever loved, and you know it."

"Then why do you pick on me all the time? I can't stand it."

"Corrie, we're just going around in a circle as we always do when we try to thresh this thing out."

"Then leave me alone."

"Let's boil our argument down to this: I want you to do a few little things, and you refuse—without rime or reason."

"I'm not your nigger slave, Tim Godwin."

"I don't want you to be."

"Yes, you do. Orderin' me around—what to say, what to wear, how to run my house. I guess you were glad enough for me to run things when you were makin' thirty-five dollars a week. An' two children to feed. I'd like to have seen you manage on that. An' little Jim comin' down with the flu on top of it. An' the baby born just as he was gettin' well. And me up two weeks after, doin' my own washing."

"Those days are over! Over! Quit harping on them."

"My memory's not so short as yours."

"I remember everything. That's why I want to forget it."

"I don't suppose you remember how my folks tried to put a stop to my marryin' you? To hear the way you talk now, you wouldn't think it was considered a come-down by all the folks in Powderly for me to marry you. There you go, puttin' on airs, and tryin' to play the millionaire, and even correctin' my grammar, Tim Godwin, when everybody knows you didn't even finish grade school."

"I didn't stop educating myself when I had to quit school. I guess there aren't many boys of fourteen would study a correspondence course nights, after working all day in a coal mine."

"That's right. Praise yourself."

"Oh, Corrie, what's the use? Why do we go on so? We don't hate one another. We're married. And we've got all our lives to live together. Let's make things as pleasant as we can. Won't you?"

"If you mean about the dining room—no."

"Just tell me why."

"Because there's no sense in it."

"There's no sense in your refusing."

"All right. I know you think I haven't got any sense. But I won't do it."

"Very well then. I shall eat my dinner every night on the train."

Without Thought, Without Knowing What He Was About to Do, He Crushed the Cloak to His Face

Two weeks later Tim Godwin was still eating his dinner on the train, and every night wearily rehearsing the old arguments as he ate. His words and Corrie's thumped in his head like the beat of the wheels, and even the open book he had propped against the bottle of tomato catchup could not distract his thoughts from his baffling wife.

They had been married when she was eighteen and he was twenty-one. And in spite of ten years of hard work, and their three children, Corrie was still remarkably pretty and fresh looking. Tim loved her, as he had said. He had missed her bitterly in the two weeks of his self-imposed exile from the dinner table. He had missed the children even more. They would be in bed and asleep when he got home by this later train. And Corrie would be upstairs in an old wrapper. She would greet him coldly or not at all. And he would go to his own room to read.

The years of reading that he had missed! All the books with which he must catch up! The Hundred Best Books had been almost his first purchase when the miracle-working money had first gushed in an astonishing flood. He had a pathetic belief in the potency of literature. And yet not all his study was dutiful plodding. A line of sudden beauty would lift his heart as with wings. Sometimes he found tears in his eyes and was not ashamed. The nebulous dreams of his youth were shaping. Beauty was a new word, and a strange word, and a word he was shy of saying, but he felt it now as keenly as in his starved and ugly youth; and now he could not only seek but command it—in books, in clothes, in furniture, in all the refinements of living. And that was where Corrie failed him so terribly.

If only he could probe that stubborn mind which closed against him like a sensitive plant. Had she no need of the things for which he hungered and thirsted? All the terribly important little things she called bosh. How strange that a woman would not eagerly grasp all that he so eagerly held out to her. What was Corrie's problem? Why, with his trained mind, could he not get at it? What could she want out of life?

He sighed and moved in his chair, and knocked down the book with his elbow. As he stooped to pick it up, a woman came down the swaying aisle of the dining car, and Tim's head brushed against the hem of her skirt. As he straightened up, flushed and apologetic, his eyes met hers.

"Why, Mr. Godwin!" she exclaimed, holding out her hand.

He rose, took her hand and held it, but could only stammer.

"How ever did you happen to remember me?"

"Does that mean that you have forgotten me?" she asked with a charming smile.

"No, I couldn't forget you, Miss Vincent. But I didn't expect you to remember me."

"Why not? I have thought about you often," she replied calmly. "May I sit there?" She indicated the place opposite his.

"Will you?"

He was all eager, humble gratitude. They both sat down and he stared at her. She met his gaze with perfect composure.

"Is the food dreadful?" she said. "Please order for me. I hate reading the card. Anything. I'm on my way to Rosedale Manor, and dinner will probably be over when I get there. Do you live out this way?"

"Yes. Near Carrsville. I've—bought a place."

"Really? How nice."

"Yes, it is. We lived in Carrsville first. But that's a dinky—that's a dreadful little town. So we're out in the country now. It's good for the children."

"It must be. So you've become a farmer? How many children are there?"

"Three now. But I'm not a farmer. I go in to New York every day."

"Really? That's quite tiresome, isn't it?"

"Well, I can arrange my own hours now, you see. And sometimes I drive in. Waiter! Will you have a—er—I don't know what ladies like—how about a nice steak, Miss Vincent?"

"Thank you."

"And er—some potatoes?"

"Please. But what was that about driving in? Have you bought a little car?"

"No, a Mobley-Dinard. Do you want any salad, Miss Vincent?"

"No, thank you. But you take my breath away. A Mobley-Dinard!"

"That will be all," said Tim to the waiter. "We'll order dessert afterward."

"Will you go on please about the Mobley-Dinard?"

"Why—it's very simple. I'm rich now."

"Yes, very simple! Do you mind telling me how you did it? Because I'm poor now."

"Oh! I'm sorry. I don't know what I ought to say, Miss Vincent, but ——"

"Well, I was never a plutocrat, you know. But my father has lost what he did have. I'm—going out to Rosedale Manor as a governess."

"You can't do that!"

"Why can't I?" She gave him a cool stare.

"Of course. It's none of my business. I beg your pardon," he said.

She leaned forward a little, and smiled charmingly again.

"Won't you tell me about your good fortune?" she asked.

"There isn't much to tell. It was just luck; it was oil. I made a little money by hard work, and then I invested it in oil stock. Corrie didn't want me to; said it was a wildcat scheme. Well, I guess most of it is. Most fellows get stung when they try it, I know. But I was lucky. They struck a gusher. Well—and then the money just gushed out. That's all."

"How exceedingly easy it sounds."

"Don't try it. Nearly everybody gets stung. I don't know why I was lucky. But I had worked hard before. And I'm still working hard. I'm a lawyer now too."

"Really?"

"You see, when you knew me—when I was making thirty-five dollars a week in a government office—I was going to night school studying law too."

"Yes?"

"Later on I got promoted until I was the head of my department, and things were a little easier for us then. But I kept right on studying, because it didn't seem to me that there would ever be any real money in civil service—big money like I was after. Well, I was partly right and partly wrong, because it was through the work in my department that I got my first chance at making money. And of course I was lucky again too. You see, when prohibition came along it just happened that I was right in the place where I knew more about it than almost anybody in the country—the legal aspects which would affect certain big corporations. I won't bore you with all that. But I made quite a little money untying people who had got all snarled up in red tape. And that was the money I sunk in oil. And naturally I've kept up those connections, so my law practice amounts to something too. And I've got into the firm with Digley, Digley & Ives—you know who they are."

"I'm sure I ought to. They sound very important. And I can't tell you how glad I am of your success."

She held out both hands to him across the table, with a charming unconscious grace.

He took her hands awkwardly, after a second's hesitation, noticing their whiteness, fineness, firmness, and the pink immaculate nails. He liked her cool gray eyes with

their very direct courageous gaze. He liked her cool even voice. He was tremendously afraid of her, and attracted by her—as much impressed as years ago when he had been a clerk in a government office and Elena Vincent had been doing volunteer war work, and chance had thrown them together a few times for a few moments in the dreary hallways of a government building in Washington.

"We mustn't let people think that we have just become engaged," said Elena, releasing her hands. "And here comes my dinner too. You've finished yours. So go on telling me about yourself while I eat."

"No, I won't brag any more," he answered gravely. "It makes me feel bad to think I've made a lot of money while you ——" He paused, embarrassed. "I don't know whether I ought to have said that. There are a lot of things I don't know. So you'll just have to forgive me, and understand I mean well anyway. Though that's about the poorest excuse in the world," he added, laughing shortly.

She considered him for a few seconds with her cool gray eyes.

"You've changed a great deal," she said at last. "I always thought you very interesting; I was sure you would succeed. But I hadn't any idea what you'd do with your success."

"I've tried to improve," he replied humbly.

"Yes, I can see that. What was the book you dropped?"

"The Red Lily."

"Oh! You like Anatole France?"

"I've never read anything else by him. I heard a man talking about this book."

"And do you like it?"

"Yes. That's the way to live."

"How?"

"Like those people. I don't mean their—love affairs. But everything polished and easy. And that woman—I don't know whether I pronounce her name right or not—Teereese?"

"Thérèse."

"Thanks. Correct me. Well, Thérèse ——"

"You admire her?"

"Well—of course Corrie would say she was immoral, and I guess maybe the whole book is—I don't know—I'm mixed up about all that. But anyway—she's wonderful! I wish I knew a woman like that."

"You'd fall in love with her."

"No, I'm not like that. I'd just want to know her—that's all."

"Because she was so beautiful?"

"No, not that either, exactly. But you never could imagine her with her hair up in curl papers, now, could you?"

Elena laughed. Then she looked at him again with her extraordinarily clear eyes.

"Do have Mrs. Godwin invite me to your place sometime," she said.

"Would you come?" he exclaimed, stammering with pleasure.

"Of course."

He had a sudden inspiration, made a swift decision, feeling almost dizzy.

"Look here, Miss Vincent," he said earnestly, leaning toward her, "I'm a plain man. I don't know how to put things tactfully. But I'm in a bad way at home. Nothing goes right, because my wife won't try to learn our new way of living. I need help, and you are the very one to give it to me. Will you come and live with us for a while? I'll pay anything you ask, gladly. I know I've put it all wrong, and maybe hurt your feelings—but there it is."

She gave him a long, level stare.

"Just exactly what are you proposing? That I shall become your wife's governess?"

"No, not a governess at all. Just come and visit us like a friend."

"But Mrs. Godwin hasn't asked me."

"She will. She'll like you."

"How naïve men are."

"I want you to get off the train with me tonight at Carrsville, and drive right out to our place. We'll wire to Rosedale Manor that you can't come."

"I feel like a prize cook over whom two neighbors are fighting."

"Well, will you come?"

"Why, of course not! It's simply out of the question!"

"Come and stay a week, and if you don't like it I'll find something else for you. And a better job—position than governess too."

"But you don't seem to have any idea of the proprieties, Mr. Godwin! Although, of course, I'm rather betraying my age by mentioning them."

"I told you. I don't know anything. None of us do. I want you to teach us."

"But what will Mrs. Godwin think when you suddenly appear with a strange woman?"

"I'll tell her just how it is—that you've come to visit us."

"And she will accept that explanation?"

"Why, of course."

"Mr. Godwin, you are tempting me. For I have an almost inhuman interest in human nature."

"Do you mean you'll come?"

"I may be just insane enough to do it. My family wouldn't be at all surprised. They always expect the impossible from me. But ——"

"I'll make everything right with everybody," he assured her earnestly.

However, on the way out from Carrsville, sweeping along the dark country roads in the Mobley-Dinard, Tim's confidence in his ability to make things right began to ebb a little. And he noticed that Miss Vincent seemed constrained and thoughtful. He wondered if she were like himself in having quick impulses and almost as quickly regretting them, or at least wishing to reconsider them. But no! He did not regret and he did not wish to reconsider. To have a woman like Miss Vincent in his house was worth any momentary embarrassment. Still, if Corrie and he had been on more friendly terms at present it would have been easier.

"I think it would be better if you did not say that we met by accident on the train," said Miss Vincent finally, just as they passed through the entrance gates.

"Maybe so," Tim agreed. "Though I usually tell Corrie the absolute truth about everything."

"Then tell her what is really the truth about this—that you have engaged me as a sort of social secretary—I suppose that is what one would call my position? I'd really be far more comfortable in that rôle than as a guest. And surely there'd be no harm in letting Mrs. Godwin assume that you had engaged me in your New York office instead of in a dining car."

"Corrie wouldn't understand about a social secretary," replied Tim; mentally adding, "she'd think it was all bosh."

But Miss Vincent had begun to exclaim over the beautiful outlines of the house, which could now be seen at the end of the drive.

"How charming your house looks!"

Tim caught the note of surprise in her voice, and smiled a little grimly.

"We didn't plan it or anything much that's in it. It's over a hundred years old, and we bought it furnished. Lucky, weren't we?"

"Indeed you are! It's a treasure! I can hardly wait to get inside. But who would think of selling such a darling old house?"

"They had to. And it had been in their family for generations. Sad, isn't it? But if they hadn't sold to me it would have been to someone else, and no one could have appreciated it more than I do."

The car stopped, the chauffeur opened the door, and Tim helped Miss Vincent out.

"Here we are," he said, pausing and looking up, his face radiant. "I love this house. I'm not ashamed to say it. It seems to me that it was—well, sent to me. I wouldn't have known how to build, nor what to buy, but I know enough to like this and everything in it. I found some old carved wooden beds up in the attic—dragged 'em down. Corrie nearly had a fit—she likes brass."

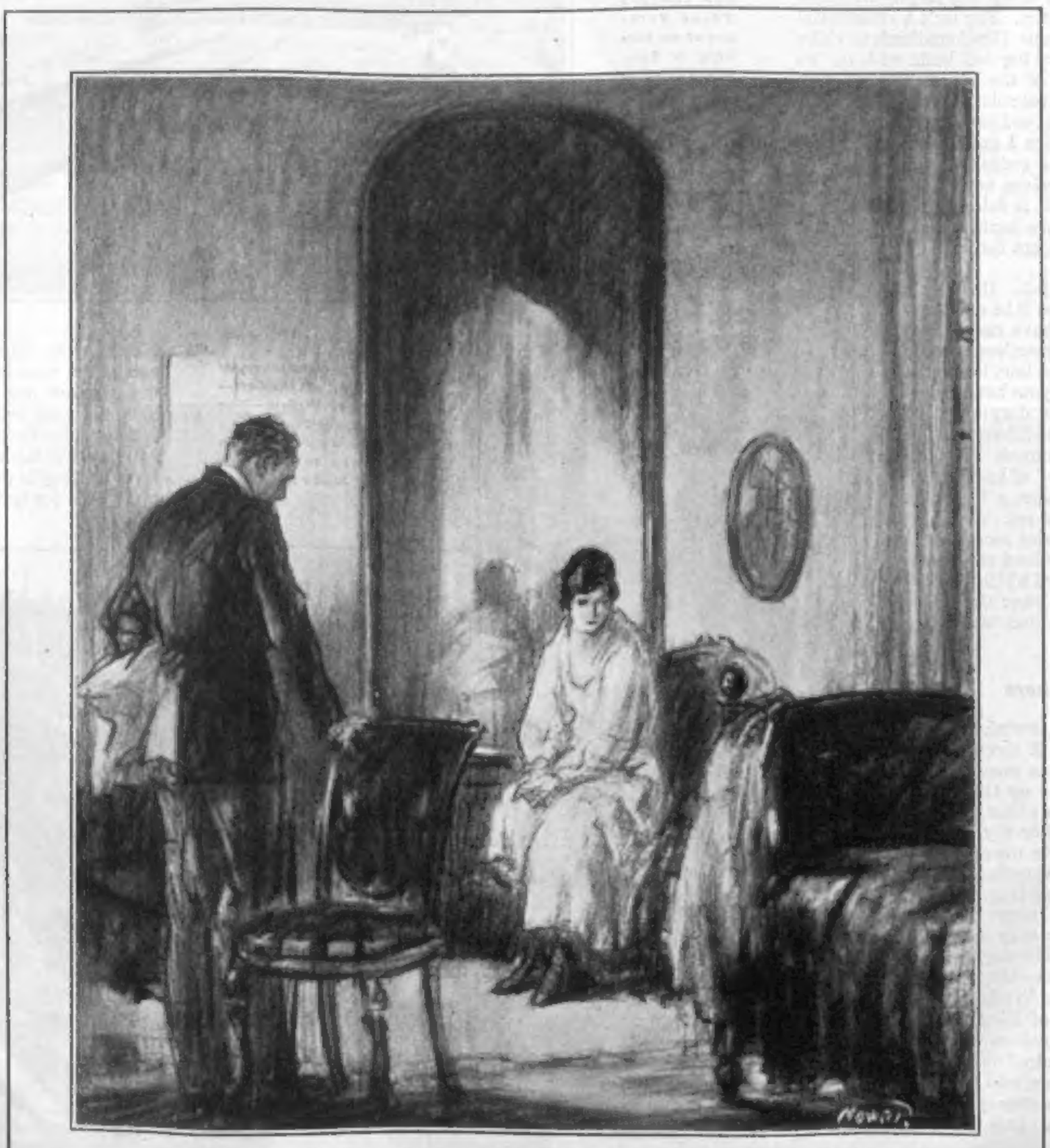
He fitted the key in the lock, and led the way into the great hall with its dark, curving staircase. The old house smelled faintly sweet as if with the ghosts of the odors of boxwood and lavender, and there was no sound except the deep ticking of a clock, like the slow dripping of water in a moss-grown well.

"Everybody must have gone to bed," Tim said. "I'll show you the downstairs rooms."

He touched an electric switch.

Then they heard a step overhead, and Corrie appeared on the landing, in a shrunken pink crêpe kimono and red wool knitted slippers.

"Mommer's here," she announced.



She Would Greet Him Coldly or Not at All. And He Would Go to His Own Room to Read

II

WHEN Tim Godwin came downstairs the next morning, he found his mother-in-law, Mrs. Satter, already prowling about the

(Continued on Page 36)

KING COD—By George Allan England

ACRE upon acre the mighty fish flake lay, snowy with split and drying salt cod past all calculation. All down a vast sweep of Newfoundland bowlder beach it extended. Fish illimitable!

"I shouldn't think anybody'd ever have to starve in this outport," said I to the owner of the room, which is to say the whole establishment. "What's to hinder a hungry man coming at night and taking a fish or two?"

"Nothin' in de world, me darlin' man," he answered, lighting his pipe as he sat there on a leaky drum of gasoline. "An' us don't mind dat. What do chafe we wonnerful bad, dough, is when some angyshore"—worthless fellow—"carries off a putt o' fish at night, an' den in de marn come round an' sell 'em to we agin!"

Which gives some measure of the race of codders. Hospitable, generous to a fault, simple yet shrewd betimes and not above a sharp trick or two, this hardy folk—most likable and heroic of people—are well worth the knowing.

"C-o-d" is the proper abbreviation for "Newfoundland." Cod is the life of the island. You don't need a chart or compass to find Newfoundland. All you need is a good nose. I could enlarge considerably on this topic, especially where cod-liver oil is made; but let it pass. Newfoundland lives and moves and has its being in cod. It's of the fish, fishy.

Its manners, customs, lore, traditions, laws, language all revolve about cod. The Land of Cod, Fog and Dogs, it has been called. Today the Newfoundland dog is in abeyance, for the introduction of sheep has largely banished him, as he's too fond of mutton. Fog isn't a commercial proposition, even though some Newfoundlanders claim they can quarry their kind of fog and build with it. So cod is left as the mainstay of the island. George V is nominally monarch, but the real ruler is King Cod.

You'll never know just what cod can be till you visit the Newfoundland outports. Since I got back from there I haven't rightly dared look a codfish in the face. But the people themselves never talk about cod. They always call it fish. In an outport boarding house I once heard an old sea dog exclaim: "If ye ain't got fish, gal, gi' us halibut!"

King Cod is not a sporting fish. He doesn't fight, which is lucky; because if he did Newfoundland would starve. I have caught him myself. He comes up from the sunless Atlantic deeps like a ton of lead on the line, looks you dully in the eye, and blisters your hands when you try to pull him into the dory—that is, unless you wear nippers, as the fishing mittens are called. Newfoundland muscle has been toughened by "de hard rowt" of hauling cod for many generations. It takes a first-class man to drag a living from the sea. American and French codders are turning more to the steam trawler, but Newfoundland still sticks to the old-time bankers, aboard which wonderful little schooners live and labor the finest, hardiest types of sailor men and blue-water fishers in this whole world.

The Labrador Codders Think Nothing of an Iceberg or Two, When They're "On the Fish"

Above—On the Flakes, at Hermitage. At the Left—The Trawl. Below—The Codders Have Their Flake on Rocks So Steep That They Have to Go Up a Rope to "Make the Fish"

The Shore Fishers

NOT all cod, by any means, are taken on the Banks. There's a host of shore fishers, too, ranging all the way from men who, in spite of the fact that gasoline up there costs seventy-five cents to a dollar a gallon and that motor boats bite deep, as they say, operate powerful motor dories, down to the poorest of livyeres, whose whole property is a hand-rowed dory, a windlass to drag it up with, a tub of trawl, a tilt—shack—in some wildly barren cleft, and a tiny flake where in a whole summer he may cure a few quintals—may, that is, if he has luck. The way some of these people and their women and children—the latter their best and never-failing crop—manage to live is appalling. But still they stick. The aristocracy of King Cod are those who own cod bags, or traps; ingenious nets, set near shore, and costing five to fifteen hundred dollars.

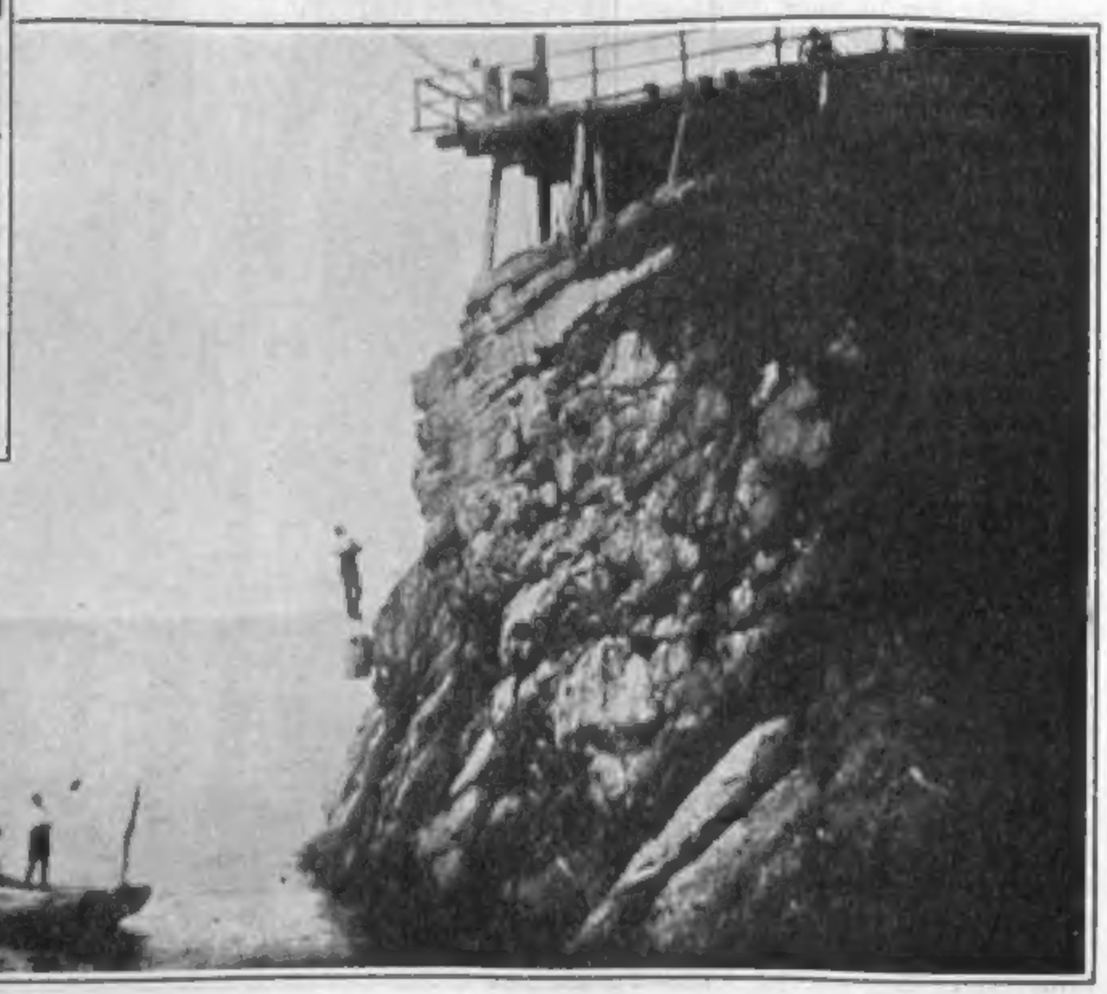
One of these aristocrats once told me: "I got me own fleet o' nits, sir, an' shipped eighty quintal o' fish fer own hand, one summer, ahl alone. Dem bring me eight hundred dollars."

Five hundred for a summer's trapping isn't uncommon. I have heard of one trapper amassing thirty thousand dollars—a fortune for Newfoundland! But not every man can own a trap. The ordinary shore fisher might as well sigh for the moon as for a bag. Life for him is just one heartbreaking struggle to get white flour, pork and molasses wherewith to vary his diet of fish and brewis. This brewis, pronounced "bruise," is hardtack boiled in water; it forms a substitute for potatoes with thousands of the poorer livyeres. Lassy-loaf, or bread and molasses, and gandies—pancakes made with pork fat and molasses—are about the limits of their gastronomic revelry. And yet an incredibly hardy race grow up thus. Perhaps, as in Sparta, only the toughest survive.

Quite apart from the Banks and shore fisheries around Newfoundland is the immense yearly migration to the Labrador. Thousands of Newfoundlanders, with small home-built schooners—this ingenious people can turn their hands to making anything they need—take up the sea trek every summer, "down Narth." If they pick some berth and settle down they're called stationers, squatters or roomers. If they keep on the move they're floaters.

Migration

WHOLE families go—women, girls and all. And everybody works, including father. It's an enormous seasonal shift of population, like our Wheat Belt work. While the fish are running, twenty hours of labor on end are not uncommon. There's little sleep, either on the Banks or down North, when King Cod summons. The men catch, the women dress the fish. The sights one sees are just as well left undescribed. If you still think women are the weaker sex go to Newfoundland or the Labrador. No wonder the rosy-cheeked lassies soon fade. No wonder that at thirty they're gone; at forty, old. And that's a pity too; for types more freshly blooming, as



girls, you'll hardly find anywhere. But King Cod's service is a stern one. Life is a real war with many of these people. It demands absolutely all that's in them, and then some.

Anything like even an adequate outline of the deep-sea fishery would take more space than this whole article. Just bait-getting alone is a big matter—the catching of her'n, or herring, of capelin and squid, the latter jigged from coves and ledges with ingenious red devices armed with a row of hooks. We must not pause for such. We must give just a glance at the trim schooners with their nested dories, braving all weathers; the skill with which at the cry of "Dories over!" these staunch little boats are put down, often into mountainous seas, with two men in each; the setting and buoying of the bull tow or ground line with the snoods and baited hooks ganged to them. Then the hauling of the line, often in the knottiest weather or—in winter work—with everything iced white; the tossing off of the cod from the hooks or the prying off with the gobstick; the waiting in huge combers that broil white for the schooner to jog down the line again; the tossing of the fish on board; the cleaning, salting or icing of the catch. Stories galore in all this; and we've glanced at but a fragmentary sketch of the process that must be gone through so that the schooners, as they say, shan't be hungry. For hungry schooners mean starving mouths at home.

Typical Outport. Most of Newfoundland's Population Lives in Odd Little Propped-Up Places Like This. At the Right—Even the St.-Pierre Youngsters Wear the Striped Jersey, "Comme Papa"

Dangerous Work for Small Pay

SOMETIMES the men work all night with flares. Days and nights on end they're never dry. In ugly weather they snatch one-tub sets between squalls, fairly pulling the whiskers of death. Hardy men, these! They're peerless, both as sailors and as fishers; and, gamblers all, they're always counting on the big trip that shall put a few extra dollars into their drenched pockets. Their daring, skill and labor, broken only by a few hours of sleep and an occasional mug-up snatched from the galley, cannot be exaggerated. I take my hat off to the seekers of King Cod!

Fog is their greatest enemy, sinister, unrelenting. In the fog schooners are crashed down by liners; dories go adrift and are lost. Codders have been picked up after having spent a fortnight on the open Atlantic. One dory crew a few years ago rowed nearly two hundred miles to land. Innumerable families mourn fathers and brothers who, fog-lost, have never returned. The Atlantic, nurse and feeder of Newfoundland, is also its devourer.

"Ye needs two pair of eyes, sir, when ye're on de fish," a livyere with toil-crippled hands one day confided to me on board a banker. "One pair to work wid an' one to sleep wid. Here I been working ahl me life, draggin' an' 'aulin', mucklin' up grayples, sometimes bloody gert 'auls two hundred an' fifty vid-dum"—fathom—"lang on a gurdy"—winch—"an' I ain't got narr penny, sir, not enough to baptize a fairy."

He was stating only the simple truth for thousands of these men. Rates and methods of payment are many, but all are based on some kind of share system, and all give the toilers "de little end o' de stick."

The codder went on, in like vein: "W'iles dey's a draff in ye, sir, ye got to go. I'm old now, past forty; an' w'en a man's past forty, him comin' down de odder way. De 'ardest knock of ahl, now, is my woman needin' a new set o' teeth. 'Tain't only 'cause dem teeth costs so wonderful much. 'Tis mostly 'cause if her has teeth I'm 'feard her'll eat more. As lang as her has to gum it I can reach to feedin' she; but wid new teeth ——

"My woman, dough," he added proudly, "her'm a gert armful. I first runned up agin she in a fog, an' never let she see me in de light, at ahl. Dat'm how I winned she!"

The Labrador Codders are in Constant Touch With Various Eskimo Tribes. This is How the Eskimos Look Dressed Up

Obviously, despite all drawbacks, romance is not yet dead in Newfoundland!

"Ah, well," he concluded, "some day us'll weigh anchor fer a better 'arbor. Us won't need no washin' out, sir. De Man Above, 'E said 'E died fer sinners, an' we'm sinners, ahl rate. I reckon 'E meant we. I got to cruise away me time till de dear Master call me. Den I'll go to glory wid flags on, mabbe?"

Scenery

DOTTED all round the stark Newfoundland coasts, perched high on bald headlands or jammed into the bottoms of black fiords, ravines and clefts in the wild black palisades forever collared with froth, lie the outports where dwell this rugged breed of men. If you want scenery go to Newfoundland. It's got Norway outclassed for soul-awing magnitude of cliffs that seem to scrape the moon, for bellowing sea caves and leaping surf, for crags and islets mazed in swarms of screaming sea fowl.

The people, however, don't bother much with scenery. They're looking for safe harbors; so they often stick their villages miles up cracks in the sea wall, where o' foggy weather steamers navigate by echo and where you can almost toss a hardtack into the shouting surf on either hand. Miracles of seamanship, by the way, to navigate such ocean gorges!

See one outport and you more or less see all. Invariably you find a huddle of tiny toy houses, all built of wood and painted gay colors—though you can't always be sure the blue houses are painted. That color may be only flies. Where the cod is, there will the flies be also, as you very presently learn when you go ashore from the stage where the whole population forgathers with much jubilation to see the semioccasional steamer come in. Some of the outports run to white houses; and all look like Spotless Town itself from a distance. But there are smells aplenty on shore. However, let us hurry on. The church dominates everything. Often there are two or three rival churches in tiny settlements, for Newfoundland hasn't yet learned the beauty of spiritual cooperation. Most of the buildings are perched precariously on stilts, to keep them level amid the jagged rocks. They seem to be striding up the cliffs.

Streets are a rarity, sidewalks almost unknown. It's no land for motor cars. At Port-aux-Basques, rumor says, there was once a flivver; but it languished and died. There's nowhere to drive. The coast has no roads from town to town. All communication is by sea. When the Atlantic so wills some of these outports are completely isolated from the world.

(Continued on Page 81)

THE WINNING HORSE

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

EVEN as some men are born to be poets—and others, so the predestinarians would tell you, are born to be rich men, poor men, beggar men or thieves—so R. Elbert Waters had been born to be a minister, his future having been cut out for him long before his first little pair of short trousers.

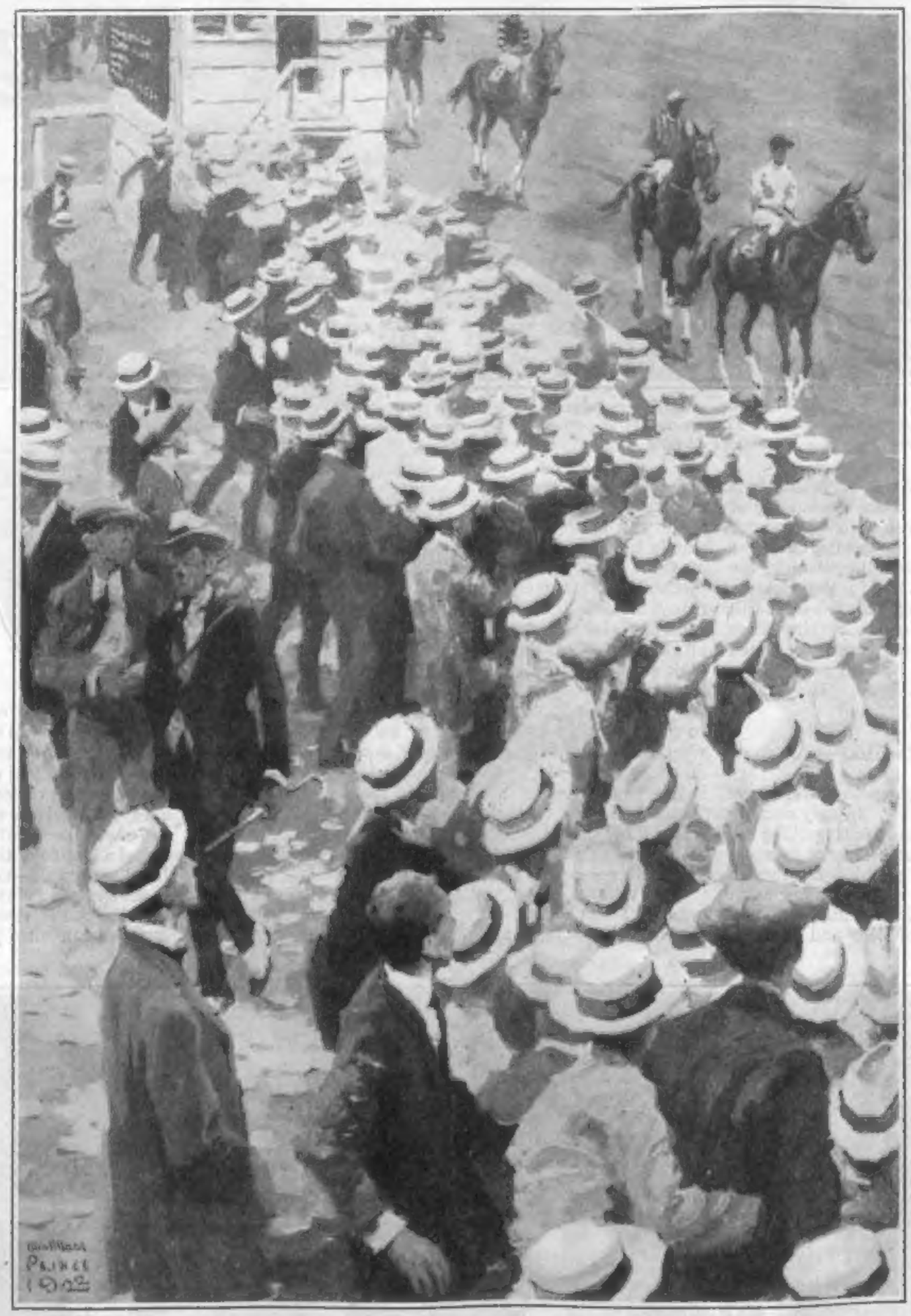
For one thing, there had always been a minister in the Waters family—a long line of stalwarts who had feared God but certainly not the devil, and had cracked Old Ned on the horns of his head and had done more good for the human race than is recorded in many a history. Some of these had gone West with the pioneers and had wrestled with the Indians, and some had stayed East and wrestled with more civilized forms of wickedness; but, East or West, North or South, if you had consulted a genealogy of the Waters family you would have found that from the time they landed near the Providence Plantations in 1642 right on down to 1900, there had always been a Rev. So-and-So Waters somewhere on the map, good men and true, of whom at least two had died with their collars on, one in the French and Indian Wars and one in the Revolution.

You would think, with such a strain of virility in them, that there would be little Waterses scattered all over the United States like little grains of sand; but whether or not you regard it as a blessing—which, of course, it was—it was one of those families which run to girls, and as these girls married and disappeared into homes of their own the name of Waters naturally disappeared with them, and so became less. Indeed, at the time when Elbert's profession was chosen for him there was only one other male Waters in the family record, and that was Phineas G. [b. 1860, d. ——], one of those eccentric old bachelors who are crazy enough to think that they are better off single than married, and sane enough to know how to stay that way and still look fat and comfortable. Uncle Phineas had made a great deal of money in something to do with kegs of nails, and when little Elbert was born—you know the way it's apt to be with rich uncles—he was prevailed upon to be the baby's godfather.

Even at that age the child showed a leaning toward theology, coo-cooing at the minister who baptized him and studying the font with grave attention, though only two weeks old at the time and his eyes still somewhat faded. He soon became a model child—one of those young ones that mothers are proud to show to company without first pulling their little bonnets down over their faces; and when his father died—rather ingloriously of pneumonia which he caught in a snowstorm going to see one of those fool females who think they are going to die every time their tummies rumble—Uncle Phineas agreed to take care of the boy's education, and after that it wasn't long before it was decided that he should follow in his father's footsteps and be a minister too.

Truth to tell, little Elbert didn't think much of it at first. He wanted to be an engineer. But Aunt Cordelia soon put an end to that strange thought, even though Uncle Phineas seconded Elbert's motion.

"All right, then," said Uncle Phineas at last in his keggy voice. "Make him a minister if you want to, but you'll have to look out, for if you are not careful you'll make him a sissy too."



Excitement is a Catching Thing—a Sort of Mental Measles From Which Few People are Immune

They tried to stop him there, especially Aunt Cordelia, but more than one in her time had tried to stop Uncle Phineas if only long enough to slip the bridal noose around his neck, and he wouldn't be shut up.

"You heard what I said," he told them. "I've seen these good little young ones before, with eyebrows like his, and they're either apt to grow up into sapheads or else they're so full of the devil ——"

Skilled as he was, he couldn't get any farther.

"All right! All right!" he hastily interrupted them, breathing hard and picking up his hat. "Have it your own crazy way. In the long run, you women always do."

Which last, in the nature of a Parthian dart, was delivered with the tongue in the cheek, and Uncle Phineas bounced away while the score was yet in his favor.

So Elbert grew up, grew till his height was six feet one, as handsome a young man as ever studied theology in the daytime and gazed up at the sky at night and longed for a sign from heaven. He worked hard, making a specialty of Hebrew, and studying so hard that his cheeks grew pale and his eyes had a far-away look—that look which you seldom see except upon students, lovers and those who have been predestined for great things in the world.

Visitors began to notice him.

"I think I'll take that young man," said the Very Rev. William Merritt one day as Elbert's graduation drew near. Doctor Merritt was seventy-odd years old at the time—a wise old man given to wise old saws—and Elbert was twenty-odd; but they were both birds of a feather, although the doctor's flying days were nearly over. For the next two years Elbert helped him complete his monumental Compendium Hebraicum, and it wasn't long after "Finis" was written that Doctor Merritt came to his own last page and another famous divine received a call to carry on his work.

This wouldn't have been so bad if the latter hadn't brought his own assistant with him. They were very decent to Elbert, though, giving him three months' salary and allowing him to keep his room in the rectory until he had found another place.

"It won't be long, you'll find, before you have a church of your own," the new minister told him. "What with your—ah—intellectual attainments and your—ah—natural gifts."

Within a month, indeed, Elbert was invited to preach in a suburb of New York, whence his voice might well have carried to one of the great churches in that great city. But, truth to tell, his sermon fell rather flat, somewhat after the manner of an intellectual pancake from which the leavening of human interest had been accidentally left out.

And that ended that.

His next invitation was from a manufacturing city in New England, and again he achieved a pancake, although he had incorporated in his sermon some of the profounder passages in his graduation essay.

And that ended that.

His third attempt came just about as he had reached the end of his financial rope—the greater part of his last three months' salary having gone to pay for books. And although he worked with might and main upon his sermon—stuffing cotton in his ears, burning the midnight electrolier and growing almost hollow-eyed and gaunt—when it was all over, poor Elbert knew that he had failed again and hardly had money enough to pay his car fare home.

"There's something wrong—something very much wrong," he earnestly reflected, but couldn't put his finger on the fault to save his life.

He stuck it out for two weeks more, and finally got another chance through an old friend of Doctor Merritt's.

"But I shall have to get new shoes; and I'm afraid I need a new coat," he thought; "and then there's the train fare."

He fought off the inevitable as long as he could, but he had to come to it at last.

"I'm afraid I shall have to call on Uncle Phineas," he sadly told himself.

And that's where our story begins.

II

"SO YOU'VE come to stay awhile?" said Uncle Phineas.

"If you can put up with me," said Elbert in his fine, earnest manner. "Frankly I had only meant to come for a day or two; but when they saw me packing my bag I'm

afraid they misconstrued my purpose. Mrs. Barnewall brought me a farewell gift which she had knitted for me, and after that, of course ——"

Uncle Phineas grinned and made a sage remark. "It's hard to beat a woman," said he.

They had dined together—a royal dinner—and now they were back in the living room of the suite in the apartment hotel where Uncle Phineas lived; and a very comfortable suite it was too, where a man could put his feet up on the window sill if he felt like it, and look out over the Hudson, and drop his paper down by the side of his chair and even flip his cigar ashes on the paper if he felt inclined to do so, and no one on earth with the right to say "Phineas!" to him in a dirty voice—the old fool, him, for staying single and having no one to look after him properly, as every man should.

"Of course," said Elbert, "if it should inconvenience you, even in the slightest degree ——"

"Nope," said Uncle Phineas. "Not at all. Fact is, you can look after the apartment while I'm gone."

"While you are gone? You mean that you expect to be absent?"

"Yep. Leaving tonight on the State of Maine Express for a couple of weeks' fishing. Baggage went on this afternoon, and I was just wondering where I'd better leave the key, when you came breezing in."

At that he grinned again, though privately, it quite tickling his wicked old fancy to compare his nephew's arrival with that of a breeze. They went on talking for a few minutes and then Elbert mentioned his troubles.

"M'm-m," said Uncle Phineas thoughtfully. "I don't think much of that—flivvering three times in succession. What did you talk to them about? Do you remember?"

"As a matter of fact," said Elbert, "I have my sermons with me. If you would care to look them over ——"

Now fat as he was, and philistine as you will see, Uncle Phineas often regretted that he had failed to follow the family calling, and sitting at his window overlooking the Hudson he had preached many a sermon against the tendencies of the time, especially as typified in the public manners of the Walloons, their growing activities in the wire-nail business, the perils of prohibition and the vain imaginings of a once-great sex. So when Elbert mentioned his sermons Uncle Phineas sat up and looked like a stout old mastiff who has just heard a small child speak of bones.

"All right," said he, more briskly even than his custom. "Let's have a look at 'em."

Elbert had hoped that he would read them carefully, pausing here and there to admire a gem of thought. But from the manner in which Uncle Phineas flipped over the pages, wetting his thumb from time to time and frowning as he did so, you might have thought that he was dealing a hand of bridge and didn't like the people he was playing with. Elbert had often been warned about Uncle Phineas, especially by Aunt Cordelia, and watching him now he could almost believe everything that he had heard against him.

"M'gh!" grunted Uncle Phineas at last. "No wonder!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said, 'No wonder!' No wonder they canned you. Myself, if I had been there, I would have walked out on you. Either that or gone to sleep."

"But—but, uncle ——"

"No buts about it. You've been feeding 'em metaphysics—ethical philosophy—the sort of stuff that all young fellows groan at when they go to college. Ever try this line of talk on a girl?"

"Certainly not!" said Elbert rather shortly, piqued a little and speaking as though his honesty had been questioned.

Uncle Phineas stared at his nephew, and if you had been there, blessed with a reasonable amount of clairvoyance, you would have known that he was thinking to himself, "There! Didn't I know that those old women would spoil him? Didn't I tell them so at the time?"

"Ever occur to you why people go to church?" he suddenly asked aloud.

Elbert started to tell him, but the older man would stand for only about two minutes of it.

"Now wait," said he, getting up, the family strain beginning to work in him. "I'll give you a better reason than all those—the real reason—the underlying reason. Sin and salvation; that's what brings 'em. It brought 'em ten thousand years ago, and in another ten thousand it'll be bringing 'em just the same—every race, every creed—I don't care what it is."

"Of course ——" began Elbert.

But Uncle Phineas wasn't through yet.

"Sin and salvation!" he exclaimed. "Just you remember those words. Being human, people go wrong. And it's up to you to understand the various ways they do it. And being something more than human, they don't want to go wrong, and it's up to you to know how to straighten 'em out again. Now take the next place where you're going, for instance—where is it?"

"Sedgwood, Long Island."

"M'm-m. I happen to know it. Very horsy place, but a lot of mighty fine people there too. Griswold Race Track's only a few miles away, and unless I'm mistaken they have a hunt club and run steeplechases of their own. Know anything about racing?"

Elbert started to protest, but by that time he had visited with his uncle long enough to know that it wouldn't help him much. Besides, he was beginning to get his first faint glimmer of the fact that Uncle Phineas wasn't talking as the wind blows. Perhaps if he had looked up the three other places, and had shaped his discourses accordingly ——

"No, sir," he said. "I know there is such a thing, that's all."

Uncle Phineas grunted with disapproval.

"Well, now, let me tell you something," said he. "If you're going to Sedgwood and don't want to fall down again you ought to know a few points about racing. It isn't Greek or Hebrew that'll interest those people. You ought to give 'em something in terms of jumps and jockeys—something about the odds against their going straight unless they keep on the right track—that sort of thing."

Elbert caught his second glimmer of it then—brighter than the first. The parables that had once been spoken to the farmers of old Judea—wasn't one about a vineyard, and another about a sower who went forth to sow?

"You'd better go down to the track tomorrow afternoon," said Uncle Phineas in his most matter-of-fact voice. "They run special trains; you'll find 'em in the paper." He looked at his watch and then he looked at his nephew, winding himself up for one of his unexpected curves. "How are you off for money?" he suddenly asked.

It was a blessed question—it generally is—and warmed by the interest behind it Elbert essayed his first joke of the evening.

"Money and I are strangers, I'm afraid," said he.

"Better get acquainted then."

The older man produced a wallet which had never been opened by anyone but himself—a rather sad, lonely thing

His Lip Curled in Self-Condemnation. "I'll Sit Here a Little While Longer and Then I'll Go," Thought He

when you think about it—and flipped out two new bills. They were the first hundred-dollar bills that Elbert had ever seen, and they interested him as strongly as though they had been two Hebrew roots.

"Oh, thank you, uncle. Thank you, and ——"

"Tt-tt!" said the old man, snapping his watch open again. "Time I was off." He clapped on his hat with an energy that had something fierce about it. "Now remember," he said in his keggiest voice as they shook hands in parting, "when I get back I want good news from you!"

The door shut behind him with a bang, and Elbert was left alone. For a time he sat staring out at the darkening view; and then, almost reluctantly, he picked up the paper which his uncle had dropped, and turned on the lights.

It may have been instinct that guided him to the sporting page—the same instinct that would probably lead a wild woman to the fashions. Yes—there it was.

"Brilliant Field Entered for Griswold Handicap Tomorrow," and in the bottom right-hand corner was a small advertisement: "Special Trains to Griswold Park."

Elbert read it all, and though much of it was obscure to him—"this great filly," for instance, and "Vigil ran to finish in the money," and "Frigate and Bigheart raced themselves into the ground"—at least he made out the gist of it, and it may be that his pulse beat a little faster at thinking that he, too, was in a fair way of being among "the gay and cosmopolitan crowd that is expected to witness one of the most important classics that has been run in recent years."

For a long time then he sat, looking sometimes at the paper and sometimes at the new moon; and once he even took the two bills out of his pocket—those hundred-dollar beauties that Uncle Phineas had given him—and studied them with grave attention.

"Funny," he half muttered to himself as he took up the paper again.

By which he possibly meant that life was funny.

He didn't read. For the time neither his mind nor his eyes were focused for it, and the paper before him was an unconsidered blur. But bit by bit, if he could only have seen it, a new headline might have been taking shape across the top of the page, one of those old saws of Doctor Merritt's which have come down from antiquity and haven't lost many of their teeth with age:

"Those Who Sup With the Devil Must Have a Long Spoon."

Elbert caught himself with a start.

"At least," he thought, "I do not see that it can do me any harm." And looking down at the time-table he presently added: "Two-fifteen; that sounds all right. And of course I'll wear my tweeds."

III

IF YOU had been on the platform of the Pennsylvania Station the following afternoon when Elbert made his appearance it wouldn't have taken you long to see that he wasn't exactly feeling proud of what he was doing.

"There is at least this comfort," he told himself: "I can hardly expect that any of the people whose good opinion I esteem will be here to see me. And as for myself, doing a most ungrateful task for the good of others, I am sure my own conscience is clear."

He found a window seat and watched a boy coming through the car distributing free copies of a tipster's sheet—the place of honor in which was held by Today's Best Bets.

"Strange work for a boy," thought Elbert. "Strange company he's in. Strange future ahead of him. At least one might think that he would be better off if he were improving his education."

From his pocket he drew a memorandum book and jotted down the words "Corrupt. of youth." This done he looked at the Best Bets, marveling at the strange names that the horses bore: Peccant—Horologe—The Peruvian—Temptation. Temptation, he read, was sired by Sandman; dam, Florodora. After puzzling out the meaning of this he hit upon something good.

"The horse I back," he proudly told himself, "is Probity, and it may be dammed by Sinners, but it's sired by Grace!"

At this a tingle ran over him—it wasn't often that he could shoot them out of the air like that—and he saw himself in the Sedgwood pulpit, earnest, declamatory, speaking in a language understood by the people. "The horse I back is Probity, and it may be dammed by Sinners, but it's sired by Grace!"

"Uncle Phineas was right," he told himself, making another entry in his memorandum book. "I'm beginning to feel glad that I came."

He felt better yet when he reached the track, two pages of his notebook already filled with entries he had made on the train. It was one of those ideal days that sometimes move young sporting writers to refer to racing as the sport of kings. The inclosure inside the track had been mowed the day before, and the smell of cut grass, which is sweeter than that of many a cut flower, united with a turquoise sky and a breeze from the sea to make a well-nigh perfect setting for the "classic which would probably long go down in racing history." The grand stand, tier after tier of eager humanity, dimly reminded him of pictures he had seen of the Colosseum in the palmy days when racing was done in chariots and Cæsar was the president of the Imperial Jockey Club.

"A Roman holiday," he thought to himself, meaning to write it down as soon as he had a chance; and he was still trying to guess the meaning of the mob of men who were milling around in the paddock when he became conscious of a ripple of excitement running through the grand stand, as a breeze will sometimes run over a cornfield, and a deep, smothered chorus "They're off!"

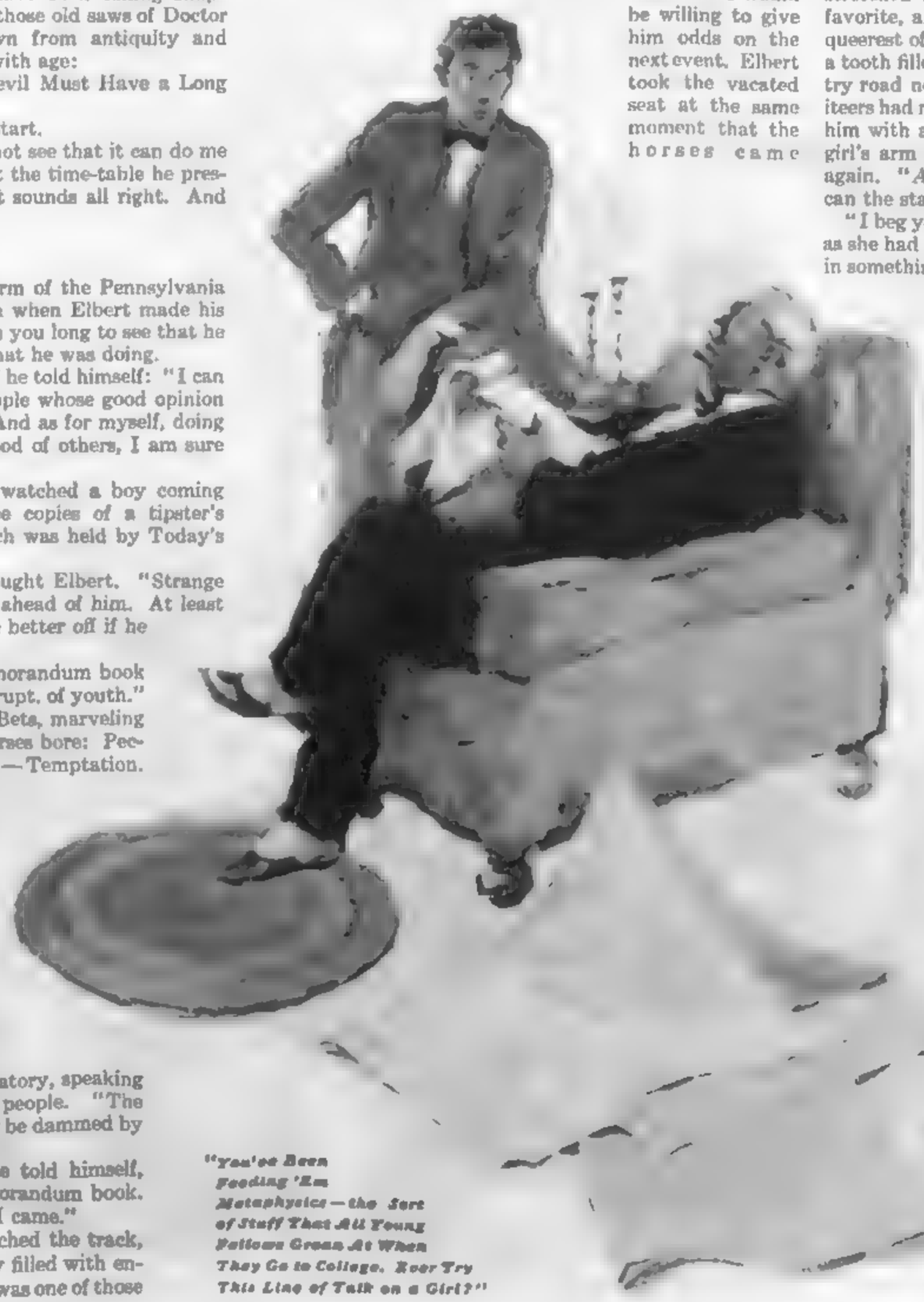
"I beg your pardon," said Elbert to the man nearest to him, "but—has something started?"

"Sure," said the other. "Third race. Nothing to it—not worth watching. Lady Angelica couldn't lose it, not if she went lame with three of her legs and had to hop along backwards on the other."

Elbert stood on the tips of his toes to try to catch a glimpse of this remarkable horse, but could see nothing but a sea of straw hats and a fringe of trees on the other side of the track.

"Better get up in the grand stand if you want to see it," said Lady Angelica's champion. "Me, I'm sticking close to my bookie. Once you lose 'em in this crowd they're hard to find again."

It was Elbert's fortune—good or bad, as you will soon be able to judge for yourself—to find a seat next to an aisle—a seat that had just been vacated by a determined-looking lover of horseflesh who had made up his mind never to bet on the ponies again, but, his resolution suddenly crumbling at the sight of the aforesaid ponies in motion, he had hurried down into the paddock to see if he could find some sporting gentleman of an accommodating nature who would be willing to give him odds on the next event. Elbert took the vacated seat at the same moment that the horses came thundering around the curve into the home stretch—a kaleidoscopic spectacle of color, and life, and speed.



"You've Been Feeding 'Em Metaphysics—the Sort of Stuff That All Young Fellows Green At When They Go to College. Ever Try This Line of Talk on a Girl?"

All around arose strange cries:

"Come on, you Bombadier!" "Lady Jellyker! Lady Jellyker!" "Not a chance! Come on, you black filly! Show 'em how to do it!" "Bombadier!" "Jelly——!" "Now what did I tell you about Number Four! Now look at Number Four!"

By that time everyone was standing up and—some poor little son of Zaccheus probably starting this second movement—everyone was soon climbing a step higher and standing on the seats. Next to Elbert was a girl, and when she stepped up on her seat, which was slatted after the manner of park benches, her heel became caught between two of the slats. In fact, she would certainly have fallen if she hadn't clutched out wildly for the first support that offered itself; and the next thing Elbert knew, a very frightened and very pretty girl had one hand curved around his shoulder, and the other tightly closed upon his arm.

The French, you may remember, have a proverb that where Old Ned can't go himself he sends an old woman.

Well, not always. She doesn't have to be so preciously old.

IV

BACK in the sheltered shades of Elmhurst, Dean Wilmer had once remarked to his class: "Young gentlemen, whatever you may forget in the future, I urge you to keep tight hold of your classics. Study well the past, and you will see that the hand of Time is constantly outstretched, showing mankind the way to go. And on this outstretched hand, adorning it, illuminating it, you will find gems of thought set in jewels of words, fashioned by the wise men of the ages—gems so brilliant that scores of centuries have been unable to dim them—gems of such purity that they will still be sparkling there when all these things that you see around you shall have returned to the dust of the earth."

It was a fancy that had bitten deeply into Elbert's mind, and more than once it had helped him to see the outstretched hand. "*Ad astra per aspera.*" That was his favorite, and sometimes bobbed up in his memory at the queerest of times—once, for instance, when he was having a tooth filled, and once when he was walking along a country road near Elmhurst and a fat family of swarthy profiteers had nearly run him down and had splashed mud upon him with a five-inch tire. And even now, with a strange girl's arm around his shoulder, it suddenly came to him again. "*Ad astra per aspera.*" Yes; only by struggling can the stars be attained.

"I beg your pardon," said the girl, loosening him as soon as she had recovered her balance, "but—my foot is caught in something, and it nearly threw me."

Her voice was pleasant, even in embarrassment, but face to face as close as that, Elbert couldn't help seeing that Art had assisted Nature in the matter of her complexion, and that her hat had something coquettish about it—such a hat as Solomon might have warned the young men of Jerusalem against if milliners had flourished then as now.

"Perhaps I can help you," he said after a moment's hesitation. After all, it was either that or take no notice of her, or jump off his seat and go elsewhere. So instead of jumping off, he stepped off, and after she had pulled her foot out of her shoe in a last desperate effort to get her heel free Elbert caught hold of the shoe and gave it such a tug that half an inch of the heel came off. And didn't he look foolish then!

"I'm afraid I've done more harm than good," he said, ruefully looking at it with one of his easy blushes. "I—I had no idea that they came apart as easily as that."

"Oh, that's all right," she said, hopping down. "It isn't the first time I've lost one of my heels."

She sat down and put on her shoe. It was a ridiculous little thing of white buckskin with just the merest suggestion of a pocket for the toes to slip in. Her stockings were of white silk, and so was her skirt, a filmy, veily shimmering affair that didn't seem to be fastened down any too securely—such an affair as Salome might have worn, for instance, on a certain infamous occasion; and involuntarily comparing its length and texture with the garments worn by his aunts, Elbert didn't give words to his thought, but if he had he might very well have phrased something like this: "No really nice girl would ever wear a dress like that in public—or in

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The Campaign Against Crime

The Judges' Part in It

By R. M. WANAMAKER

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF OHIO

JUSTICE is the great concern of man on earth." These are the words of the immortal Webster. After a century of American jurisprudence we would substitute for the word "great" the word "greatest."

Since the days of John Marshall we have said again and again, 'Ours is a government of law not of men."

Ideally and theoretically this is true, but practically and politically it is false. The law is what the judge says it is. The people make the constitutions—that is, they have the first word on the subject; the judges have the last word. The legislatures make the statutes that is, they have the first word; the judges have the last word

Under the power of construing the law, whether constitutional, statutory or otherwise, the plain provisions of the law are too frequently perverted and ofttimes partially or even totally defeated.

Justice in practical effect is what the judge says it is. By reason of the judges' tremendous power in America, greater than in any other civilized country in the world in its governmental effect, the personnel of the judiciary, which is the greatest factor in that power, should be highly important.

In four-fifths of the states the people elect the judges. Notwithstanding the power of the judge in government, having the last word, the people as a whole know less about the personal, professional and efficient qualifications of the candidates than of any others running for office. Indeed it very often happens that the mere favorable name of a candidate, wholly unknown to the voters, furnishes the majority for his nomination and election

What are the primary and paramount qualifications for the judge? Common sense, common conscience, uncommon backbone; humanitarian spirit of the twentieth century; a working knowledge of the fundamentals of the law. The first four come largely from birth, the last from books Such organizations as the Cleveland Association for Criminal Justice, or some other civic body, could furnish the voters much useful information to guide them as to these qualifications of the various candidates for the bench.

There should be no partisanship in the choice of judges for the bench. There is no such thing as Republican justice or Democratic justice. They are not distinguishable.

But there is yet a higher consideration in the choice of judges who will be truly ministers of justice. The best portrait of that paramount attribute is found in the tenth chapter of Luke, where "A certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?"

How Readest Thou the Law?

THIS certain lawyer was evidently a big lawyer; he asked a big question of a big Judge. The Judge did not directly answer that question. Instead He put another question to the lawyer. "He said unto him, What is written in the law?"

We lawyers and judges know what is written in the law. We read it and are agreed as to the language in which the law is written. This is true whether the law be constitutional, statutory or otherwise.

There can be but little difference amongst us as to what is written in the law. But the great Judge did not stop with that question. He realized that there was yet a bigger question back of it all, and He put it to the lawyer: "How readest thou?"

Here is the real big question to be directed to every lawyer and to every judge touching the law. Here is where the differences arise among us. Do we read it in a friendly, sympathetic frame of mind, and in the plain phrases and provisions it clearly contains, or do we read

it in a hostile, adverse frame of mind? Do we read it with a view of discovering by microscopic or other like tests some hidden ambiguity or technicality in it, or do we seek to apply the plain provisions of the law sympathetically, so as to accomplish the intention and purpose of the constitution makers and the statute makers?

Different judges often take the same constitution, the same statute, the same decision, that would appear perfectly plain to the layman, the common everyday average man, and raise a perfect storm of doubt and uncertainty about it through the application of some technical rules of construction.

This big lawyer of Luke, in response to the big Judge's question, answered, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself."

A clear convincing answer, an unanswerable argument, that did not occupy a day or an hour.

And the great Judge said, "Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live."

If now the judge possesses this attribute he will address himself to the great constitutional purpose, justice, of which he is naturally and necessarily the chief engineer.

"And justice shall be administered without denial or delay."

This sentence can be found in most of the constitutions of the states. Its spirit abounds in all of them. We read much about the law's delays More properly we should say "judges' delays," not "law's delays." Justice delayed is very often justice denied, and the man that delays it is not the lawyer in the case, but the judge on the bench, who either commits the delay or permits the delay.

Continuances after continuances are granted for the most trifling reasons, to gain time. Counsel for the defense well knows that the longer a trial is put off the greater the chances of escape.

True, courts should grant a reasonable continuance when satisfied it is necessary in order to give the defendant the benefit of all his legal and constitutional rights, but delays of months, and ofttimes from term to term, are not only wholly unnecessary but usually fatal to justice.

Early trials are the order of the day in England, whence we got the bulk of our laws.

There is no justification for the delays that obtain in America, where we have become the butt of ridicule for not only English writers and judges but the American public.

Delayed Justice

NOT only are the delays in getting ready for trial generally due to the judge's lack of backbone, but likewise the delays growing out of the trial itself.

Trials that take but a few days in England occupy many weeks in America. I know it is often said that it is the fault of our procedure. This is utter nonsense, as every judge knows who has honestly and vigorously tried to expedite justice. Procedure is partly legislative, but mostly judicial, and on its face, at least, it was adopted in order to proceed with the trial to an early and equitable judgment. But alas, our procedure that should proceed has been converted into a "delaydure" that delays, and the judge is the one responsible for it.

I hope I may be pardoned for referring to my seventeen years upon the bench. The first seven years was at nisi prius, on the common-pleas bench, largely at Akron, Ohio During that period the longest civil case, with or without a jury, occupied but three days' time, and but two criminal cases exceeded that. I am sure I could with safety still shorten and simplify those trials by further speeding up, and at the same time safeguard justice. I believed that I could make fewer mistakes in a day than I could in a week.

Naturally, much of our early procedure was adopted from the English system, but England long ago abandoned her antiquated methods that delayed justice, and the speed-up system, which is the product of the judges themselves—trial judges and appellate judges—has become a model for the world. In the noted Doctor Crippen case a few years ago less than a week was occupied in the trial. The appeal was soon and short. He was executed. The recent conviction of two men who cold-bloodedly murdered Field Marshal Wilson last June affords another wholesome and effective example of expediting justice. They were both hanged on August tenth. They probably would not yet have been indicted in America. Our routine red tape and formalism should come to an end, but they cannot be ended by legislation. They must be ended by the judges themselves.

Entirely too much time is taken with trifling technical objections to the admission and rejection of evidence which in a multitude of cases would be immaterial, whether introduced or not introduced. The trial judge is presumed to know the elementary rules of evidence. They are raised and passed upon daily, hence there is no need, save in an exceptional case, of argument from counsel. There are but few questions in the average criminal case that are vital to the guilt or innocence of the accused, and the evidence should be clearly confined and directed to those issues of fact. There is entirely too much irrelevant and immaterial

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THE DRAWBACK

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

SOME fifty paces short of the pink-painted house at the corner of the plaza Gretzel stopped and fingered the little flat gun in the pocket of his thin coat. Usually, when he accidentally touched it, the contact made him uneasy; but now, for once, it was reassuring. He stood in the blot of shadow beside the mud-walled cathedral, looking across the angle of the square in which the light and heat of the noon sun seemed to lie like some fluid, radiant metal. A kind of contempt stiffened his purpose: Clifford must have lost his nerve, or he would have taken his chances with northern law for the sake of northern climate. There was nothing to fear from a man who preferred the certainty of Tenango sun to the risk of a New York jail.

His hand came away from the gun and he strode into the glare, a little ashamed of his moment of doubt. He remembered, now, that Clifford had never been dangerous in the physical sense. An outlaw, to be sure, but no desperado, even at the peak of his career.

The pink house presented the inevitable two windows, barred and blinded, with a tunnel-like entry between them, barricaded at this siesta hour by a sagging double door. He mopped his face before knocking. Even in the shadow of the doorway the heat seemed to take him by the throat.

Again he half regretted the impulse which had brought him so far out of his way merely to see and speak to a broken-down and exiled crook. It cost him an effort to knock.

"It's a Lie!" He Squeaked. "She Made It Up! I Ain't Got a Thing to Do With It"

A woman's voice, thickened as with sleep, but round and cool and low, answered with a Spanish phrase. He did not understand the words, but the inflection told him that it was a question.

"Americano," he called back. "I want to see Mr. Clifford."

Even now he would have liked to draw back. The vague scheme which had tempted him here and which had seemed so plausible at a distance became wholly absurd. If Jim Clifford hadn't lost his nerve and his cunning he'd never be dry-rotting in a place like this.

"Oh!"

The voice changed. Even in the monosyllable he caught an unmistakable hint of the north. In the brief pause that followed he had time to wonder what kind of woman had been willing to go into this exile with Clifford. Then the voice came to him from just beyond the door, lowered and faintly hostile:

"What do you want of him? He's asleep."

He understood the tone. Even here, beyond the reach of extradition, they wouldn't feel altogether safe. His contempt deepened. Afraid of him! He laughed.

"Oh, don't worry. It's just a friendly call. I'm Sid Gretzel, from Ellersville. He'd remember my father, I guess. On my way back to the coast and thought I'd look him up."

There was another silence and then a rattle from the hasp. The doors parted, and Gretzel found himself staring. Even the voice hadn't prepared him for the girl who faced him, her gray eyes still touched with distrust above the cool welcome of her smile. She couldn't be much over twenty, he told himself. His exigent taste approved the outline of the slim, straight figure in the cotton dress, the simple arrangement of the coppery hair, the light mask of honest freckles that seemed to emphasize the fresh tone of the skin.

"Come in. I'll call father."

The voice was still something short of friendliness, but Gretzel grinned as he followed her to the veranda facing the inner court. A white man from God's country was bound to look good to a girl who lived down here among greasers, and Gretzel's appearance had never displeased him. Daughter, eh? He had a new touch of scorn for Clifford. Bringing up a girl in a hole like this!

He heard low voices in a room beside the court, the whine of springs, shuffling steps. A man stood in the doorway, surveying him sleepily. He recognized Jim Clifford instantly in spite of the tumbled white hair and the wrinkled cotton clothes, unmistakably the wreck of the man whose photographs had been admired by envious loungers in the store at Ellersville when the papers brought word of some new exploit. For just a moment, as the eyes cleared and steadied, Gretzel was again afraid, but he shook off the feeling impatiently. This wasn't the Clifford they talked about back home—this old, thin, bent fellow in drill trousers, his bare feet shuffling in straw sandals.

"You must be Solly Gretzel's boy." Clifford nodded and gestured toward a rattan chair. "Didn't expect to see anybody from the old town before I played out. Sit down."

Gretzel studied him while he answered question after question about Ellersville people of the disappearing generation. His first impression, he decided, had been inaccurate. Jim Clifford had aged and shriveled, but his wits were sharp enough. Perhaps, after all, that half-formed scheme hadn't been so crazy as it had seemed. There might be salvage for a canny seeker in what was left of Clifford's shipwrecked cunning.

He managed, without much diplomacy, to turn the talk to reminiscence. As he had hoped, Clifford was willing to discuss his career with an informed and interested and not unsympathetic listener. He was manifestly proud of some of his exploits. His face relaxed and brightened and his voice found a fresh relish as he talked. And Gretzel listened with a revival of the old envy he had felt when the loafers in his father's dingy little store had yarned about Jim Clifford. Easy money in big, sudden lumps; money that was all clear profit—even then he had hungered for it, for Jim Clifford's ability to prey light-heartedly on a stupid world without hiding from its anger or suffering its clumsy counterblows. Now, hearing the tale from the man himself, the old secret desire grew quick and hot in him, overcoming his restraining fears.

"I should think you'd go back," he said. "Seems queer that you can stand it to live like this, after playing that game."

"It's a grand game," said Clifford. He sol ered. "But it has its drawbacks."

He set his glance move about the little *patio*, where the shadow had crept across toward the farther wall. Gretzel became suddenly conscious again of the spiteful blaze of the sun, the suffocating heat and the silence.

"Why don't you go back?" He asked the question abruptly, as if on the impulse of the moment, but he leaned a little forward in spite of himself. "It'd be safe enough by this time, wouldn't it? And down here ——"

He waved his hand eloquently at the slanting glare in the court. Clifford shrugged.

"Oh, it would be safe, I guess. That isn't what stops me."

"Then what does?"

Gretzel spoke eagerly. It was all working out so far. There was no mistaking the wistfulness in Clifford's face. He wanted to go back, and if he went -

"Two steamer tickets and a little stake, that's all." Clifford spread his hands. "Funny, isn't it? Cigarette money in the old days." His eyes drew together again. "And I've got a scheme in my sleeve that ——"

Gretzel moistened dry lips. He'd hardly hoped for this, even after he had seen the poverty of the house. He held his tongue with an effort. No use in letting Clifford see that he was eager about it.

"A good one, eh?" He managed to make it sound casual, incurious. Let the proposition come from Clifford instead of offering it himself.

"It's the best thing I've ever struck."

"Ought to be money in it, then." He grinned at the easy compliment.

"Plenty. And ——"

"Law-proof, like the old ones?"

"Absolutely!" Clifford got to his feet. "Gretzel, if you can see your way to staking me ——"

From the front of the house the girl called in Spanish, and Clifford answered impatiently.

"You'll have to attend to it alone, Laura. I'm talking business." He stopped and chuckled. "No, I'll come." He turned to Gretzel. "I'm going to let you see the scheme for yourself. Come along."

He led the way into the dimness of a bare, whitewashed room, where his daughter fumbled at the slatted window blind. As she adjusted it, admitting a niggardly slice of light, Gretzel saw another man standing just within the door that gave on the entry passage: a man in limp drill clothes, who held a wide-brimmed Panama against a liberal midriff and split a burnt-umber countenance in a very white-toothed grin.

There was an exchange of rapid-fire greetings and Clifford turned to a shelf of books against the inner wall. He took up what Gretzel thought he recognized as a New York telephone directory and carried it to the cheap table beside the window. The visitor accepted a chair and fumbled with the pages. There was more Spanish, and the girl leaned across the table, turned the book and opened it. The caller bowed his thanks as she twisted the clumsy volume back before him.

Gretzel stretched his neck to look over his shoulder. He recognized the book now—a tattered copy of the encyclopedic catalogue issued by the greatest of mail-order houses, open at a display of imitation jewelry. He turned to Clifford for an explanation, but the customer demanded attention. Gretzel stood back while Clifford translated

the text below one of the illustrations. It seemed effective, for a decision was made and the girl wrote a letter, guided by voluble instructions from the patron. Presently he stood up, paid three silver coins across the table, bowed, took the unsealed letter and departed.

"What's it all about?"

Gretzel frowned. Any business transaction in which money passed excited his interest.

"That's an object lesson in the big idea" Clifford laughed. "Incidentally, it's the way we've been making a living for three or four years—ever since Laura got hold of that catalogue. We charge them two reales for a five-minute look, two more if they want the text translated into Spanish, and we write their letters at two more per page. Then there's another fee when they bring us English letters in reply. It brings in enough to keep us going."

Gretzel rubbed his chin.

"I should think they'd send for their own catalogues. The mail-order houses give 'em away."

"They would if they thought that anybody'd give away a book like that. They think it must be worth big money—all those pages and pages, with the beautiful pictures." Clifford laughed again. "But it wouldn't hurt us much if they all had copies. I've thought that it might boom business to spread 'em around. They'd have to get us to translate for them anyhow. Nobody else in Tenango can read English."

Gretzel rubbed his chin. It was a shock to find Jim Clifford reduced to this microscopic graft. He seemed proud of it too—pleased with himself over penny profits!

"You'd never guess how much business there is in a town like this." Clifford fumbled on the shelf and produced a frayed copy book. "Here's our record of what they've bought from that catalogue since we started the scheme. It foots up to something over two thousand in gold in less than three years. There's no big money here, but most of them have a little to spend and no place to spend it. You couldn't keep a decent stock of goods in a town like this; not enough business for that. But ——"

Gretzel interrupted with a gesture. He had no desire for a lecture on the mail-order business.

"I can see all that. But where does the big idea come in? That's what I'm interested in."

Clifford looked blank.

"Why, don't you see it yet? Here's a whole continent so hungry to buy that it'll pay a fee for just looking at a catalogue. Between here and Tierra del Fuego there are thousands of towns like this—a regular mail-order empire that hasn't been touched."

"What of it?" Gretzel's impatience mounted. "It takes big money to go into a business like that, and you'd be bucking the wisest guys in the world too. Those people can sell for less than you'd have to pay. And a catalogue like that would need a young mint——"

Clifford shook his head, smiling.

"It wouldn't need over a couple of thousand at the outside to get this scheme on a paying basis. Look here!" He opened the copy book and ran a shrunken finger down the page. "This shows what they'll buy. We don't have to guess; we know. They go through those thousand pages, from baby carriages to zithers, but they pick out just a few items. The rest of the catalogue might just as well be left out. They fall hard for imitation jewelry and fancy socks and shirts and neckties and cheap watches; they'll buy shoes pretty readily, and sometimes they want things like toilet sets. Musical instruments and toys and novelties, and you've got pretty nearly the whole list. We've worked out a dummy catalogue that would cover it and still mail for a cent."

Gretzel shrugged. His first impression of Jim Clifford had been right after all. The wily old crook was all through. He actually believed in this picayune, penny-squeezing business! He called it the best scheme he'd ever struck the Jim Clifford who had taken eighty thousand out of Tim Gilfoyle without even being arrested!

He was on the point of a brusque refusal when he caught Laura Clifford's glance and felt unwillingly a faint compassion. It was rough on her to be marooned in this baking hole, with no chance of getting out of it except the crazy notions of a broken-down crook. He softened his comment a little.

"That may all be, but what of it? I'll admit that you can probably make up a cheap catalogue and sell that kind of junk to these greasers; but where's the big scheme? You'd maybe make a few cents on each sale, and as soon as the big fellows spotted you they'd put you out of business like that!" He snapped his fingers. "Not a chance!"

"We can make at least 30 per cent net profit," persisted Clifford. "We only have to compete with the robbers' prices they charge in the rotten little stores. The big catalogue houses aren't in the field, and it'll be a long time before they are."

"Nothing in it." Gretzel wagged his head. "You'd have to lay in a stock. It'd cost you a fat roll just to make the cuts for even a little catalogue."

"You're wrong both times," Clifford interrupted eagerly. "There's a wholesale house on Broadway that specializes in supplying little mail-order firms. It carries the stock for you; you can go down there and buy singles if you want to, once they recognize you. You wouldn't have to tie up a dollar in stock. And they furnish the cuts too give you the free use of them. I tell you, Gretzel, this is big—there's big money in it, and it's safe money, honest money."

Gretzel laughed.

"That's the trouble with it. Honest money! I can make that kind myself. I thought you might have a stunt for making the other sort or I wouldn't have ridden eighteen miles on a mule to talk to you. I can talk to all the honest men I want to, any time. I thought you were a crook—about the best crook on earth. Never struck me that you'd turned soft."

Clifford's eyes narrowed and his mouth drew tight. For an instant Gretzel was glad he had brought the flat little gun. A laugh sounded behind him. He twisted to look at the girl.

"It's too funny!" She seemed to struggle with a bubbling mirth. "Father going to all that trouble to make his precious scheme look honest enough to appeal to the virtuous young man from the old home town, and the virtuous young man turning it down because it isn't crooked enough!"

Gretzel could only stare. He heard Clifford begin a protest, but the girl, suddenly quite serious, cut abruptly through it.

"It's no good going on with that line, father. Don't you see that he's"—she seemed to stumble slightly on the word—"one of us? I'm going to put all the cards on the table and take a chance of his crossing us."

"But—but ——" Clifford was still inarticulate.

His daughter turned to Gretzel.

"You see, we both took it for granted that you'd shy at anything—anything in our line, Mr. Gretzel. Father only showed you the outside of the scheme. The real money's in the crooked end of it of course. If we really bought and shipped the goods there'd be a little profit, I suppose. But we aren't going to! Every dollar that comes in is cold net profit, 100 per cent."

The words seemed to ring a bell in Gretzel's brain. His money hunger did battle with a stubborn fear.

"How can you work that?" he demanded thickly. "The post office would ——"

She laughed gently.

"You're judging the mails by the service you get at home, where you grumble if a letter takes over a day between New York and Chicago. You haven't lived down here. These people don't expect much of their mails. It takes about two weeks, on the average, for a letter to get to Tenango from New York—if nothing goes wrong anywhere along the line. Don Ramon will be lucky if he gets an acknowledgment of his order—the one I just wrote for him—inside of a month; and he won't begin looking for his eighty-cent set of cuff links for another two weeks after that. If he doesn't get them in another month or so he'll come in and pay me to write another letter. If that doesn't get results after a month or six weeks more, and he feels industrious enough, he'll write again. In the end he'll spread his hands and lift his shoulders and blame the loss on some post-office clerk. That's what happens when the goods we've ordered never come; these people don't more than half expect any better luck. I never heard of any formal complaint to the post office; but if somebody went that far it would certainly take six months before the United States postal authorities heard about it."

Gretzel saw the possibilities now. He had dealt helplessly with the post office at the capital. It must be a good deal worse in little out-of-the-way towns like this. And the farther away you went the longer you'd have. Even allowing for a few complaints, the post-office people wouldn't be hard to satisfy. They must be used to trouble with these slipshod greaser mails.

"It sounds good," he admitted slowly. "Let me look at that list, will you?" He took the copy book from Clifford and ran his eye swiftly over its items. Almost a thousand dollars in a single year from one catalogue in one tiny village! He knew a little of printing costs and estimated roughly. Two or three thousand would probably cover it—printing and mailing twenty-five or thirty thousand condensed catalogues. If the proportion of returns was anything like what it had been here at Tenango ——

They'd want a split, these two, of course, and it would cost something to get them back to the States and keep them alive till the money began to come in. His lower lip protruded a little. Why should he waste good money on them? He could handle it alone. It would be easy enough to hunt up that supply firm Clifford

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"We Got to Trust Each Other, Clifford, Like You Said Yourself, or It's All Off"

PSYCHE AND CUPIDITY

By Dorothy DeJagers

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

"'Many Waters Cannot Quench Love,'" She Quoted Ecstatically, "'Neither Can the Floods Drown It'"

IF IN any handbook on interior decorating there is a chapter, Appropriate Appointments for a Physician's Office, the person responsible for that of F. Ernest Bradly must have suffered from complete amnesia. To be sure, the formal, characterless desk in the center, the well-filled bookshelves, doubtlessly dedicated to diseases of the nervous system, argued a lucid interval. Yet, how about the tapestried walls, the rococo furniture, the Fragonard prints; also the profusion of gold-lace cushions on the damask divan, the pink-shaded candles, the Sèvres vases of roses? Ah! A Louis-Quinze fixation! A plausible diagnosis, except for the stationary bowl behind the elaborately embroidered Chinese screen, and the Persian tiled effects of the fireplace? False notes, surely, and so discouraging to further analyses of the decorator's psychology that one turned, instead, to the doctor himself.

It was at this bowl he now stood, toothbrush in hand, inspecting a row of gleaming incisors with manifest satisfaction; an expression more or less justified, since in their regularity and startling whiteness they achieved an almost improbable perfection. And yet, as he sauntered up to the crackling fire, a slight strut in his walk implied a self-esteem extending far beyond dental limitations.

He was about forty, was the doctor, clean-shaven, undersized, slight, insignificant both facially and physically, yet contriving somehow, by the set of his shoulders, the poise of his head, all the impressiveness of six feet. His augustness was that of him who remembers that, after all, Napoleon was but five foot five; or who, in less historic moods, recalls that old one about the most precious things being done up in small packages. Then the meticulous fastidiousness of his grooming accented this effect somewhat—the razor edge of the correct trousers, the precision of the knot in his shoe laces, the single rose in the lapel, the pale mauve cravat that matched exactly the narrow border and monogram of the handkerchief peeping from his pocket. As he stood there, his small, beautifully kept hands extended to the leaping flames, you might have labeled him a duodecimo exquisite.

Suddenly the phone on his desk rang and he turned to answer it. His "Doctor Bradly, of the Bradly Sanatorium, speaking"—supplemented the general impression of his personality; a soprano thinness of voice, given weight by the dignity of his precision. Surprise, however, made it more natural as he continued, "What? Mr. James Bruce Pelham? By Jove! Send him right in."

In another moment there appeared in the arched doorway at the back a tall, good-looking chap in a motor coat.

"Good Lord! Old J. B.!"

Nimbly the doctor went to meet him as the other grinned, "Well, if the famous nerve specialist isn't our little Brad!"

Smilingly, but appraisingly, they shook hands; and then after the famous nerve specialist had drawn two chairs to the fire he began: "Jove! I haven't heard a word about you since you quit your practice in Baltimore. What happened to you?"

"Turned my M.D. degree into a T.B.M.—Tired Business Man, you know. Couldn't seem to make good in the profesh; guess my bedside manner wasn't tonic enough, so I went into the hospital-equipment line with my uncle Spent most of the time since then abroad fitting up European hospitals."

He stretched out his feet comfortably to the fire and the doctor's eyes traveled from the bag of his trousers to the careless fit of the coat, on up to the shaggy hair. Not that this unvaleted appearance betokened failing fortunes; for unaccountably he wore a look of prosperity—of one who has kidded life out of the secret of success. Moreover, even in the old hospital days, not only had the same carelessness characterized him but the same knack of getting what he wanted in spite of it. An astounding popularity among his colleagues, and even, with his hit-or-miss methods, the highest laboratory ratings—things denied to F. Ernest Bradly, with all his steep standards of personal effectiveness.

But after all, J. B. had confessedly failed in the profession, and the presumable object of his call brought a note of triumph to the doctor's "Well, old man, I'm sorry I can't give you any business, but my equipment ——"

"Oh, I didn't come to sell you anything," the other assured him; "I came ——" He paused to draw out a cigar case, extending it with "Have a smoke?"

"No, thanks. I don't indulge. Bad for the nerves."

J. B. laughed as he lit his own. "I'll bet it's your pearly teeth you're thinking of. Always were proud of 'em."

A faint frown on the doctor's brow cleared in a polite smile. "I see you're the same old kidder, J. B. Jove! The ragging I took off you that year we roomed together."

"I had to, old thing. Otherwise, you'd have swarmed all over the place"

This was offered good-naturedly; and then after consulting his watch J. B. leaned his head back and energetically puffed clouds of smoke into the rose-leaf setting. Uneasily, his host eyed the ashes that accumulated on the swarthy cigar; and his delicate nostrils quivered with disrelish at the fumes that smothered the fragrance of the flowers on the mantelpiece. Suddenly, however, the other looked across with some query about a mutual friend and this plunged them into reminiscence which absorbed at least five minutes

Yet through all this talk of the past the doctor did some active wondering about the present. If J. B.'s call had not been motivated by business, what was it? Surely not the fraternal instinct. Despite the close contact of hospital days their temperamental disparities had proscribed any real intimacy; a fact ratified by their severed relation in subsequent years. No, the visit wasn't an expression of pure friendship. It was—ah! Curiosity! Of course! Naturally, J. B. had heard of the Bradly Sanatorium, one of the most impressive institutions in the country; and curiosity, not unmixed with envy—the envy of one who has proved a failure in the same profession—had brought him.

Suddenly J. B. leaned forward with "See here, Brad. This joint fairly staggered me. Place looks like an aërodrome, and there must be forty or fifty acres in the grounds. What's the secret? Marry an heiress?"

The doctor smiled at this verification of his assumption. "Oh, no. I married Rowena Hawley, a nurse at Johns Hopkins, and we have four remarkably intelligent children."

J. B. gave the superior progeny an absent "That's fine!" Then with more interest: "But on the level, it takes a medicine man a lifetime to work up a thing like this. What is your system?"

"Oh, I admit my success here has been incredible." The doctor cleared his throat pompously. "As for my system—well, I treat only neurasthenic women, and I flatter myself I understand feminine psychology."

"Ah! Psychoanalysis!"

The doctor gave a subdued snort at this intimation of plagiarism—that is, J. B.'s accrediting Jung and Freud with the originality of the Bradly methods. Jung and Freud, of course, will be easily identified as those scientists who have put Morpheus into the Hall of Ill Fame, so that now the worthiest natures are unable to dream of "dwelling in marble halls" without a painful pre-breakfast blush. To be sure, they have legalized a situation in which one may talk frankly and protractedly about oneself without fear of possible yawns; and F. Ernest Bradly would doubtlessly have admitted the value of this. All their basic theories, however, he rejected utterly; and lost no time in explaining this to his guest; an explanation ending: "No; my success here is founded on a much sounder understanding of pathology, I think."

"Which is?"

The query held such alert interest as to bring an immediate answer:

"A recognition that the neurasthenic suffers from a collapsed ego. That she thinks a great deal about herself without thinking very much of herself—if you follow me."

"Dear Lady, You Must Forgive Me—But I Cannot Talk of These Things Now. I am Too Unnerved"

J. B. grinned. "It sounds awfully deep, but go on."

The doctor settled back in his chair, folding his arms in the well-known Napoleonic posture; and his voice hoarsened with professional dignity as he elucidated: "Well, her life usually being without personal drama or adventure, she craves emotional, or, let us say, psychic stimulus. It is this which my treatment supplies."

The other knocked the ashes from his cigar in the general direction of the fireplace, heedless of his host's censorious frown; then bending forward he said, "Brad, you interest me strangely. Just what is this gamy nerve tonic?"

Doctor Bradly unfolded his arms and relaxed into the chair. J. B. was obviously impressed. Wasn't there even a shade of deference in his eager interest? Certainly none of that indulgent patronage characteristic of their student days together. Automatically the thought recalled those old times when all the former's repressed desires had focused upon impressing his personal uniqueness upon J. B. An unrealized aspiration, however, since the other's nervous system seemed incapable of awe-stricken reactions. In consequence, the doctor's ego now fed itself upon the psychic stimulus of this unaccustomed deference with visible relish. Up to this time he had maintained an inviolable secrecy about his methods; but whatever J. B.'s shortcomings, he could be trusted with a confidence; and Jove! wouldn't the startling originality of the Bradly methods make the old scoffer really sit up! Still, there were many inhibitions to be conquered; during which he outlined briefly his concessions to the physical aspects of neurasthenia—rest, exercise, diet, and so on.

"Then my nurses," he went on, "are all students of the new psychology. They study the individual ego needs of each patient, and in every way possible build up the woman's self-satisfaction. Then, as a climax to the treatment, I ——" Uneasily he looked around; then with lowered voice: "This is to be, naturally, strictly confidential, J. B."

"Oh, absolutely."

"Well" dramatically—"I make love to them."

Certainly the doctor's surmise had been correct. J. B. did sit up! With such a jump that the cigar fell from his surprise-gaping mouth.

"Make love to 'em!" he finally managed; and the doctor nodded with a smile of appreciation at the effect of his case.

"Exactly! Just before she leaves she comes in here and I stage a tender scene. I tell her I've loved her madly all along, that she's my ideal—that sort of thing."

"You mean it's a frame-up?" J. B. gasped.

"I mean—it's the treatment." The doctor paused to kick the cigar onto the hearth as J. B. jumped up. "But, man alive! Isn't that a scurvy trick to play on these poor things?"

"Certainly not, from a scientific viewpoint"—with acerbity. "As I told you, these women are psychically starved. Either married to—er—unimaginative business men or they're spinsters with no romantic memories whatever in their lives. They come to me, self-depreciative ——"

"Yes, I get you," J. B. sarcastically interposed. "Unwept, unhonored and unstrung."

"Self-depreciative"—the doctor ignored the flippancy—"craving, you understand, emotional stimulus through a mere sense of preferment. And they leave with that; the thought that a man of—well—we'll say some small distinction, has preferred them above all other women. This expands their egos, gives them a self of self-sustaining power, so that they can adjust themselves to environment, meet their empty futures ——"

"Serene and una-Freud of fate, eh?" the other again supplied, and at the old familiar mockery the neurologist frowned in irritation.

The natural irritation always consequent, let us say, when pundit meets punster. Yet J. B., now standing, hands in pockets, studying his host quizzically, threw a conciliatory note into his comment:

"Well, it seems to me starting a love scene with a lot of hysterical females would be the world's best bet for getting your home wrecked. Just how do you side-step the—er natural expectations aroused by this declaration?"

"Oh, I've worked out a system that's practically fool proof. The neurasthenic, you know, is the most suggestible subject there is; so I bring in Rowena and the children to show the hopelessness of the thing; then I explain my feelings are too fine to admit of—er—any irregularities."

"I see." J. B. paced thoughtfully before the fireplace for a few moments; then a faint smile introduced: "Just what does your wife think of this trick treatment?"

The mere inferences of the query had the power to bring the doctor to his feet. "Good Lord!" A note of fear, almost of fright, vibrated in the expletive. "She doesn't know." With a cough he recovered his professional dignity and dropped into the chair. "Women, you see, are so personal, they never get the scientific viewpoint; and then, Rowena is morbidly jealous. Though she should know, of course, that no siren living"—self-righteously "could make me forget my duty as a husband and a father."

"Absolutely vamp-proof, eh?"

"To be sure." J. B. paused to register admiration at this enviable immunity; then grinned broadly as the doctor ended: "And besides, any scandal would ruin me professionally."

Settling himself in his former position J. B. studied his host whimsically. "Honest, Brad, I can't imagine a hard-boiled realist like you pulling a love scene that would convince a case of arrested development."

"Is that so? Well, that's where you're wrong. See those books there?" nodding towards the filled shelves. "Well, there's every authority on love in the world there, and every volume I've studied conscientiously. Then I memorize bits from the poets. Poetry, somehow, seems to fire a woman's imagination." Reminiscently he picked up a vellum book from a near-by taboret, which enabled the other to smile in undetected security before the doctor turned to finish: "Still, I don't think it's my eloquence alone that makes the scene effective. My delivery—rather. You see, I took the Harper Dramatic Course to prepare me for the work."

No longer could J. B. cover his amusement; it broke out in bass rumbles. Then: "Well, I've got to hand it to you, Romeo. You are thorough."

Into this F. Ernest Bradly read a grudged appreciation which the laughter had sought to conceal. "At least I may say this," he admitted without reserve: "Whatever I tackle, I do it scientifically. Take this room, for example. I wanted a proper setting: soft lights, flowers, that sort of thing." Then after the other's inventorying survey of the Du Barry effects: "Quite a success, don't you think?"

"Oh, absolutely. What I'd call a perfect insulting room."

At this the doctor smiled dimly—not a response of the risible muscles to this low form of wit, you may be sure, but in recognition of an interpretation now confirmed; that this mockery served merely as a protective coloration for the dark green envy underneath. The envy of him whose insight into human nature had brought success in a profession at which the other had utterly failed. And this construction permitted him to go on imperturbably: "Then out in the hall there's a phonograph. Before the patient comes in I put on something soft and sweet to ——"

"To tune you up ——"

"Certainly not!" The doctor repudiated it emphatically. "You know how music irritates me. It's for the patient, of course; to plant a receptive mood. Prepare the ground for the farewell kiss."

"The farewell kiss!" All the banter was startled out of J. B.'s voice. "Do you mean to say you carry it that far?"

The question was compounded from such severity and contempt that the physician of the soul hastened to justify himself. "I have to. Contact, you know, to impress the subconscious." Here J. B.'s glare evoked a self-righteous "Though God knows that's the hardest part to go through with. For some reason they all use a lip stick or scented powder that makes you feel positively gritty, until you've brushed your teeth. I had that bowl over there," nodding towards the screen, "installed just on purpose." Then with a frown: "Cost me thirty dollars too."

"So just as soon as you give 'em the final thrill you run over and get busy with your prophylactic!"

J. B. gave a groan of anguish and covered his face with one large bronzed hand. Curiously the doctor took in this aesthetic revulsion. A pose, of course; as an ex-physician the idiot should recognize the imperativeness of sanitary precautions

"I fail to see just why you ——" he began with dignity.

Recovering himself somewhat, the other murmured weakly: "I don't know. It seems such an anticlimax, I suppose." A long pause served to reinstate his customary lightness. There was even a suspicion of a grin in his "Just as a matter of science, what's your monthly kissing average?"

"Well, let's see. In August I dismissed forty-eight patients." The doctor paused as J. B. inattentively rose and took from the mantelpiece a small replica of Canova's famous statue Cupid and Psyche. "An appropriate touch, this," was his comment. "Only, don't you think Cupid and Psychiatry would be a more fitting name?" Naturally, the doctor disdained answering; so after a moment the statue was replaced; and J. B.'s eyes roved appraisingly over other accessories. "By Jingo! Judging from the fixings, Brad, you see to it that the woman pays and pays. No evidence here of unsettled bills or long-standing accounts." *(Continued on Page 109)*

There Appeared at the Door a Dark Figure—a Man Who, When He Took In the Tableau, Rushed Into the Room

IRISH SPORTSMEN

By L. B. YATES

DEEP down in the heart of every normal Irishman is the longing desire to go over to England some day and win a Derby, a Grand National Steeplechase or a Waterloo Cup. If he succeeds in accomplishing any of these feats he figures that he has reached that haven where there is no more mourning; every day will be Sunday and chicken and pie will be served twenty-one times a week.

The Derby, as everybody knows, is the biggest event run in England, and perhaps in point of honor and interest the most notable flat race in the world. The Grand National Steeplechase is a jumping event beyond compare because the smallest obstacle is four feet three inches in height and they run all the way to five feet six, and it is over the toughest course known in the annals of sportdom. The Waterloo Cup stands for the blue-ribbon event of the coursing men who take to the greyhounds for theirs, and if you are fortunate enough to secure a nomination for it you are indeed lucky, because unless you do possess one it is about as easy to secure as it would be to walk right up and slap King George on the wrist.

But, as we were saying, whenever an Irishman succeeds in accomplishing any of these remarkable feats he and his friends tilt their chins in the air and for months afterwards are regarded as national heroes. To their credit, be it said, it is no unusual thing for a son of the Emerald Isle to gather in an English classic; in fact, it is claimed that the best horses and dogs in the world are bred in the valley through which the River Shannon flows.

The Racing Atmosphere

YOU might assert without stretching a point that Ireland is the abiding place of sport, and you could go further and say that 80 per cent of the population are really more interested in pastimes of the open than they are in any one other thing you can mention.

Now it wouldn't be fair to say that they make a business of it either. I think perhaps they would resent that; but nearly everywhere you go you find the man who has "the best dog in the world" and who might be persuaded to let go of him; or perhaps you may see a young lady schooling a horse cleverly over the hawthorn hedges, and when you come to know the lay of the land better you may find out that she educates a few every year, hunts them and then disposes of them at a fair enough profit to reimburse the original outlay and leave her a very comfortable balance on the side for pin money. In a larger way, of course, her father and her brothers may indulge in the same pleasant occupation, or calling, or avocation, or whatever else you want to call it, although, as I said, perhaps they might resent it if you hinted they were in it as a business. But one thing is certain: if you have an idea that you can steal a good horse don't go to Ireland.

If you couldn't even spell the word "sport" you would be accorded a formal introduction almost before you landed at all, at all, because coming over on the boat from Holyhead you notice several gentlemen aboard with race glasses slung over their shoulders and you know without asking that they have been across the Channel to see the race for the English Derby. And even if they didn't have their race glasses you'd know that they were horsemen. Then by the way they look at you, you know that they know that a Christian can't be kept out of the church, because there is an indefinable something that I can't explain unless you take old Admiral Rous for it, who said that all men were equal on the turf and under it.

Even if these by-products of a little journey did not obtrude themselves, the moment you detrain at the Westland Row Station you are brought face to face with the spirit of the times. Of course you charter an Irish jaunting car to take you to the hotel and you

Major Loder Leading Out Spike Island for the Curragh Races on Derby Day

haven't got twenty-five yards away from the station when the driver leans over confidentially and says, "Does yer honor think the best horse won?" taking it for granted that you had seen the English classic.

And then you have to go on and tell him your opinion of the merits of the various starters and why you thought that, as the race was run, the best horse won, but that if they ran it over again the verdict might be reversed; and what you thought of Steve Donoghue as a jockey; and why the Americans are such good riders. But when he finds that you have known Tod Sloan since he was knee-high to a grasshopper you feel that you have gone up in his estimation about 1000 per cent. Then he tells you that there is going to be a grand meeting out at Leopardstown that very afternoon, and volunteers to drive you to the course. So there you are, plumped right into the middle of the Irish sports before you have had breakfast.

There is a general air of hospitality about Dublin that puts the visitor immediately at his ease and gives him the homy feeling. The average Irishman does not hold himself aloof as does a brother in the same circumstances on the British side, and although when I arrived there things were much quieter than usual, still there were enough people in the hotel to make one feel that it was inhabited.

In the lounge, where the clans gather every afternoon, one naturally falls easily into the conversation of the hour, because no matter what is happening the Irishman never forgets his interest in sport. There are the races out at Leopardstown to be discussed and the favorite for the Irish Derby to be taken into consideration, and then you are introduced to the owner of a famous pack of Kerry beagles, who is, as he says, taking a little vacation from certain interests which have a habit of driving off cattle and commandeering automobiles down Galway way. Moreover, there is some talk about who is going to hunt the Limerick Hounds next season, because the master has gone away to England like so many others; and then, perhaps, you are invited down to the United Service Club to sample some of the famous brown sherry or old tawny port. After that a committee of patriots will try to pick the winner in the first race the next day, while they are indulging in a nightcap, and before you go to bed you make up your mind that, after all, the trouble in Ireland was greatly exaggerated!

A Horse With a Character

THE next morning, bright and early, a gentleman calls to show you one of the famous blue terriers from Kerry. After which you go out and rattle over the roads behind a fast-trotting cob until you get to a kennel of notable greyhounds. Of course in the afternoon everybody goes to the races again. Occasionally someone mentions something about the troubles in Ireland, but one would think it was almost an afterthought. You feel that you are amongst a people where sport always holds the center of the stage.

Why, the very first night I was in Dublin I met what they call a fair-spoken little man in the lounge of the Shelbourne Hotel, and it wasn't long until we were deep in the discussion of what constituted a good hunter.

"I have a gray horse," said he, "and one good look at him would cure sore eyes. He's a horse with a character."

"A character?"

"Oh, yes," he explained. "You see, whenever a hunter is fully qualified here and has shown his ability to carry a man safely across country, we say that he has a character."

"And you tell me that he's a good horse?"

"He has everything that a hunter ought to have," explained my newly found friend, "and nothing that you could fault him for."

"I suppose he has a good mouth?"

"Did you ever feel a lady's kid glove?" He closed his eyes in rapturous contemplation of extreme excellence

"My first wife," I explained, "weighed over fourteen stone. I don't want to boast to a stranger, but when she went to war ——"

"I meant a woman's glove without a hand in it," he interrupted without the suspicion of a smile—and then I knew that a horse deal in Ireland must be regarded seriously, but simultaneously. I found out, when he began to talk price, that a hunter in Ireland was worth the important end of any man's bank roll.

Subsequently I discovered that the gentleman I had been conversing with was a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and although he did not sell me this horse which had so many good qualities, he invited me to lunch with him the next day and showed me all about the ancient seat of Irish learning.

One can buy a colt in Ireland with prospects of making a hunter, in price ranging anywhere from

Parade of Horses for the Irish Derby. The Owners Lead Out Their Own Horses

fifty to a hundred pounds. Some mature faster than others and may be turned out as the finished article in a year if regularly hunted and properly ridden, but for the most part I should think it took at least two seasons of careful schooling to make him what you would call a topnotcher. Then there is some gamble to it, because young horses are apt to develop bad manners or, although they have the looks, fail utterly when it comes to negotiating jumps. If the colt proves to be a star he is worth any price you want to ask for him, because from all parts of the world come men who will pay any amount for a qualified Irish hunter. The price will range all the way from one thousand to two thousand guineas, which, of course, leaves a very nice margin of profit for the owner.

The raising of thoroughbred race horses in some parts of Ireland, however, takes on the nature of an industry. Many of the best sires in the universe are stabled there, and in the stretch of country lying between Kildare and Cork some of the greatest horses in the world have been bred. These are usually sent to the Newmarket sales by their owners and bring tremendous prices if bred along the right lines, because nowhere is a thoroughbred yearling with real ancestry behind him worth more money than in England. Sometimes we think in this country we pay big prices for youngsters, but a comparison of the English sale lists will show that the average over there is much higher.

Of course, as one can very well realize, the purchase of an untried yearling is purely a gamble, and when you come to think of it, a gamble of the most outrageous kind. Still, racing men go on year after year bidding away up in the thousands for animals they have no possible means of knowing, beyond blood lines and looks, what they will turn out to be.

Sportsmen's Hardships

I NEVER could quite understand the logic of it myself; some of the highest-priced yearlings ever brought to the auction ring were tremendous failures. I can remember when I was a boy, Senator Hearst paid forty thousand dollars for King Thomas, who never won a race. This was not an isolated case by any means, because every year records similar instances.

Notwithstanding the fact that there are troublous times in Ireland, and have been almost continuously since 1916—and you must remember that I am writing now of happenings which occurred about a week or two before the present civil war broke out—the Irish country gentlemen—that is to say, those who elected to stay in Ireland seemed to go along on the even tenor of their ways a good deal as though nothing had happened out of the ordinary. At the time of my visit very few people were driving their

Gruagach, Champion Irish Setter

automobiles, some having been commandeered by the irregulars but most of them hidden away by their owners to prevent any such happening; still, these people visited around from country house to country house as they had always been in the habit of doing.

I recall visiting a home in the County Limerick where the hostess was giving a garden party. The guests came up a long avenue in all kinds of conveyances, many of which one could easily see had been resurrected from the disuse of years. They ranged all the way from the antique family chariot to the humble little trap drawn by a donkey, but notwithstanding these drawbacks the guests were apparently as happy and carefree as though conditions were normal and they still were privileged to use the modern methods of transportation.

Some of them mentioned casually how a bridge had been blown up on the way and they had to make a long detour, giving this as an excuse for tardiness, but nobody complained. You would have to admit that they were good sports. A gentleman from Tipperary told how his house had been visited a few nights previously by a party of so-called republicans and he had been given two hours to leave. He was just permitted to pack a couple of hand bags before going, and even then the marauders opened them and took out a pair of race glasses which he evidently very much prized.

He went on to relate how the vandals had piled the drawing-room furniture in the center of the room and smashed it up with an ax. It was a collection of priceless antiques, some of which had been in his family for hundreds of years. His horses and cattle were also taken. At that time he was the guest of a friend. But for all that, he did not complain, except about the loss of the race glasses and the fact that his daughter would not be able to go over to England to ride at the horse show in Olympia.

Stay-at-Home Landlords

IT GAVE one a most comprehensive and illuminating view of the character of the stay-at-home Irish landlord. In fiction or the drama the popular acceptation of the Irish landowner is a grinding character who through his agent squeezes the last penny from his unfortunate tenants. This was possibly true of the absentee landlords, but it cannot be truthfully laid to the doors of the men who stayed with the land and spent their money at home. I think, as a class, they were the kindliest people in the world, more solicitous for the welfare of those about them than they ever got credit for; for the sins of a few the many suffered, as is frequently the case in other walks of life.

We were shown the famous Irish setter Gruagach, who had just returned from England, where he had won several championships. I was impressed with the fact that he was the best living Irish setter, and if I am any judge I believe he is. They staged for my benefit a kind of amateur judging contest when the puppies were shown, but I couldn't help realizing that most of the guests were bent on finding out what the American visitor really knew about a dog. A theorist in sport I imagine would have many a bad half hour in Ireland. At an Irish party something happens every minute. If it doesn't the

(Continued on Page 104)

Knockainey Stud Farm, Where Ard Patrick and Gaitee More Were Bred. Their Dam, Mr. Gubbin's Morganette, is Seen in the Oval Above

FIFI MEETS THE WISE GUY

"Just Wanted to Tell You the News!" She Cried. "We're Going to Omaha Too!"

By Grace Lovell Bryan

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY PAY

THE moralist agrees that upon the protagonist of the plundering art the burden of his crime is as heavy whether he steals a penny whistle or a yacht, a dollar or a million. But there is one species of guilt whose depth cannot be plumbed in anywhere near the exact measure of its meanness—the thievery of the man who steals another's brains.

With this gradation of culpability, however, Charlie Rook—comedian with the Merry Mermaids, that pulchritudinous spoke of Western Wheel burlesque, squat of stature, small, squinty eyes too close to a bulbous nose, and wide, red face agrin beneath his meticulously waved toupee—did not acquiesce.

Salesman of personality, he carried along the checkered pathway of his theatrical career a side line—theft—employing in its pursuance that excellent motto: Make hay while the sun shines. And he had reaped a harvest. Silver, linen, clothes, rugs were whisked carefully and with a certain art into trunks or mailed to the home in Freeport, Long Island, purchased to harbor him and his wife Mayme—known in the business as Charles and Mayme Rook, That Peppy Duo—in their old age.

With these praiseworthy activities Mayme—who had been a stenographer before her marriage, now short and placid, a little too fat, pale blue eyes beneath plucked brows, hair excessively blond, and tip-tilted nose like a small button in the fat area of her face—was in admiring accord.

"If a guy's a rube he'd oughter be done," she would declare. "Mamma allus says if a guy leaves a thing round careless he hadn't oughter squawk if somebody cops it."

Which, of course, was very true.

For sixteen years in the confines of inanimate matter whose basis was physical, Charlie's predatory avocation had borne a charmed life. And then, with greedy eyes, he gazed at an alluring product of the mental realm, and but that's the story.

The Limited, carrying the Merry Mermaids Company through the slumberous hours of an all-night jump, glided into Milwaukee, and Charlie Rook, in nifty Palm Beach, Malacca stick, and that air of peace and conscious rectitude, the envied accompaniment of great men who have achieved, stepped from the Pullman and turned to await Mayme, magnificent in imported purple sweater, knee-length skirt of henna shade, pearl earrings and purple picture hat, various chef d'œuvres culled the week previous from unsuspecting shops in the Chicago Loop. Boarding a street car for the theater, they found upon arrival that a death in the manager's family had canceled the opening matinée.

A showman on vacation invariably spends it at another show, and accordingly that afternoon they paused before a garish vaudeville house on one of the minor streets.

"My land, if Milwaukee don't seem like home, from lampin' the name so much on bottles!" Mayme declared, languidly adjusting a hairpin in the huge puffs of yellow over her ears and unwrapping a stick of peppermint gum. "All I kin crack, they ain't nothin' on the bill but hoofin' acts. Well I remember Hadji Hadj, the fresh Swede, who done that Egyptian dance in the olio when we was with the Dippy Doll Show, sayin' to me: 'You're the livin' image of Helen of Troy!' 'Jiggle the hook an' git back your nickel,' I says. 'I ain't been in no upstate bush save Syracuse!'"

"Let's try the Majestic over on Main an' give 'em a lamp," suggested Charlie, lighting a cigarette.

"How much more walkin' d'y think my feet is capable of?" she demanded, examining her countenance meditatively in the mirror. "We been trampin' for ten blocks. My, I wisht they had some of them magic acts agin. Mamma useta take me when I was a wee girlie, an' the way them guys useta bring a whole rosebush outen their fin was somethin' fierce."

Charlie pointed at a display frame at their left. "Lookit! Wallace Harrington & Co.," he chuckled. "Well, the ol' skate! Me an' Wally was with the Parks Show down South oncet, till Wally blows it with a troupe doin' Shakspere through the sticks, cleans up enough jack to choke a zebra an' quits! Kin you beat it? Lookit him, puttin' the ol' grease on his pan agin! Be gees ——"

They went in, and sat critically, awaiting the performance of Preparedness, a Comedy Sketch—the act of Wallace Harrington's.

"The act's apple sauce, 'cause Wally's flush!" Charlie whispered disgustedly as the curtain fell. "He's dyin' standin' up. That act's hoke, not Hamlet. An' only two people—why, he could clean up—it oughter be a wow! That act's a novelty too—it's differnt; but he's playin' her straight, see? Romeo an' Juliet! By gees, with a act like that we'd wow 'em! Why, you an' me ——"

He stopped. The house grew dark. Lady Beatrice Violet Bolingbroke, England's fairest flower and only daughter of the duke, as the ensuing subtitle divulged, moved down the pictured terraces of a castle, summoning her groom. But Charlie stared unseeingly at this scion of British aristocracy. He had an idea!

Why not? He was a picker, Charlie was, a devotee of propitious Fate, that sheltered him ceaselessly from that phantom of disaster he feared with an inordinate dread. He called it Bad Luck. Bad Luck laid a hand on one's shoulder and spoke grimly: "Come with me." And so, to avoid such consummation, he had early formulated his slogan: A guy should be no dumb-bell. A dumb-bell was a goof, an egg who pulled a bone, subjecting one to the ignominy of capture. But Charlie was wise. Also he was careful; and with superstitious fear he followed the one rule fashioned by himself as burnt offering upon the altar of a stern yet placable Fate—never to take unless one needed it

He watched the papers ticking off, in accounts of various crimes, the manifest errors that had been committed. Somewhere there was always a wrong move. By ticketing them in others one would thus avoid them.

"Dumb-bells, them eggs are," he would say scornfully; "solid ivory. Allus pullin' a bone, and then—wham! But I don't. I flies light an' careful. I been wise!"

Charlie had. Looking into the future, he had made a payment on the house in Freeport, furnishing it with the loot plundered along the highway of his travels. He had got it at a bargain, too, before the war, for four thousand dollars.

And now—this act! He chuckled, his wide mouth grinning as he squinted up at the flickering screen. Here was a cinch—a darb!—the easiest job of all to swing. This kind of stuff didn't seem like property anyhow—just words, got up out of one's head, their bringing forth representing no real labor. There wasn't any penalty for stolen brains.

And they needed the act. He and Mayme had not been asked to sign again with the Mermaids. They had secured someone else, a cheap team, saving money. It would throw them out to look for something else during

the summer, draining the money they had laid away in the grouch bag, while they made the weary, soul-racking round of agencies in quest of the elusive contract.

And now—if all went well—this act would mean their livelihood for the next ten years. He recalled Sim Allen's words, a vaudeville agent friend in New York.

"A novelty is what you gotta have, Charlie," Sim had said; "but oncet you get set, Charlie, vaudeville is nice work, b'lieve me. Your own boss, an' year after year in the same act, y' understand, nobody to interfere, pilin' up a bunch of kale! Why, teams I know've been playin' the Gus Sun circuit year after year, an' the mazuma—oi yoy!"

Charlie spat appreciatively under the seat and rose with a low murmur of satisfaction. "Goin' back stage a minute," he announced curtly.

Later he joined Mayme in the lobby, his wide face agrin.

"Girl out in a place called Ben Lomond, California, writes it," he imparted in brisk undertone as they moved on up the street. "Name of Mary Thorpe. She brings it to Wally when he's passin' through, sayin' she hopes it'll be chickin' pretty before she starts pickin' at the covers. She's a con, he says—coffin fruit—harp rehearser, out there for her health and on her uppers flat 'cause she can't work. Wally takes it, but it's apple sauce with him, and he's shut, see? Through Sad'day night, so he's sendin' back the script to Mary, tellin' her the act's a frozen face an' all there is to do is cremate it. An' he's leavin' next week for Europe with his fam'ly, to be gone a coupla years." He paused jubilantly, his tongue in his cheek. "Well—get me?"

Mayme's pale blue eyes glowed avidly. "Charlie," she breathed, "you mean ——"

"Sure!" He chuckled. "Why, it'll be like takin' dog biscuit from a pup. She'll croak soon anyhow, an' then it'll be pie. She ain't even got no relatives, nothin' but a sister out with a dramatic show, Wally says, but she's no one he ever heard of. Say"—he spread his palm downward, in a gesture of infinite assurance—"'s a cinch!"

"Mamma allus says what's the sense of payin' out good money for anything when it's lyin' round all ready to be copped!" Mayme giggled.

"Sure! I got a title all ready too—The Wise Guy—see? This egg in the act's bullin' about how he's so smart, goin' to save the flag in the next war, an' then he gets left, see? All you gotta do is sit out front every show an' take her down in shorthand. You'll make it. You'll hear it said over twenty-one times. An' while you're coppin' I tells the man'ger you're laid up at the hotel with tonsillitis, see? An' say, me in this guy? I'll have 'em beggin', eatin' outen my hand!"

"Oh, Charlie, it'll be a wow!" cried Mayme.

And so, when the Merry Mermaids left Milwaukee for St. Paul, the final stand of the season, it took with it the entire manuscript of Preparedness, held tenderly in the grasp of Charlie Rook.

Stopping according to custom at the theater to see if there was any mail, they were advised by a friendly stage carpenter to put up at the Hotel Élite, kept by George Rosencranz.

"Makes a rate of a dollar an' a half double. George's wife's a performer. Purty fair chow he gives, they tell me."

They availed themselves of the Élite's hospitality, dispensed by the tall, imperturbable-faced Mr. Rosencranz, who was not in evidence during the day, and Charlie and Mayme rehearsed The Wise Guy busily all week in their room, taking the midnight train into New York Saturday night after the performance, to be on hand in case Sim Allen might have an opening for them on their arrival.

Charlie grinned a blithe good-by to George Rosencranz, almost chuckling at the other's parting: "Hope t'see you folks again!"

"Sure. S'long!"

"Good luck!"

Good luck? Of course he would have that. Why, he was the favored of the gods, the original Happy, the sweetheart of Lady Luck. They had the act; they were letter-perfect. Good luck? It was a pipe.

He sat down in the Pullman and looked about cautiously, then reaching into the little pocket which Mayme sewed inside his silk shirts took out a handsomely engraved watch and laid it in Mayme's lap.

She gave a little chirp of delight. He didn't blame her. It was a beauty, thin and solid, and daintily embossed.

"Lamped it under a bunch of envelopes on the desk at the Élite Hotel when I was checkin' out," he grinned. "Somebody musta laid her down maybe when they was leavin'. I slips the nifty under my fin an' buries it next me shirt. Worth about a century an' a half, that baby is. Got your initials on too," he pointed out exuberantly. "Lookit—'M. R.'!"

Mayme held it to the electric globe. "Well, if it ain't!" she gasped. "Oh, it's swell!"

"Guess you got a birthday next month, ain't you?"

"Ya-ah. Mamma allus says if a dame don't git a present when it's handy it's nothin' but a dame's own fault. There it is—'M. R.' Say, they musta cracked I was goin' to git it!" she giggled.

"Thought you'd like to look a little nifty when we're headlinin' with the act."

"Sure. I'll save her for extra flash, Charlie. You know I already got that one you gits me for Christmas last year."

"Oh, well, they ain't no harm in havin' two. Same as one anyhow. Both keeps the same kinda time, so all you gotta do is watch you," he added expertly. "Besides, what're you beefin' about? We kin afford it!"

"Oh, Charlie, if you ain't a sketch! It's swell."

He took off his shoes, sliding them under the berth. His subconscious mind gave a twitch. He had forgotten Mayme had another watch. He sat a moment, remembering his rule never to take unless one needed it. It was the first time that he had disobeyed it. But—oh, well, what was the harm?

He glanced at Mayme, smiling at the watch in her lap as she kicked off her satin pumps, taking out her hairpins. She was tickled to death over it. Mayme was all to the Ziegfeld, Mayme was, with her blond hair bulging at the sides, and her shape. He liked 'em a little beefy—none of your flat-chested dames for him. It had been a long time since she'd been so pleased over anything.

With a little *tch* in his throat he removed the onyx horseshoe in his plaid tie and pinned it to the hammock. He should worry about anything, with the act in their possession! He was going to knock them off their seats; why, it'd be gravy, that act, just dripping off the bowl!

Charlie was right. Two weeks later The Wise Guy opened in a little town in Jersey, and success was instantaneous. The audience shrieked throughout, the final curtain fell to enthusiastic applause, and they were immediately booked on the big small time for forty weeks, at a bigger salary than they had ever received.

They had triumphed—and not only that, they were as safe and solid as the rock he had so often seen in the advertisements. They had copped a gold mine.

Success—an endless cycle of performances treading upon one another's heels with pleasurable monotony—a pinwheel of flamboyant color, spinning to the music of jazz and Mendelssohn; a kaleidoscope of ever-changing charm. Weeks of satisfying, eager work, perioded by countless bows—Mayme graciously kissing her hand to laughing seas of faces—applause whose warm wine coursed delriously through their veins.

Everybody was crazy about the act. Performers would stand in the wings and watch it, a sure compliment; house managers came back from the front with unaccustomed words of praise, while the audience held their sides, giving bursts of soul-stirring laughter. Charlie designated it belly laughter, which is the kind every comedian seeks, because it is the heartiest.

The forty weeks sped by as if on wings, and another forty awaited them. Charlie had to grin when he thought of what a cinch they had stepped into. A guy was a fool to bother his head writing off things when all you had to do was pick up what the other fellow had done. And brains? He snapped a mental finger contemptuously at their helplessness, laid out open for anyone to pinch. Brains were sure a darb!

Piquant and elfin in white silk tights, fringed bodice and sash of salmon pink, a rhinestone band filleting her curly bobbed head, the little acrobat leaned forward as the sixth and final curtain fell on the afternoon's performance of The Wise Guy, and Charlie Rook took up his khaki coat and gun. Mayme reached languidly for her gum under the table

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"I Was Telling Your Partner What a Wonderful Act You Have. It's Simply Delicious"

The Audience is Always Right

By WALTER DE LEON

ILLUSTRATION BY ALICE HARVEY

Extracts from a dramatic critic's review of a recent production: "It was the flattest and most awkward example of the mad-house drama that I have seen. . . . Dull, meandering, pie-eyed, imbecilic, it staggered through the evening like a gibbering cadaver . . . is vapid blah-blah from curtain to curtain. . . . The performance was highly approved by the audience last evening."

WITHOUT having seen the farce the gifted critic so completely adjectives, the odds are five to one the show is in for a run. Why? Sixteen years of looking into the open faces of audiences, acting, authoring, starring, starving in earnest attempts to inveigle theater patrons into paying my bills, traveling a hundred thousand miles in the serious business of seducing snickers from the populace, have implanted one fact firmly in my head: The audience is always right.

Consequently when the critic has the honesty to add "The performance was highly approved by the audience," it tells me that other things, such as publicity, general financial conditions, and so on, being propitious, the producer of the above powerfully panned farce has a hit.

Oh, the hair that has turned white and been plucked out in despairing attempts to make audiences laugh! The funniest wheeze, the most ludicrous situation isn't any good to anyone if the folks who've paid the war tax won't laugh at it. That is one reason why the audience is always right; there is no appeal from its decision.

The profession knows a few religiously followed rules. The subject of a quip, for example, must be familiar, and the jest itself simple. Because audiences are simple.

A man seeking relaxation, perhaps forgetfulness of his own troubles, chooses vaudeville or a comedy; something where he doesn't have to think; something to give him a laugh; something, since all comedy is ultimately discovered to be based upon mental or physical anguish, that will give him an opportunity to see someone else suffer. He awaits the rise of the curtain in the mental attitude of a child expecting a bedtime story. He is a member of a mob of fifteen hundred or more persons. Therefore he is subject to the influence of mob psychology. Outside the theater he may be a man of superior intellect. Once the curtain rises he is irresistibly, unconsciously affected by the mood of those surrounding him. "Remember," a successful playwright once advised a protégé, "the audience's hair starts growing an inch above its eyebrows."

If you, offended reader, are a theater patron, you will readily admit that the rest of the audience's intelligence and perception is less keen than your own. Have you not, many times during a play, murmured, "I saw that joke, but nobody else seemed to get it"?

Johnny Dooley's Famous Wheeze

YOU were right, and the rest of the audience were right in not laughing. The fault lay on the other side of the footlights. If the germ of the joke you sensed was not properly developed and delivered the audience could not be blamed for muffing it.

For instance, there was Johnny Dooley's now famous gag. He was playing at the Palace Theater, New York, which, as all its patrons know, is directly across the square from an automat restaurant. It was the week between Christmas and New Year's, following the signing of the armistice. Most of the Broadway cafés had signs in their windows stating that no further table reservations for New Year's Eve were obtainable.

In his act, flirting with his girl partner, Johnny invited her to celebrate New Year's Eve with him.

"You can't get a table anywhere," she objected.

"Don't worry," Johnny replied; "I've reserved a slot at the Automat."

The audience yelled. The longer they visioned Johnny spending the evening dropping nickels in a noodle soup or prune pie slot, the harder they laughed. But would the gag have won a giggle in automatless Pocatello, Idaho, the week before Decoration Day?

Then there was the case of Bugs Buchanan which isn't his name at all. Bugs is a nut comedian, one of the chaps whose antics throw serious doubt into the minds of the audience as to their sanity. Bugs it was who, one night when his act was failing to register to suit him, lay down on the stage on his back, curled his arms and legs in imitation of a sick puppy and yelled, "Dying! Dying on Hammerstein's Roof!" Furthermore he refused to get up, lying there until the stage hands picked him up and carried him off.

After achieving tremendous success in the East, Bugs signed for a tour of the West and for the first time played a city in Minnesota. In show circles the town has a reputation: "You think you're funny? Wait'll you play ——"

It is a tough audience, in the performer's meaning of unresponsive, difficult to rouse to enthusiasm. Especially are the Sunday audiences tough. The nice people are conspicuous by their absence and the theater is filled with large-boned immigrants and their descendants, congenitally leisurely of mental activity and speech.

Bugs Buchanan on a Sunday afternoon breezed blithely out on the stage to cause the riot he usually raised. His first song went over the foota—and lay there. When three or four of his—elsewhere—sure-fire wheezes fell in soggy silence Bugs stopped in the middle of a joke and inquired, "Am I talking too fast for you?"

Instead of the laugh he expected—"Yes!" shouted someone in the back of the theater.

"Holy smoke!" Bugs told the orchestra leader. "They think I'm on the level. Listen, folks," he besought the audience, "you've got me wrong. I am not Sir Henry Irving."

To prove it he pushed his hand through the top of his straw hat. A murmur of disapproval followed.

Manfully Bugs struggled on, to the most discouraging sounds an actor can hear—a few, wide-spaced, scattered, half-stifled snickers from a house packed with people. Quickly his temper rose.

Breaking off in the middle of a song he announced: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm going to tell you something you don't know—something that will interest you. Ladies and gentlemen, I was born and raised right here in this town. That makes me a cock-eyed Swede!"

And he walked off the stage.

The audience was dazed. So was the stage manager. But before the hiss-and-boo boys who are in every audience could absorb the meaning of it all and begin functioning in their peculiar manner the stage manager grabbed Bugs and shoved him back on the stage.

"Get back there! The next act isn't ready yet."

His burst of temper out of his system, Bugs hopped grinning out in front of the audience again.

"Listen, folks," he said, "I just thought of a good joke—an old one. You'll like it."

He told them a joke hoary with whiskers The audience laughed. Bugs blinked and told them another—older. Again they laughed

"You're going to love me before I get through," shouted Bugs, sensing victory. "I've got the longest memory in the world."

He demonstrated it. He stood there clowning and pulling jokes that the old vikings heard first when they invaded Albion's shores. And he finished his act in a spontaneous burst of applause.

Bugs' eccentric, weird mannerisms, nothing like which had ever been seen in the town, and his flip, fly, wise cracks were not understandable to that audience. When he discarded his set routine and gave them the thing they had paid for—entertainment—they were ready to signal their appreciation. Of course to accomplish this Bugs had to talk to the audience—take them into his confidence

It requires nerve and a quick wit to get away with that sort of thing. A screamingly funny black-faced vaudevillian—let's call him the Black Speck—used to work almost entirely with and to his audiences. After he had established the this-is-just-between-you-and-me confidential atmosphere, he employed at every performance a stock trick to draw a sure-fire laugh. After one of his stories, as the laughter was dying down, he would point his finger apparently at some couple in the third or fourth row and yell, "Don't explain it to her. Let her figure it out for herself." It never failed to draw a hearty, amused, can-you-imagine laugh. Figure out the reason for it yourself.

The Sure-Fire Hit Turns Boomerang

ONE afternoon while playing a Texas circuit, in one of the stage boxes sat a young man and woman conspicuously devoted to each other. From their conduct we actors were willing to bet they'd come into the theater not to see the show but to escape the heat. Their sole virtue, in the eyes of us who struggled vainly to attract and hold their attention, was found in the fact that their tête-à-tête was not disturbing the rest of the audience.

The Black Speck came on for his act. He told a joke. As the laugh ebbed he pointed his finger toward the unconscious couple in the box. "Don't explain it to her. Let her figure it out for herself!" he shouted.

Every eye in the audience turned to the box. They saw the young man leaning over and whispering something in the girl's ear—apparently the cause and surely the confirmation of the Black Speck's remark.

A roar went up, so loud it brought back to earth the couple in the box. With a gasp they realized the audience was laughing at them.

It chanced that the young lady was descended of an old aristocratic Southern family, blessed with every gift of the gods except a sense of humor. She considered she had been grossly insulted. Her brother and fiancé, attending a university in a near-by city, agreed with her that no vulgar vaudeville performer should be permitted to hold her up to public ridicule with impunity.

So it was that they invited a few of their friends to occupy seats in the first row of the gallery the night our show opened in the university town. In due course the Black Speck appeared. As he opened his mouth to begin his first song he was greeted by a hurled egg that none but its mother could love. A dozen dissolute and decrepit companions followed it. Dumfounded, the Black Speck nevertheless tried to continue with the song—to the accompaniment of bombs bursting in air and on his white dress-shirt front. A barrage of vegetables unfit for human consumption followed.

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A Play is Artistically Successful When and Only When it is Financially Successful

DODO-VILLE—By Kathleen Howard

COME to Deauville! All the world is here! The smartest and most exciting place in all Europe this minute! Kings and duchesses galore!"

The wires hummed with messages to us from a cosmopolitan who should know what he is talking about, and we began at once to make great preparations in Paris so as not to be eclipsed among the truly smart. New evening dresses were bought recklessly, sport clothes were gone over and refurbished, nails were manicured till you could see your face in them, and seats were reserved in a first-class compartment, smoker if you please, for the express.

I went to the coiffeur of my choice.

"Make me beautiful," I said. "I am going to Deauville, and all the dazzling world is there. The King of Spain arrives for the Great Week!"

"But certainly; to make madame beautiful will be easy; but I do not believe in the tremendous success of Deauville."

"But I assure you I saw it in the papers, and I have not seen the King of Spain for years, and everyone was mad about him the last time I saw him in Paris." My enthusiasm is quite girlish.

"Yes," answers my gloomy hairdresser, "and they have announced the Prince of Wales, and printed pictures of the villa where he is to stay, and they say the King of Belgium is coming, and still I do not believe them. It is a poor season and they are advertising to attract the world."

I put it down to pessimism and refuse to be squashed. So we join the rush for the direct noon train, which goes out in three heavy sections, and take our places in a compartment with two fat gentlemen, one of whom is a Turk and the other a Frenchman of sorts. The Turk tries vainly to catch my eye and finally relapses into slumber and snores all the way down. He has a splendid outfit for the sport, for his nose is huge, and his bulging chest, back and shoulders make cushions for his wabbly head so that it can't fall forward, backward or sideways as mine does when I try to sleep on trains. Just as we get to Trouville he wakes and discusses with his friend how women have changed and lost their charm lately; and I suppose from a Turkish point of view we have.

"Women are all, all bad nowadays," he says heavily, and his friend agrees with him.

Later in descending from the train he tries Turkish tactics of shoving women in the back and ribs in his haste to get off. He shoves just one too many, an American woman, and she is heard exclaiming triumphantly to her friends. "Well, he wanted to get off in a hurry, so I helped him go to it. I pushed him off!"

Beds at a Premium

WE ARE to stay with friends in a charming villa at Trouville, Deauville's quiet wife, which lies just across the River Touques; but we have to find a room for an unexpected masculine addition to our party, so after a while we gayly go to the hotel across the way.

"Nothing, madame," is the response to our inquiries.

Not daunted, thinking it will be easy to find just a small room, we go on.

It has begun to rain; no taxi to be had, we must walk. We go to a near-by *pension*. Nothing. We phone to all the hotels. Nothing. We go to our own little cocktail hotel just near us. Pretty madame, with her hair drawn tightly back to the fashionable *chignon* and all her white teeth smiling at us from between her red lips, shrugs her desolated shoulders. She would love to accommodate us, but even now strangers who have never met each other are sleeping in twos in the bathrooms, one on a mattress in the tub and one on the floor. The billiard table is covered with cushions; the sofas are full. Nothing—anywhere.

We go into obscure little houses where "*Chambres meublées*" signs are hung out. All full. We tramp wetly home to dear Polly and hot tea and *brioche* and strawberry jam, and she smiles placidly and says the cook will sleep in the kitchen and someone else on a mattress on the floor, and all will be well. Taking comfort in her sweet tranquillity we relax and resign ourselves unwillingly to putting her to great inconvenience.

You have to engage rooms weeks ahead for the *Grande Semaine* if you want to be comfortable. People take them for the whole season, coming down perhaps only for a week-end or so before the Great Week in August. International names like Pulitzer and Vanderbilt may be signed to leases of villas, but their lessees may come down only two or three times to sit on the veranda for a few hours on hot afternoons. Owners of magnificent yachts anchor them in the river and live in them, coming to the rooms they have engaged only to dress.

If you are lucky enough to have a good room in a big hotel strangers may come up and ask you if they may dress in your apartments, as a great favor. If you cannot find decent accommodations you may have to resort to renting mattresses at the furniture shops, if they still have any, and putting them in some empty garage. Most beds are split in two, and someone is using the mattress on the floor while the springs, covered with comfortables, make a second couch for a weary but determined traveler.

However, we are out of all this rush at dear Polly's little place in Trouville, and our big cement terrace on which we have all our meals when it is fine, overlooks the enormous pebbleless sandy beach and the wide ocean; so what more can we ask?

Polly and her husband had a great time finding the villa. The agents showed them huge places with acres of gardens at first, and then rushed them abruptly to little stuffy shut-up houses so as to mark the contrast and make them feel like worms in their desire for a small place. One tightly shuttered villa they were not allowed to visit.

Lady Gordon at Deauville. Above—The Famous Actress, Jeanne Marnac, at the Equally Famous Potinière

"No, monsieur, it has a bad name. It has a mystery. We will leave it at that if monsieur pleases; it has a mystery and no one ever rents it. If they did, things would be sure to happen. Strange, unnamed things."

Our first day in Deauville we go to the famous Potinière for a noon *apéritif*. We order five *barbotages*, and are brought a stimulating beverage in a tall glass with slices of orange, cherries and green grapes floating in it amid chunks of ice. It is dark brown, and we are still guessing what was in it that comforted and cheered us so strangely. That day the sun was shining and everyone was out.

Types

THE Potinière means "the gossiping place," and is really a cake shop with a bar and tables and chairs. Being set back from the street, the square in front is filled with more green tables and chairs, at which all the world sits. During the season the crowd overflows into the street and chokes its narrow length. You simply must see and be seen at the Potinière at twelve o'clock, or give up the game completely. Here the true character of Deauville comes out. By the end of the season, manners are frayed and you are bumped and pushed by people who will find chairs whether there are any or not. They have gambled and probably lost heavily all the night before, and their nerves are frazzled and worn, their mood sordid, and they whine and grumble, showing their real characters through the veneer of breeding and the paint they daily apply. You may see a few well-known people, certainly—people of refinement who are always to be counted upon to preserve a suave exterior—but the majority of the occupiers of chairs will be dressmakers wearing their own creations and on the lookout for clients clad in their models, journalists, buyers of clothes for big houses, our own dear *nouveaux riches*, all looking at one another and all hoping that the other one is someone famous, all with axes to grind. Mrs. X., wife of the owner of chewing-gum millions from the West, has two pretty daughters for whom she hopes to catch counts at least; her French prototype sits opposite her. The two fluffy-haired little American charmers would be much better off at one of our own resorts, playing with nice boys of their own age, but it takes a long time to learn that.

One large dark gentleman with a fat cigar and a diamond ring is just beginning to disclose to his goggle-eyed victim the get-rich-quick scheme he has hugged back for weeks; and the goggle-eyed one in turn is bent on finding out just how much his fat friend is really worth, so that he may begin to put his carefully nursed scheme into operation. The dressmakers stare and make mental notes; the journalists sit and chortle over anecdotes they dare not print.

"But I'll have to cable that only the highest society is to be seen here, and that this is the place to see how the aristocracy lives and acts," he drawls disgustedly. "Gee! How I wish I might tell the truth!"

One pouring day the Potinière was empty of all but the trusty business seekers, when along came the King of Spain and three stout male friends. He sat himself down at a little table, hoisted his umbrella over his green felt hat with the little bow in the back, and leaned his Spanish nose

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Lost Illusions

THERE is deep and freely expressed anxiety in Europe over the state of America's soul. But there is also willingness on the part of our friends over there to save it for us. This salvation is not free—in fact, it is deucedly expensive—but as our would-be saviors point out, it is better to be broke and saved than solvent and damned—as we are—by most of Europe.

For we are sunk in sin, if we are to believe our European critics and some American ones; steeped in iniquity; wallowing in ill-gotten wealth; while Europe, poor but proud, broke but blameless, is busy with the better, the nobler, the higher things, having already saved her own soul.

The propaganda is growing a little raw, as we say in our uncouth American way—a bit thick, as our more sophisticated British cousins put it. Well-informed Americans have never really expected that the foreign debts would be paid in full. But they did hope and they had a right to expect that so long as those debts were unliquidated Europe would cut down her armaments, reduce her military expenses, and use the men and the money thus saved to rehabilitate her nations. But all this anti-American propaganda, these attempts to blacken the American character and to ascribe to the nation unworthy motives and actions of which it is quite guiltless, are gradually effecting a change in public opinion over here.

There is a streak of sentimentalism in Americans, quite absent from the European character where money is concerned, that is easily played on by clever propaganda—and it has been, we may add. In the past we have fallen for the shame-them-into-it stuff, but the recent work along this line has been too coarse to influence the kiddie type of mind even.

Now when the average American reads that America has lost her soul while Europe has saved hers, he asks that average American question, "How do they get that way?" He remembers America's part in the war, and how she refused to profit to the extent of a dollar of reparations or an inch of territory. He knows that the European powers divided vast gain in land and enormous trade possibilities; that their rapacities and jealousies resulted in a peace that is a fomenter of war. He looks at the Near East, where one great nation stood behind the Greeks while another got behind the Turks. And he is asked to take lessons in saving his soul from the politicians in control of these nations—politicians who have ruined Europe and who now ask that we act as a wrecking crew to salvage the old mess for them while they push on to new triumphs of ruin.

America has been absolutely right in keeping out of foreign affairs under the conditions and the leadership that have prevailed since the armistice. Until the politicians have a change of heart, until they settle down to saving their souls and their countries as well as their bacon, we cannot help Europe, but we can cripple ourselves.

We wish that these international bankers and these foreign critics of ours who are prating of America's duty would formulate in concise, concrete terms just what that duty is, and tell us just what Europe wants and will accept from us besides money. We do not believe that there is a workable program of coöperation in anyone's mind. Everyone who understands what is happening right now in European affairs knows that America would get about as far in the present League of Nations as a watermelon in a colored camp meeting.

Of course if we forgave Europe the old debts and loaned her our last dollar we could be as snow-white as we were for a few brief weeks while we were pouring American soldiers and dollars into Europe. For ten billion we could undoubtedly be "all heart"; for twenty, "all soul."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has been asked by several peace organizations to urge the calling of a second disarmament conference. There has been no stronger advocate of a gradual scaling of armies and navies to a police basis than this weekly. But taking into consideration the fact that at this writing the most important decisions of the last conference have not been confirmed and carried out, in view of the temper of Europe and the Far East, in the light of the war by proxy in the Near East, we do not believe that the time is ripe for another conference. We might wake up to find that some of the conferees had disarmed by proxy too. Until the present international crime wave has passed, America must keep herself in a strong defensive condition. Some of our very best nations, while piously protesting their belief in war prohibition, have been bootlegging territorial and trade advantages. We can't get anywhere with a white-ribbon disarmament conference if the delegates come to it with whisky on the breath and something on the hip.

America is for limitation conferences, economic conferences, moral and financial aid—anything that will help Europe, as soon as Europe is really ready to help herself. And we would gladly give her all the money that she wants if she would give back to our young men those things that her huckstering politicians took from them in the Great War and the little peace—their illusions and their ideals.

Guinea Pigs or Children

THE people of Colorado will next month accept or reject by popular vote a so-called antivivisection bill that is so sweeping in its provisions that its passage would apparently make it unlawful to test cows for tuberculosis, to vaccinate against smallpox or typhoid fever or to conduct any form of medical experimentation upon animals either with or without the use of anæsthetics. If this backward-looking measure becomes law the manufacture of vaccines and antitoxins in the state of Colorado will become a penal offense. Chemists can actually be fined and sent to jail for making the surest known cure for diphtheria or the most certain preventive of smallpox; and any medical research that involves the inconvenience of a single guinea pig will put a scientist behind the bars.

The antivivisectionists long ago had their day in the court of public opinion. Their case had a fair hearing and it was not thrown out until it was clearly shown that much of their evidence was false, much of their reasoning fatuous and unsound. On the other hand the immeasurable value of animal experimentation is every day being demonstrated with evidence that is more and more overwhelming. It is even whispered in medical circles that the conquest of cancer will soon be an accomplished fact. In the meantime every farmer's boy knows that the control of hog cholera, anthrax and other animal diseases—made possible by animal experimentation—each year prevents far more suffering in brute creation than was ever inflicted upon it by the whole tribe of callous investigators that became extinct nearly a century ago.

And yet, there are many honest and convinced antivivisectionists. There are those who can visualize with unfeigned horror the experiences of a guinea pig in a biological laboratory, and who will pour out their pity upon it instead of upon the children that gasp and strangle in the clutches of diphtheria. They cannot perceive that possibly Providence put that guinea pig in the world so that by its death it might give back life to some suffering morsel of humanity. And yet that is what guinea pigs are doing every day.

The issue is plain enough. The choice is between death for guinea pigs or for human beings.

Farmers for Canada

THE people of the United States, including the politicians, are interested in the maintenance of agriculture. The Dominion of Canada is as deeply concerned as the United States in the maintenance of agriculture, but for a different reason. Canada is still in the extractive stage of development and her agriculture must expand if she is to remain a prosperous country. Under these circumstances the Canadian policy on immigration differs from ours.

They have adopted a program of selective immigration. They desire to secure immigrants from Scandinavia, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, the United Kingdom and the United States. They desire immigrants from these countries because these are expected to fit into the Canadian viewpoint and are known to be adaptable to Canadian agriculture. Canada desires only immigrants who are to become farmers. Slavs and Mediterraneans are not desired, because it is felt that they would not fit into Canadian conditions and would not desire to enter agriculture. In each of the countries mentioned Canada expects in one way or another to recruit selected desirable immigrants.

In order to meet the expected stream of immigration a land-settlement plan has been devised. Careful surveys of the three prairie provinces have indicated that some ten million acres of good grain land lie untilled within ten miles of a railroad. A colonization association has been formed, financial support has been secured by subscriptions throughout Canada, and it is stated that the Federal Government of the Dominion and the Government of Great Britain have pledged financial support.

The central idea of the scheme of colonization lies in a plan of finance. The immigrant is to purchase his land, and the conditions of payment are fixed and made liberal. Assuming that a quarter section is priced at $3200, one-tenth of this sum, or $320, must be paid down on purchase. During the two following years no payments are due for interest or amortization. Beginning with the third year and extending through twenty-nine further years, the sum due annually is $234.34. When these annual payments are completed the land is paid for.

A provision is also made for aid in the selection of land, seed, animals and implements. Canada has had sufficient experience in the problems of wheat farmers operating on insufficient capital to be fully aware of the necessity of so conducting the affairs of new immigrants as to protect them from exploitation and bankruptcy contingent on crop failure.

The land-settlement plan, as announced, represents a distinct advance on the scheme of individual settlement of homesteads by which our frontier states were populated.

Americans are naturally interested in this proposition because of the frank efforts that are being made by the Canadian organization to secure settlers from the United States. For example, land agents in the United States are to be paid one dollar per acre taken up by settlers secured by them. The prospect of gain through increase in land values is being held before the eyes of American farmers who are assumed to be dissatisfied with conditions here. This means to the student of American rural life that urban industries beckon to our farmers from one side, while Canadian land promoters beckon to them from the other side. The situation certainly must meet the views of those who believe in free competition.

When the Showdown Comes

By E. DAVENPORT

Dean of College of Agriculture, University of Illinois

THERE is a deep undercurrent of discontent among the farmers today that has never existed before. It is slowly developing into a determination to end certain conditions, and matters are shaping themselves in such manner as presently to make that discontent and determination felt in a wholly unexpected direction.

It is the purpose of the present article to show how this discontent has developed, what is feeding it, what form of action it is likely to take, and why it is that leaders of thought and action should give some special attention at this time to the agrarian situation, and not much longer permit labor troubles to occupy the center of the stage and direct the play.

This discontent is not limited to a few incompetents. It extends from the least even unto the greatest of the entire mass of the five million men who make their living by the land, whether as owner-operators, proprietors or renters. For thousands of our best citizens are being slowly crowded to the wall on farms where they had at one time been successful, and other thousands, able to weather any reasonable storm, are beginning to shake their heads and declare that before long something will have to be done about it.

Only yesterday a Mississippi Valley farmer who raises eight hundred acres of corn every year and who knows what it costs him per acre and per bushel declared that not on a single day since last year's crop of thirty thousand bushels was made could it have been sold for enough to repay the cost of production. He can stand the strain for a time at least, but John Smith on his eighty-acre farm and Peter Jones on his one hundred and sixty, with families to support, are being slowly but surely pulverized.

There is a great deal of talk these days about a living wage, but it seems to be forgotten that the farmers of this country lost almost enough in 1920 alone to pay the foreign debt or float the soldiers' bonus twice over. This was a real and not a hypothetical loss, because it came after the crops had been made at high expense and it came without warning. The farmers have taken a heavy dose of very bitter medicine that nobody else seems willing to take.

Ever since that month of May in 1920 the farmers have been studying the problem as to why it is that others with their bare hands are earning more than farmers with their investments; how it is that labor is more prosperous than ever before, while experienced farmers and hard workers on the land are losing their properties and going bankrupt; how it is that wealth is piling up in the form of capital, while investments in farm land are decreasing in value.

The Economic End Man

THE farmers have not struck; they have stuck, and they will stick as long as possible, for that is their habit; but they are thinking as they work, and they have the problem pretty well thought through. They understand that as capitalists they are at a disadvantage as compared with big business, but that is another story of ancient standing. What is pinching them now is that they are decidedly at a disadvantage both as capitalists and as laborers.

They understand that the financial dance of death that follows always in the wake of war had to come to an end if we were to avoid the fate of Russia, and they understand, too, that the first and heaviest burden of deflation comes and must come upon the farmer, especially when, as now, the buyers of our surplus are mostly bankrupt. They understand that this is one of the ways in which wars are paid for, and another is by taxation such as the American farmer never before was called upon to meet.

This they understand, and they discover, too, that every nation and every interest is doing all it can to shift the burden of the war debt onto somebody else—anybody else, indeed—and that the farmer is the end man who sells cheap and buys dear in every market of the world, so that if he be not exceedingly wary he will pay it all, as the land man has done in most of the wars of history and is likely to do now unless conditions speedily change.

For he reads in the morning paper Mr. Gompers' boast that labor in general has suffered a reduction of less than 5 per cent in war wages, that often indeed it has succeeded in securing an actual advance in the "advantage" which it secured while the existence of the nation was at stake. So has labor made money by the war while the farmer is borrowing money to pay the bills and meet his taxes.

Another point is becoming tolerably clear to the farmer: He is beginning to realize that inasmuch as labor is fighting for a living wage it pays no taxes, even for the education of its own children, the expense of which is thrown back upon him and other capitalists big and little. This he has figured out as he has puzzled his brains as to how to meet his obligations and save his farm; all of which is directing his attention to labor conditions as the chief cause of his principal difficulties.

The farmer fully believes with Mr. Gompers that labor has lost practically nothing of its advantage gained during the war. He has abundant evidence of it every time he

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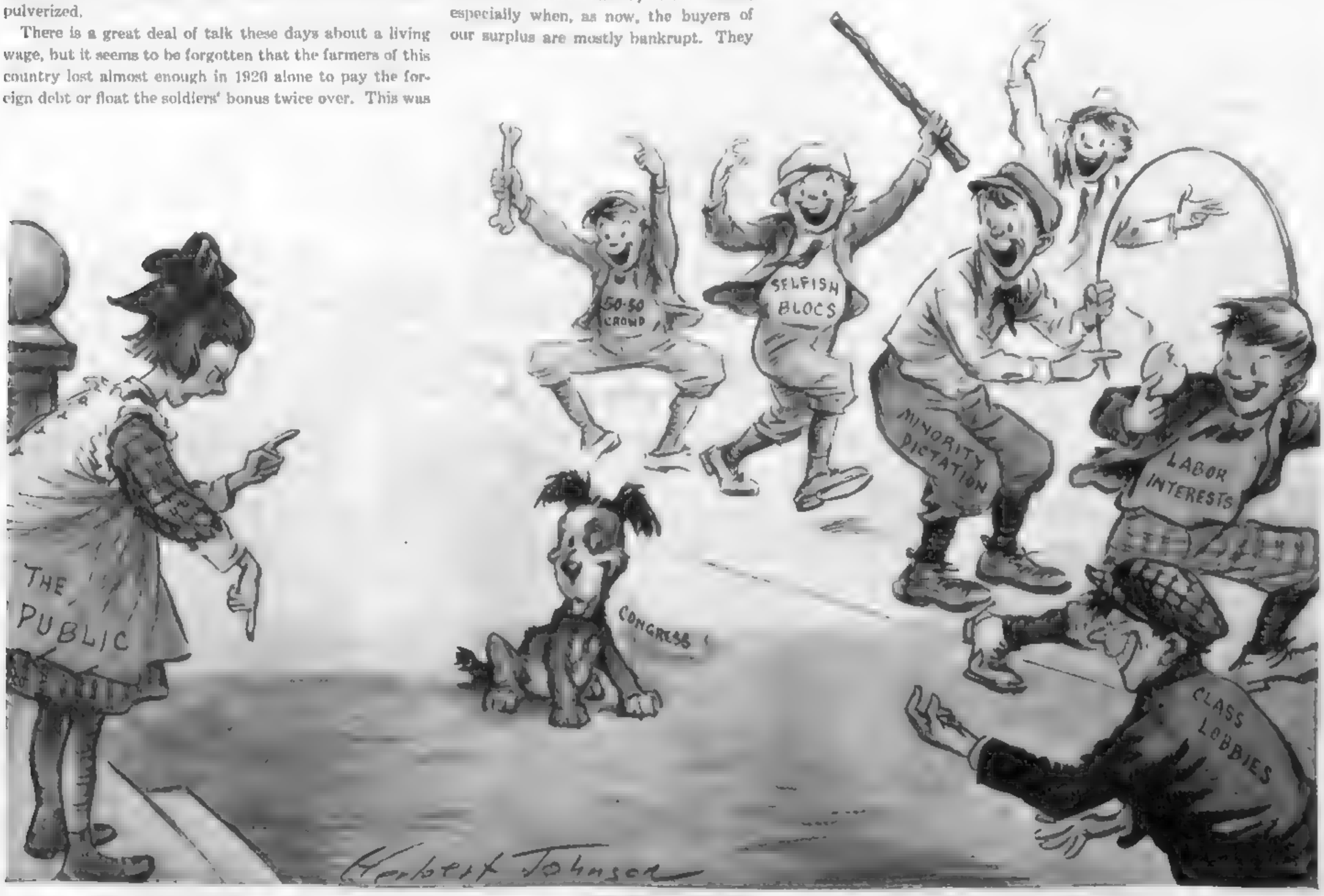

WHOSE PUP AM I?

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Supposing—That William J. Bryan Became Keeper of the Monkey House in the Zoo and Had an Opportunity to Get First-Hand Knowledge of Darwin's Theory of Evolution of Man

Education

MARK HOPKINS sat on one end of a log
And a farm boy sat on the other.
Mark Hopkins came as a pedagogue
And taught as an elder brother.
I don't care what Mark Hopkins taught—
If his Latin was small and his Greek was naught—
For the farmer's boy he thought, thought he,
All through lecture time and quiz,
"The kind of a man I mean to be
Is the kind of a man Mark Hopkins is!"

Philosophy, languages, medicine, law,
Are peacock feathers to deck the daw,
If the boys who come from your splendid schools
Are well-trained sharpers or flippant fools.
You may brag of your age and your ivied walls,
Your great endowments, your noble halls
And all your modern features,
Your vast curriculum's scope and reach
And the multifarious things you teach—
But how about the teachers?
Are they men who will stand in a father's place,
Who are paid, best paid, by the ardent face
When boyhood gives, as boyhood can,
Its love and faith to a fine, true man?
No printed page nor spoken plea
May teach young hearts what men should be—
Not all the books on all the shelves,
But what the teachers are themselves.
For education is: Making men;
So is it now, so was it when
Mark Hopkins sat on one end of a log
And a farm boy sat on the other.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Alice in Bunkerland

"HOLD fast!" shouted the White Rabbit as he swung his roadster around the curve at sixty miles an hour.

"Hold fast, or we'll be late for the two-ball foursome."

"What's a two-ball foursome?" Alice tried to say, but her voice was drowned in the rush of wind and the noise of the motor; and she found herself repeating:

If a two-ball foursome
Plays a four-ball twosome
Will the two balls score some
If the four balls lose some?

The car stopped suddenly in front of a large white colonial building situated on the top of a hill. The White Rabbit jumped out of the car and ran up the steps of the building, disappearing through a door marked Men's Grill. Alice did not see him again that day.

Sloping gently down from the house was a pleasant green field, dotted here and there with little mounds of turf and occasional patches of yellow sand. Alice could see several gayly dressed men and women, armed with curious implements, busily digging up the sand and the turf.

"Out of the trenches by Christmas," said Alice as she climbed out of the car.

On the veranda were a number of people, and Alice recognized her old friends the White Knight and the Red Queen.

The Queen had discarded her accustomed costume and was wearing a sporty green sweater and a pair of white linen knickerbockers.

The Knight was holding a large canvas bag that contained a number of shining objects that looked like farming tools. To Alice there seemed to be as many as a hundred of them. The Red Queen and the White Knight paid no attention to Alice as she approached, but continued to engage in what sounded like a heated argument.

"They seem to be talking English," thought Alice, "but I can't understand a word they're saying."

"I had him dormie three on the waterhole," said the White Knight, "but I flubbed my mashie shot ——"

"Took an eight on the fifth," said the Queen. "I pulled my drive into the rough ——"

"—— off my game," said the Knight. "I had a bad lie on the ——"

"—— left me stymied," interrupted the Queen.

"Oh, dear," said Alice, "what are they talking about?"

The Red Queen turned abruptly on Alice.

"How do you correct a slice?" she snapped.

"I've no idea," said Alice.

"Of course not," said the White Knight. "Your stance is all wrong."

"You should take a few lessons with the Fiblick and the Lyin's," said the Queen.

"What are they?" asked Alice politely.

"The Fiblick is what you fib with, stupid, and the Lyin's are to lie with. You can't play the game without them."

"The Lyin's are especially useful for reproaching," said the White Knight. "If your opponent says he has a par five, you look at him reproachfully and say 'A drive, a short mashie, two on the green—that gives me a four.' That's called reproaching."

"Why don't you get MacMunchausen, our professional, to give you a couple of lessons with the Wouldn't Clubs?" said the Red Queen.

Alice was ashamed to ask any more questions, but the White Knight explained.

"The Wouldn't Clubs are the clubs that wouldn't act right for you. You always use them when you're off your game."

"Suppose you are on your game?" Alice asked.

"You never are," said the Queen. "That's why the game is called g'off."

"As I came along the veranda," said Alice, "I heard someone say he did the course in par. What does that mean?"

"Par-haps!" answered the Red Queen and the White Knight in chorus. —*Newman Levy.*

The Old Cornfield

The Fairy Prince

Plans and Specifications for Ideal Husbands

WHEN A GIRL IS EIGHTEEN: He must be tall and dark, with wonderful glowing eyes and wavy hair. His shoulders must be broad and his waist narrow. His voice must make one thrill with its magnetism. He must be gentle, yet forceful, the kind of Prince a girl would gladly die for. He must know how to dress; not flashily or ostentatiously, but in the best of taste. He must be kind to dumb animals and to those who are weaker than himself. He must—it goes without saying—be rich.

WHEN A GIRL IS TWENTY-ONE: Complexion and height of Prince do not so much matter. Tall, dark Prince preferred, but others may apply. As to shoulders, though broad ones naturally are desired, an applicant will not necessarily be rejected because his coat about the shoulders suggests some slight padding. Waist optional. He must be a gentleman, of course, and know how to dress, but he will not be jumped on if there happens to be a slit in his patent-leather shoe. Kindness to dumb animals nice, but not necessary. The prince must have an ample income.

WHEN A GIRL IS TWENTY-FIVE: The Prince may be of any complexion and any height. He may be tall or short, light or dark; a man's a man for a' that. Likewise, his shoulders and his waist; they are nobody's concern but his own. The girl would prefer a sawed-off Prince who was nice to a tall broad-shouldered one who was a stick. As to his being a gentleman, every man is a gentleman if he is treated right at home. Furthermore a man may even wear a made-up tie and still be a gentleman.

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GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—GOOD, HOT SOUP

They'll laugh good and hearty
At your Hallowe'en party
If you show a Jack o' Lantern like this
His jolly old face will be known any place,
And at winning the prize you can't miss!

The Prize Winner!

Judged so by millions of people to whom the very name of "soup" means also—Campbell's. Liven your next dinner or luncheon party with Campbell's Tomato Soup. You'll find it's the spark that sets the conversation going and puts everybody in the jolly mood which makes the party "go."

Campbell's Tomato Soup

is the smooth, rich puree of vine-ripened tomatoes, plucked at their juiciest perfection. Choice butter and dainty spicing are blended in, with the skill of Campbell's famous chefs. It's the kind of soup your appetite remembers. The kind that makes a special impression which says "I'll remember that soup and have it soon again."

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Delight your guests with this Cream of Tomato!

It's a soup to make any hostess proud. Heat separately equal portions of Campbell's Tomato Soup and milk or cream. Be careful not to boil. Add pinch of baking soda to the hot soup and stir into the hot milk or cream. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra rich, thick Cream of Tomato.

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

BACKBONE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANE

XVII

JOHN THORNE walked his mare down the hill perhaps two hundred yards before he found what he feared to find. At the edge of the beaten road Yvonne de Marsay lay, a tumbled little heap, one arm outspread, one bent beneath her body. Her face was hidden. John dismounted to kneel beside her. Gently he turned her so he could see her face; it was white, the eyes were closed, and a little rivulet of blood oozed down from some wound invisible in the thickness of her hair. He lifted her in his arms and scrambled down the bank at the left of the road to the cold clean water of the brook, where he laid her upon the softness of a bed of ferns while he cleansed her face and neck with his sopping handkerchief. Her heart, he assured himself, was beating. It was unconsciousness he must combat, and not death he must announce.

For minutes he laved her face and chafed her hands, but could find no key to open the doors of nothingness through which she had passed. It was more than mere unconsciousness – concussion, he feared, requiring ministrations more skilled than any he could render. So he lifted her again and carried her down the mountain, leaving his mare to follow if she would.

On his own bunk in the tent he made use of when he spent the night on The Devil's Stairway he laid her, and going to the opening called Paddy Skidmore.

"Miss de Marsay," said he, "has met with an accident—been thrown from her horse. I'm afraid of concussion. Have we a man who can ride? My horse is coming down behind me. Send someone to St. Croix for a doctor."

"The poor baby!" said Skidmore, peering through the flap of the tent. "I'll go myself and ride like the devil."

"Not Doc Roper," said Thorne.

Then for two hours he sat beside Yvonne, wringing cloths in cold water and placing them on her forehead. The flow of blood from the cut in the depths of her hair ceased. Now and again she moved slightly, muttered, moaned, but did not open her eyes to see his anxious face bending over her.

He wondered why her horse had fallen. As best he could he held up before his mind's eye the scene of the mishap. Unless she had been riding recklessly, at breakneck speed down the mountainside, he could see no reason why her mount should have lost his footing. The horse had fallen; its condition spoke eloquently of that. Why had it fallen? He determined that the first opportunity should take him to the spot to see what excuse a surefooted horse might offer for such behavior.

Yvonne flung out her hand and muttered. "*La queue du dragon*," she said so stumblingly as to be almost unintelligible.

John continued his procession of cold compresses until, perhaps five minutes before the doctor arrived, Yvonne opened her eyes as if by a great effort of will and looked at the slanting tent wall above her. It was incomprehensible to her, and her eyes widened. She lifted herself on her elbow, then sudden pain clouded her face and she sank back upon the pillow. In a moment she opened her eyes again, this time full upon John. They were puzzled, curious eyes. They darkened, became accusing.

"You—hurt—me," she said.

John shook his head. "You fell from your horse," he said.

"My head—aches. I'm—dizzy."

"Close your eyes. Would you like a drink?"

"No." She shut her eyes again, but almost immediately reopened them as if curiosity were more powerful than pain.

"I wasn't—coming to do—any harm," she said. "You shouldn't have—tripped my horse."

He Lifted Her Again and Carried Her Down the Mountain

It was evident she believed herself the victim of deliberate intention, that she had been injured by some defensive measure of John Thorne's.

"The doctor will be here soon," he said quietly. "Please don't talk." He spread another compress upon her forehead.

"Tell me," she said.

"I met your horse at the top of the hill. You were lying beside the road a couple of hundred yards farther on, and I brought you here."

"He tripped. He tripped. I could feel him."

"I hear the doctor," said John, and arose to give the physician his place. "She has just regained consciousness," he said. "If there is anything you need ——"

"I will let you know after I have made an examination," said the doctor.

John walked away from the tent and up the hill. Yvonne's impression had been one of her horse tripping. As he recalled the spot there had been nothing for a horse to trip upon. It was still light and would be for an hour or more, and now, before a sudden rain or before the road was used by more passers-by, was the time to make an examination if one was to be made. John walked rapidly, for he was impatient to see what was to be seen.

At the scene of the mishap he stopped and scrutinized the road. It was on a bend. Yvonne descending the hill had been thrown as the highway made a sudden movement to the right. As that road went, this was a singularly smooth portion. It was not rutted, no rocks thrust through the surface and no roots protruded from abutting trees. There was nothing about the spot except that it was one which a rider would come upon suddenly around a bend. A point to bear in mind, thought John.

For the sake of the argument John admitted that the horse had tripped. Therefore it must have tripped over something. Could it have been a loose stone which a hoof had spurned from the road when the animal plunged forward? He hunted for such a stone, but could find none. Evidences of the horse's fall remained; hair scraped from its shoulder, and blood. It was possible to arrive with some exactitude at the place where it had stumbled. Of a sudden John became curious to examine the horse, to see if there were marks between hoof and knee.

He stepped carefully off the road to the right and circled gingerly. A man might have lurked there, moved there, and left slight traces, for the woods were dry, the spot cluttered with rocks. John worked upon a theory, a possibility, a plausibility. It was conceivable Yvonne's horse might have tripped over a taut wire stretched across the road just high enough to catch the horse between hock and knee. If so, it must have been stretched between tree and tree. A sapling six inches in diameter stood where it would be available for such a purpose, in line with the point at which the horse had stumbled. This John examined painstakingly. He did not wish to deceive himself, yet he could not deny a slight mark on the sapling's bark a foot from the ground. It was not an abrasion—much too faint for that. A rub! Barely discernible, proving nothing, but feeding conjecture. On the ground about the tree was no mark carrying a meaning to John's eyes.

He crossed the road to examine the tree which, on that side, must have held the opposite end of the wire if a wire had been used. Again he found nothing that could be adduced as evidence—only the shadow of an abrasion—which might be eager imagination rather than fact.

Nevertheless, John was convinced. In his mind he was certain a taut wire had crossed the road in Yvonne's path. The point at which a question arose was this: Had the wire been placed there for Yvonne or for himself? This made a great difference. If someone had sought to injure him, to place him *hors de combat*, that was one thing. If a deliberate attempt had been made to break Yvonne de Marsay's neck, that was another. As he retraced his steps toward the falls he reasoned upon it, and his reasoning came to little. It was well known he traversed this road daily on horseback. Who would know of Yvonne's coming? Such a trap would be sure to catch John Thorne; but would it have been set there for Yvonne de Marsay? Unless she had been followed, spied upon, and, as her horse made the slow ascent of the mountain, the watcher had skirted the road, passed her and set his trap? That was plausible. The probabilities pointed to an intent against himself; some instinct not amenable to logic insisted the attempt had been made against Yvonne. And there he was compelled to rest.

As John neared his tent the doctor appeared in the door and John advanced toward him, his eyes asking a question.

"Not serious," said the doctor. "No bones broken. Just a shaking up and shock. Nothing to worry about. Let her stay where she is until she feels able to be moved—tonight, at least. Tomorrow she can be sent for."

"What am I to do for her?"

"I have given her a sedative—to calm her nerves. In a couple of hours you will do well to give her another. It is marked and on the table. Then she'll sleep."

(Continued on Page 28)

THE thought of petting or sparing his car, probably would be the last to enter the Hupmobile owner's head.

He is so accustomed to unfailing reliability, that he steps on the starter-button each morning, supremely confident that his Hupmobile will go through with whatever he has laid out for it.

Fair weather or foul, for a day's running about town or a month's tour cross-country—owners count on their car to serve them with the faithful regularity which is always coupled with the Hupmobile.

(Continued from Page 26

"Unless you notified her family," said John, "they do not know. Will you telephone Bracken? Assure him we will do what is possible for her comfort, and will drive her to town tomorrow as soon as she is able."

John hesitated an instant, then he asked, "Doctor, on your rounds this afternoon did you see Doc Roper?"

"Why do you ask?" the doctor returned, pausing and looking intently at John.

"You may call it curiosity if you like," John said, and smiled. "I shan't mind. Curiosity is one of the most useful things in the world—and much maligned. Where would your science of medicine be if curiosity had never led to inquiry into the properties of drugs or to the exact location of the vermiform appendix?"

"I have not seen him today," said the doctor, and paused again before he added, "which is—unusual."

"Thank you," said John. "Have you any idea what ails André de Marsay?"

"More curiosity?"

"Of the scientific sort," said John.

"I have an idea," said the doctor. "I think I could name the ailment which confines him to his room."

"And it is?"

"A lock," said the doctor. "Give Miss de Marsay the powder in two hours. Good afternoon."

John stood watching the physician climb into his buggy and commence the ascent of the hill; then he spoke to himself. "I question your diagnosis, doctor," he said. "An exploratory operation would reveal something more than a lock." Whereupon he walked to the tent and asked, "May I come in?"

"Come in," said Yvonne, and he found her bolstered up by pillows, half sitting, half reclining, a bandage about her head and sundry plasters covering abrasions upon her arm.

"I've been to the wars," she said with an attempt at a smile.

"The days of the Amazon are gone," he said gravely.

"Am I a prisoner of war?" she asked with an attempt at pertness.

"Are you sure your horse tripped?" he asked.

"I'm certain. Any rider would know the sensation. Are you also guarding the roads with spring guns?"

"Miss de Marsay," said John, "whatever it was your horse tripped over was not placed there by me. On the contrary, I fancy it was placed there for me."

"What do you mean?"

"That it was offensive warfare, not defensive."

"You think somebody tried to—harm you?"

"Undoubtedly." John was not so certain of the fact, but to him it seemed better to be so than to alarm her with the possibility of lurking danger threatening herself.

She mused over this, evidently trying to justify violence in this concrete case as she was prepared to justify it in the abstract. Her head ached too sharply to make this wholly possible, and her arm stung with the unguents of the doctor's dressings. Yvonne was experiencing how it felt to be hurt, and in such circumstances it is difficult to reason about the right and wrong of it. Also she was seeing John Thorne lying by the roadside with a broken neck, and she did not like the picture. No, the thing came too near home for easy justification. But she was stubborn, and not even to herself would she admit that an interloper, a despoiler as she regarded John, could have any right to travel the highways in safety.

"If you hadn't come and stolen our timber," she said, "nobody would have bothered you. It's your own fault."

"That you are lying with a broken head?" he asked with a twinkle.

"I do not approve of the sneaking way it was done," she said with what dignity was available at the moment. "My grandfather would not have done such a thing. No, indeed! I'll tell you how my grandfather would have acted, and how I would act if—if matters were not as they are."

"I'm interested," said John.

"You're making fun of me!" she said hotly.

"Indeed I'm not. I'm interested in your point of view, and in your philosophy of life. In fact, I'm interested in you yourself. Do tell me what you would do."

"Forty years ago," she said, "a man tried to do to my grandfather much the same thing you're trying today. Grandfather sent him word to go away, but the man was big and many people thought him very bad and dangerous, so he returned an impudent message. Grandfather wrote, then, carefully. He told the intruder that if he did not leave in twenty-four hours he would be moved. That was fair notice, wasn't it?"

"It was fair notice."

"But still the man did not go. So grandfather took his woodsmen and marched them over, and the intruder gathered his woodsmen, and there was a fight. It was a wonderful fight. My grandfather has described it to me again and again."

"And, I suppose, the forces of the wicked were put to flight, and the De Marsays ruled in their stead, as the Scripture puts it. By the way, did your grandfather take over the same number of men the enemy had, or did he allow himself some advantage of numbers?"

"He had work to be done," said Yvonne, "so he took every man he could lay hands on. That was common sense."

"We were speaking," said John, "about chivalry, which, as I have read of it, is the antithesis of common sense."

"And because you believe that," said Yvonne, "you can take advantage of an old man's illness to rob him of his timberlands."

John smiled. "In the first place," he said, "the East Branch did not belong to your grandfather. I bought it with money. It was never his, nor any De Marsay's."

"It was in intention," said Yvonne.

"But even the intention of a De Marsay is not quite the same as a title deed," he said. "And you, if you had the power, would gather the De Marsay retainers and drive me off the river?"

"I would. But I would not stretch wires across a road. I would not hit from behind."

"No," he said to himself, "I rather fancy you wouldn't. Battles aren't fought your grandfather's way today. They are fought with money and influence. The weapons are banks and railroads and credit. Of course there may be a trifle of quiet violence on the side, deep in the woods where nobody will be likely to see it. But the real fight is not a very splendid affair. No, it's rather sordid. Glory, Miss de Marsay, and romance have departed from the earth."

"I refuse to believe it. Romance is not dead. As long as there are lovely women and brave men there will be romance, and chivalry. Men will be daring and women will sacrifice ——"

"As Andrée de Chausson sacrificed for Gaston de Marsay?" he said. "I'm afraid not. Derby hats and trousers have been too much for that sort of conduct."

"Mr. Thorne," said Yvonne, "more than once you have mentioned Andrée de Chausson. You know this story. How do you know it? Who told it to you? It is a history of which we are very proud -and which we keep to ourselves because it is ours alone. Will you tell me how it came to you?"

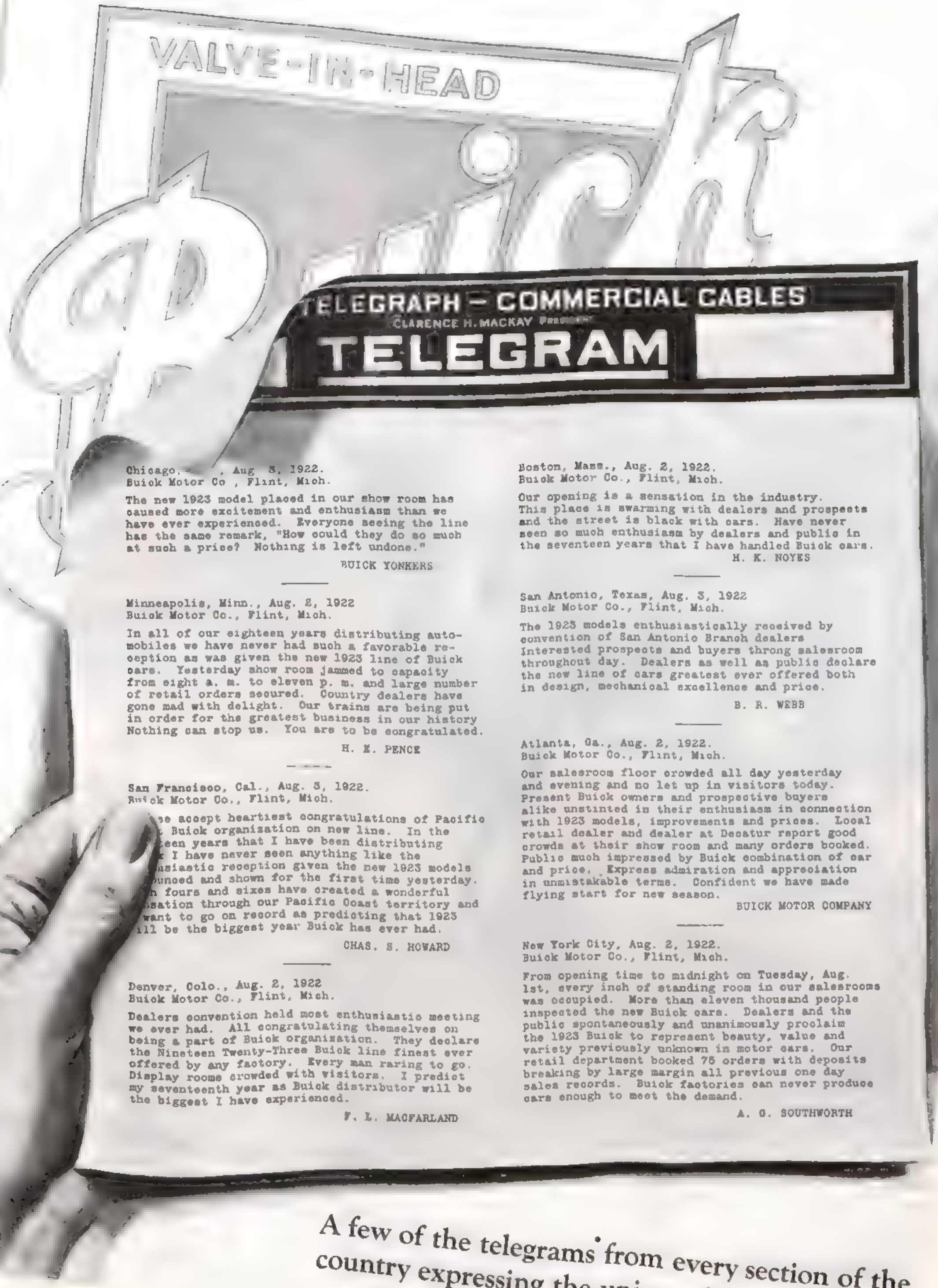
"From a man who had it from his father, who had it from his mother, who had it from her mother," he said.

She frowned. "That answer does not satisfy me," she said imperiously. "Is it not enough that you have intruded on our lands, without prying into our history?"

"Suppose," he said, "I had never come. Your grandfather is an aged man. In time he must die, and you would be left the head of this great business—its sole owner. What would you have done then? Surely you would not

(Continued on Page 30)

From This Daydreaming She Was Aroused by the Sound of a Furious Bellowing Voice Under Her Window



Chicago, [illegible], Aug 3, 1922.
Buick Motor Co , Flint, Mich.

The new 1923 model placed in our show room has caused more excitement and enthusiasm than we have ever experienced. Everyone seeing the line has the same remark, "How could they do so much at such a price? Nothing is left undone."

BUICK YONKERS

Minneapolis, Minn., Aug. 2, 1922
Buick Motor Co., Flint, Mich.

In all of our eighteen years distributing automobiles we have never had such a favorable reception as was given the new 1923 line of Buick cars. Yesterday show room jammed to capacity from eight a. m. to eleven p. m. and large number of retail orders secured. Country dealers have gone mad with delight. Our trains are being put in order for the greatest business in our history Nothing can stop us. You are to be congratulated.

H. E. PENCE

San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 3, 1922.
Buick Motor Co., Flint, Mich.

[illegible]e accept heartiest congratulations of Pacific [illegible] Buick organization on new line. In the [illegible]teen years that I have been distributing [illegible] I have never seen anything like the [illegible]usiastic reception given the new 1923 models [illegible]unced and shown for the first time yesterday. [illegible]n fours and sixes have created a wonderful [illegible]sation through our Pacific Coast territory and [illegible] want to go on record as predicting that 1923 [illegible]ill be the biggest year Buick has ever had.

CHAS. S. HOWARD

Denver, Colo., Aug. 2, 1922
Buick Motor Co., Flint, Mich.

Dealers convention held most enthusiastic meeting we ever had. All congratulating themselves on being a part of Buick organization. They declare the Nineteen Twenty-Three Buick line finest ever offered by any factory. Every man raring to go. Display rooms crowded with visitors. I predict my seventeenth year as Buick distributor will be the biggest I have experienced.

F. L. MACFARLAND

Boston, Mass., Aug. 2, 1922.
Buick Motor Co., Flint, Mich.

Our opening is a sensation in the industry. This place is swarming with dealers and prospects and the street is black with cars. Have never seen so much enthusiasm by dealers and public in the seventeen years that I have handled Buick cars.

H. K. NOYES

San Antonio, Texas, Aug. 3, 1922
Buick Motor Co., Flint, Mich.

The 1923 models enthusiastically received by convention of San Antonio Branch dealers Interested prospects and buyers throng salesroom throughout day. Dealers as well as public declare the new line of cars greatest ever offered both in design, mechanical excellence and price.

B. R. WEBB

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 2, 1922.
Buick Motor Co., Flint, Mich.

Our salesroom floor crowded all day yesterday and evening and no let up in visitors today. Present Buick owners and prospective buyers alike unstinted in their enthusiasm in connection with 1923 models, improvements and prices. Local retail dealer and dealer at Decatur report good crowds at their show room and many orders booked. Public much impressed by Buick combination of car and price. Express admiration and appreciation in unmistakable terms. Confident we have made flying start for new season.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY

New York City, Aug. 2, 1922.
Buick Motor Co., Flint, Mich.

From opening time to midnight on Tuesday, Aug. 1st, every inch of standing room in our salesrooms was occupied. More than eleven thousand people inspected the new Buick cars. Dealers and the public spontaneously and unanimously proclaim the 1923 Buick to represent beauty, value and variety previously unknown in motor cars. Our retail department booked 75 orders with deposits breaking by large margin all previous one day sales records. Buick factories can never produce cars enough to meet the demand.

A. G. SOUTHWORTH

A few of the telegrams from every section of the country expressing the universal approval of the

1923 Buick Models

(Continued from Page 28)

have attempted the development of the East Branch. You would not have carried on the business."

"I am a De Marsay," she said. "The last of the De Marsays. The name must die with me, but until it does die I shall do as a De Marsay ought to do. Yes, I would have taken the East Branch. I would have carried on the business."

"You have courage," he said. "It is a large undertaking for a man—a colossal one for a girl."

"But I should have done it," she said. "I shall do it yet."

"Alone?"

She turned her eyes full upon him to read his thoughts. Alone? What did he mean by that question? Then she comprehended.

"You mean—will I marry? That is on the knees of the gods. No; I hope I shall have the strength of will not to marry, to care for no man."

"And why, may I ask?"

"Because," she said, "I am the last of the De Marsays, and a girl. The name and what it means could not continue. It seems to me it is my duty—oh, it is hard to explain what I mean without seeming unduly proud of my blood, but it does seem as if the family should end, come to a sudden stop, instead of dwindling away as it would through descendants who had less and less of the blood and none of the name to remind them."

"I think I understand," he said. "If you are resolved upon it I think you should cloister yourself -become invisible to the world."

"And why, pray?"

"Out of a sense of fairness," he said, and his eyes were full of laughter. "At least you should wear a thick veil and hideous clothes. Young men will be falling in love with you, Miss de Marsay. The thing is inevitable. And it isn't fair. You have stacked the cards against them."

"What a man wants," she said, "he should be willing to win."

"There is a poem about sighing for the unattainable."

She became grave. "I want to be hard to win—almost impossible to win. If a man can win me against my will and my convictions, I shall be very happy. I could love such a man, Mr. Thorne."

"A princess guarded by giants and dragons and enchantments! Wanted, a knight-errant! None with less than sixty-four quarterings need apply. I think," he said, "you'd better take your powders and go to sleep."

He gave her the medicine in a glass and moved toward the entrance to the tent; there he paused and looked back. "Do you see any points about me that would fit into a picture of a romantic knight?"

"None. You might stand as a model for a practical young man."

He remained standing. "You never," he said, "can tell by the color of a frog how far it can jump."

XVIII

YVONNE was lying in her own room, dressed but too sore and stiff for anything but quiescence. John Thorne had driven her to town that morning, and helped her from the buggy to the house door. She had not invited him to enter.

"The truce to gather the wounded ends here," she said, half laughing, half serious, and looked up into his face to spy out the effect of her words, and for other purposes known to herself.

His face was grave. There was no laughter in his eyes, but rather an anxious solicitude which she could not comprehend. It seemed to her he was afraid for her, and she wondered why. Then she was conscious of a reluctance to part from him and to enter her house—as if she were letting go of something tried and true, to voyage by herself in the unknown and the perilous. She hesitated, but a recollection of what she viewed as his perfidy, his unfair dealing and his enmity to her house compelled her to stay any friendly movement toward him.

As she looked at him it was hard for her to believe what she knew. He did not seem a man to take unfair advantage; not a money-hungry person who would find an opportunity in the age and illness of another to enrich himself. She found something else, something not so easy to describe. It was almost a familiarity, as if she had known him well in some distant time, and knowing him, had found reason to trust and to admire. This, she knew, was not true. She had never seen John Thorne until her return to St. Croix, but that was the impression he created. Perhaps, she reasoned, it was his type, a familiar and admired type. But it was stronger than that, more inexplicable and subtle. It was individual, belonging to him alone. Her will hated him as if by mathematical rule, but her self could not hate him. It rather bewildered her and frightened her—made her ashamed of herself that she, a De Marsay, could not hate as a De Marsay should hate.

"Why did you have to do this thing?" she asked, the question wrung from her against her will. It was a protest from her heart.

"We do the things we find necessary," he said gravely.

"Was this necessary?"

"It seemed so to me."

"We might have been friends," she said.

He smiled; his face became younger, almost boyish. With that light in his eyes he seemed capable even of romance, of those brave, splendid, foolish actions which the world loves and laughs at. Then he spoke as one who has sure knowledge, confidently and in a tone which heightened the color of her cheeks and the rapidity of the beating of her heart.

"Have patience," he said; "we shall be more than friends." He smiled down at her again, and strangely her pride, her vanity of race, did not take offense at his presumption. "I came to St. Croix for a thing more important than cutting timber or building mills."

John Set Off at a Headlong Gallop for The Devil's Stairway

"What thing?" she asked breathlessly.

He shook his head and laughed. "Romance, a story, a tradition, a hope. And you say I'm not a person who looks capable of romance. I came to St. Croix because I hoped to love a woman I had never seen."

"In St. Croix! A woman you had never seen!" She was puzzled now, yet she was stirred, excited to something more than mere curiosity. A woman in St. Croix whom he had never seen! "And you have seen her?"

"I have seen her," he said. "She is lovelier than my dream, more desirable than my hope." He paused and bent over her. His voice changed, became matter of fact. "With a war going on," he said, "the woods are unsafe for young women—as you found yesterday. Don't trust the woods, and don't trust ——" He hesitated.

"Who?" she asked.

"Anybody, including myself," he said, "but most of all, Doc Roper. Good-by, Miss De Marsay."

"You could end the war," she said.

"By retiring from the East Branch?"

"Yes."

"As I said to you once before, if your grandfather will ask me, face to face, to withdraw, I will do so without an instant's delay."

"Good-by," she said, half extending her hand, and then withdrawing it. A De Marsay could not give her hand to an enemy.

Now, in her room, she reviewed this farewell conversation, and found that in it to please her and to intrigue her. Was the woman Thorne came hoping to love, herself? She paid herself the compliment of believing so. Where, then, had he heard of her? Why had he come hoping to love her? What lay behind all this? Mystery, secrecy, mystery! Wherever she turned was mystery, forbidding, threatening or filled with a delightful warming quality of romance. The day of romance was dead, Thorne had said to her. High adventure was no longer ranging the face of the earth. Yet what was this in the midst of which she found herself? What petty throne had been more surrounded by intrigue, by the sinister motives of men, by characters strange and incomprehensible? No; romance lived, and lived for her. As she reclined she built for herself one of those delightful love affairs in which a commoner dares set foot on the steps of a throne and reach upward his hand and heart to the princess—a love that must not be! A commoner, and an enemy!

From this daydreaming she was aroused by the sound of a furious bellowing voice under her window—the voice of Doc Roper.

"He'll keep his drunken mouth shut after this," he said. "It'll be a month before he can work his jaw again."

"Hush!" said Anthony Bracken timorously.

"Right in front of Thorne and that open-eared terrier, Tip," said Roper. "And drunk—as usual. Came staggering up to me and yelled it out. Who'd 'a' thought he'd remember?"

Rage alone moved Doc Roper, but as Yvonne crept to the window and stared down at the speakers she saw Anthony Bracken's face distorted with fear. He tried to speak, but could only open and shut his mouth like a dying fish.

"He come right up hollerin'," said Doc. "'Le's have some more fun,' says he. 'Le's make some more noise, you 'n' me. C'm' on, Doc. Le's go down and whang the ol' fire alarm ag'in like we did las' time.' I made a grab for him and missed, or I'd 'a' shut him off good. 'C'm' on,' says he. 'I'll bang it, and everybody'll come a-runnin' like they did that night. 'Member, Doc?' By cracky, I got him that time! He was just my distance off, and I give him all I've got. Smack on the point of the jaw. But Thorne and Tip heard all right. Mebby no harm's done, but I don't like any talking about that night. Tip saw me buying the rope too."

"I knew it!" Bracken said in an unpleasant whisper. "You got me into this, Roper. We—what'll we do? What'll ——"

"Shut up!" snarled Roper. "Nothing's happened yet, but I didn't like it. But I'm for hustling things along. The more time the more risk we run. Let's grab and vanish."

"I—I can't. What good? It's got to be safe—safe."

"If you weren't so damn frightened of your shadow," said Doc.

"I am frightened. Suppose they put two and two together. You've got to do something, Doc. You pushed me into this."

"I'd do something quick enough. Did something yesterday, but hadn't any luck. Necks are hard to break." Yvonne drew a startled breath. "How long'll it take to pull off this deal—with the pulp folks? You've got your hands on something besides that, haven't you?"

"A little; but that's dangerous—just a little. The other's safer. Nothing anybody can get me for there. A month ought to do it. He's got to make good a payment on that timber in twenty days. If he fails we get the whole thing. Gibbs can handle it quick. It's him that worries me, Roper—Thorne. Do you remember what night he came to town?"

"Remember! He stopped at my house to ask the way to the hotel. I'd just got back from ——"

"Hush!"

"If I'd known I'd 'a' directed him into the river," said Doc venomously. "Now he'll be on his guard. He's no fool."

"I've a feeling," Bracken said, "that he suspects—the truth."

"He suspects something," said Doc. "If it wasn't for your confounded half measures!"

"What would you do?" Bracken's voice was hoarse with fright.

"I'd fix it so there was nobody to ask questions. Nobody! There'd be an accident to both of them, with Tip thrown in to make a bushel."

(Continued on Page 33

LIGHTING Helps in SELLING

Color matching units save time, and make purchases of colored goods as satisfactory after they're taken home as they were in the store.

Make Selling Easier by Having the Right Kind of Light

How often it happens that colored goods are disappointing when taken home! The reason is that the colors are not what they seemed when viewed in the store. Customers are not analytical and they will often *take their orders elsewhere* rather than complain about some small purchase which has proved unsatisfactory.

Good lighting not only makes a store a pleasanter place to trade, but helps in accurate selection by making vision easier. First, there must be *ample* light throughout the store; and second, the right *kind* of light must be provided.

Where colors are to be matched or colored goods selected, there is need for more than good general lighting. The necktie counter, the ribbon counter, the silk piece goods counter, and all specialty shops or store-departments where judgment of color is important to the selection of materials, should be provided with color matching units. Only with such units can the customer be sure of tints without the trouble of taking the goods outside to the daylight.

The rules in the other column will show you how to get satisfactory illumination in the average store. More complete directions will be sent on request. National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, 310 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

A Safe Rule for Lighting Most Stores

For most stores the following rules point the way to excellent illumination. *First* — Use 300-watt MAZDA Daylight lamps, or 200-watt MAZDA C lamps. MAZDA Daylight lamps are preferable, under most circumstances, because (1) they show colors more accurately, and (2) their light blends more agreeably with natural daylight. *Second* — The space between lighting units should not greatly exceed ten feet. *Third* — The lamps should be properly shaded. Shades and reflectors, when made of glass, should be of dense white or prism glass rather than clear or frosted glass, and should surround or enclose the lamps. *Fourth* — Clean the lamps and shades once a month.

Each of these labels represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service.

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

The Folly of throwing away even 5%

FRICTION LOSS in individual plants often averages 50% of the power generated.

We are prepared to show you how at least 10% of *that* loss can be saved by Correct Lubrication.

This saving is the equivalent of 5% of your total horsepower generated.

Would you knowingly throw away—

5% of your coal?—or

5% of your postage stamps?—or

5% of your raw materials?

Possibly you are skeptical. You may say: "We are satisfied with the oil we are using."

If so, we respectfully call your attention to the marked difference between Gargoyle Lubricating Oils and oils commonly sold for lubricating purposes. This difference begins with the crude stocks. Gargoyle Lubricating Oils are produced only from crude oils especially chosen for their lubricating values. The ordinary lubricating oil may be simply one of many by-products secured in producing a wide range of petroleum products—gasoline, kerosene, etc. The resulting difference seldom shows to the eye. The two oils may look much alike, but high-grade stocks and specialized manufacturing methods always produce oils of the highest lubricating value.

Correct Lubrication can be secured only through the use of high quality oils.

In order that you may know positively if your lubrication is saving you the largest possible percentage of power generated, we offer to make, without any obligation on your part, a Lubrication Audit of your plant. See details in column at right.

The Audit may show that no improvement in your lubrication is possible. Or it may point the way to immediate economies.

Every day we make Lubrication Audits in all kinds of plants in 48 countries. Do not hesitate to accept this free Vacuum Oil Company service.

We shall be glad to have you get in touch with our nearest branch office at once.

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils

A grade for each type of service

THE

LubricationAudit

EXPLAINED STEP BY STEP

(In Condensed Outline)

INSPECTION: A thoroughly experienced Vacuum Oil Company representative in co-operation with your plant engineer or superintendent makes a careful survey and record of your mechanical equipment and operating conditions.

RECOMMENDATIONS: We later specify, in a written report, the correct oil and correct application of the oil for the efficient and economical operation of each engine and machine.

This report is based on:—

(1) The inspection of the machines in your plant.

(2) Your operating conditions.

(3) Our 56 years of lubricating experience with all types of mechanical equipment under all kinds of operating conditions throughout the world.

(4) Our outstanding experience in manufacturing oils for every lubricating need.

CHECKING: If, following our recommendations in this audit, you install our oils, periodical calls will be made to check up the continuance of the desired results.

FOR THE ABOVE FREE SERVICE address our nearest branch office.

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Kansas City, Kan.
Dallas

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 30)

Both of them! Who, Yvonne asked herself, was the other? Instinct told her, and she shivered as from a sudden draft of chill air. Both of them—that must mean Thorne and herself! Then, perhaps, she had not been the victim of a trap set for Thorne.

"We can't get out of it now," Bracken said desperately. "We can't get out."

"So the only thing is to stay in. We'd have had clear sailing if Thorne hadn't shown up. How ever did he come to jump in on the East Branch?"

"It's worked out," said Bracken, "just as if he suspected us, and was working deliberately to beat us. That was what he'd have done. What brought him here anyhow?"

Yvonne knew that, she fancied. Thorne had just told her.

"Never found any correspondence between him and old André?"

"Not a scrap. Not a line. Not a word."

"There must be some. Thorne admitted it in the beginning. He came here to see the old man. He's riding right on our tail, and nobody could ride so close by chance. No, by cracky, not by chance. Bracken, if you were king bee in this hive you could cover up anything anything, with no Thorne to ask questions. Folks might suspect, but nobody'd dare move. You'd have St. Croix by the throat."

"I—we're being forced," Bracken said tremulously. "Don't—don't tell me about it. I don't want to hear."

"You mean," said Doc, "for me to pull the chestnuts out of the fire, and make believe to you that no chestnuts were ever in. Delicate conscience, Bracken. You'll eat the meat but you won't kill the chicken."

"Hush!"

"Do you realize we wouldn't have to do a thing but sit still—if we carry through to a finish? With both of them gone where the woodbine twineth, we could sit tight and stare the world in the eye. But it's got to be both."

"Accidents—will—happen." Bracken got out the words with difficulty.

Roper smote him on the shoulder. "I thought you'd see reason," he said. "You had to. It's getting to be a case of see reason or bars running up and down in front of the window."

"We could take what we'll make selling the East Branch to Gibbs," said Bracken.

"Not now," replied Roper. "Thorne wouldn't let us."

Then, not from André de Marsay's room—or so it seemed to Yvonne—but from some spot above, possibly on the roof or in the air, came a voice singing. Bracken uttered a choking cry and clutched Roper. It was, again, the voice of André de Marsay, singing with a gay little lilt which age could not destroy, the nursery song that was his:

"La branche vint à rompre,
Et Guilleri, tombi,
Carabi,
Il se cassa la jambe,
Et le bras se demit,
Carabi,
Titi Carabi,
Toto Carabo,
Compère Guilleri,
Te lairas-tu mouri'?"

Yvonne saw Bracken cover his ears with clutching fingers, saw him shrink to Roper as a terrified child to a parent for protection. Roper's eyes were staring upward, all about him with the quick darting movement of a trapped venomous serpent. He shoved Bracken away from him so that he stumbled and fell. Bracken picked himself up slowly, clapped his hands over his ears again and plunged headlong into the house, leaving Roper to stand alone in the garden staring about him—in a posture of defense, an instinctive posture of defense, with no visible thing to attack him.

Yvonne ran to her door and pulled it open. Her grandfather's voice again—and not in his room. She darted down the hall to his door, laid her fingers on the knob and turned it. The door was locked as always. If her grandfather had left that room he had done so with the door secured!

"Grandfather! Grandfather!" she called.

A hand covered her mouth; she felt herself dragged down the hall and cast into her own room—and then her vision blurred, her eyes saw sickening purple, and she fainted.

XIX

JOHN THORNE'S portable sawmill was at work, set up on the East Branch, chewing out timbers for the new mill. By main strength he had dragged the machinery over the mountain, and by driving men day and night had put it in operation in a time which another man would have consumed in dickering for its purchase. As fast as timbers were cut teams hauled them to the Flatiron, where carpenters and millwrights commenced the work of framing the new mill.

The pile driver, whose passage through St. Croix created a mystery of proportions, was thudding away in a manner and with an object quite unintelligible to the residents of the village. It was setting in place a row, a double row, of spiles across the river. Not across the East Branch, but across the West Branch. St. Croix arrived at the idea John was building a bridge. He was not bridge building, but trestle building. If Gibbs and Bracken had shut him off from St. Croix he had not been shut off from the railroad, for he was cutting across lots below the town, preparing to lay his own track across the river to a subsidiary yard and to a town of his own. With this equipment the railroad could not refuse him side-track facilities. He had gone farther than this. He was laying out for himself a village of his own.

On the opposite shore of the West Branch he purposed to house his employes and their families. In course of time he would erect a score of houses, a large boarding house for single men, a company store and a depot. A new town would take its place on the map of the state; and, what was more important to John, a new post office. Already he was in process of securing a post office. No matter how inimical a railroad may be, it cannot utterly ignore a village containing a post office. Thus, by some outlay of money at a time when he could ill afford it, he had checked the first major attack of the enemy, and counter-attacked with marked success.

One other thing he had done. From his inadequate funds he had deducted the sum of one hundred thousand dollars and placed it to the credit of Colonel Tip. This is an item to be borne in mind. It demonstrated that John's headpiece was more than a mere finishing touch to the structure of his body.

He had picked up men from here and there, wherever he could get them. The enemy compelled him to work a larger crew than would have been necessary had the work gone ahead in the usual course of such projects. This not only cost money but forced him to take men without careful picking. Which was a point the opposing forces saw and utilized.

Within the succeeding few days John Thorne became aware of a changed bearing on the part of his employes; sullenness fell upon them; discontent manifested itself, and insubordination. Liquor made its appearance mysteriously, slyly. There was no open drunkenness as yet, but the odor of men's breaths tainted the air.

"Find where the whisky comes from," John ordered Paddy Skidmore, but Paddy investigated and questioned in vain. Men who reeked with it denied the existence of such a thing in the world.

"Somethin' got into 'em," said Paddy. "It's come on 'em all of a sudden. Why" he raised his voice in grieved amazement—"they even sass me back. Them mutts! I've caught 'em grinnin' at each other behind my back. I jest wiped the grin off'n one of 'em, and he's tryin' to digest his front teeth." He peered affectionately at his abrased knuckles. "There's somethin' in the wind, somethin' back of it."

"Don't knock them about unless you have to," said John. "But—if you have to, Paddy—put your body into it."

"Trust me, Mr. Thorne. Never play marbles for fun. If you're goin' to hit a feller paste him so's to warp his p'int of view."

"We don't want a strike on our hands now."

"I'd ruther they come out and struck. Somebody cut the drivin' belt las' night and we used up half a day splicin' it. There's as many nails in this spruce as if it was an old maple orchard. I never see so many things go wrong."

"How many men are reliable?"

"Mebby half, mebby less. This here disease is spreadin'. It gits to better men 'n you'd expect when the's an epidemic. Kickin' agin the boss is somethin' men is born with an appetite for. Commences in school, jawin' about the teacher."

"Check up the men you can depend on. Keep your eye peeled for whisky. We've got to find out who is bringing it into camp."

The trouble seemed to center on the East Branch, where the dam was being built and where timber was being cut and sawed. It was deep in the woods. Things could well happen there which men would hesitate to undertake under the eye of civilization. What lay at the root of the matter John knew without being told. Bracken and Gibbs were burrowing under the surface.

It was on Sunday that John saw one of his sub-bosses in St. Croix in furtive conversation with Doc Roper. John watched unseen. He made certain something passed from Roper to the man, and then he approached the pair.

"Good afternoon," he said pleasantly. "Bill, get your time and make tracks off the job."

"What you firin' me for?" Bill demanded.

"Because," said John, "I don't fancy your medical adviser."

"What d'you mean by that?" Roper demanded, and for a moment it appeared the physical in him was about to get the better of the intellectual.

"What I said," John answered, not angrily or provocatively but as a man who states a simple fact. "I don't fancy you; therefore I don't fancy any man who hobnobs with you. What did you just give Bill, Doc? Was it money or whisky? I couldn't see."

Doc conquered his itching muscles and grinned unpleasantly. "It was a prescription," he said, "guaranteed to cure what ails Bill."

"Fine," said John. "I hope you get well, Bill, but do it some place else. Weren't going to get Bill to ring any fire alarms, were you, Doc?"

Doc found no reply available, but even had he been more apt with repartee John prevented him by asking another question.

"I've been curious, Doc, to know just what you wanted with that rope you bought. The night I came here, you know. Fire alarm and rope the same evening, Doc. When I get lots of time I want to chat with you about those things."

"Then," said Doc venomously, "you want to ask quick while you're able."

John ignored that patent threat. "A piece of advice, Doc," he said. "It's free but valuable. Keep away from my men. Keep as far as you can from my work The air over on the East Branch will be very bad for you."

Doc blinked. "Suppose I don't keep away from your men or your work," he demanded.

"Then," said John almost placidly, "I'll have to keep you after school. If you're disobedient you can't expect to go out at recess with the other boys. And, Doc, don't stretch any more wires."

"What d'ye mean by that?"

"I'm sure you'll understand if you study over it. Do you know what the book calls it if you stretch a wire and somebody breaks his neck over it."

"If it was you," said Doc, "they might call it a piece of good luck."

"Wrong. You'll never get to the head of the class. They call it murder, Doc."

"First catch your rabbit," said Doc, "then skin him."

"You've named the wrong animal. Faulty zoölogy—and you a veterinary too. The animal isn't a rabbit, as you could tell by certain sure indications. It's a skunk."

Somehow Doc felt that John Thorne was trying to make him lose his temper. His furtive brain wondered why, and because it could see no answer to the question he restrained his impulse to experiment on the young man with his fists. If Thorne was trying to goad him into a fight, then there must be, from his side of the question, some good reason why he should not fight at that moment.

He contented himself by saying, "Young man, you're breeding an accordion plait in your spine." He was quite dignified, and strove for contained impressiveness.

John then did a most provocative thing, but his manner of doing it, his deliberateness and a certain geniality which Doc could not comprehend held him bewildered and inactive. The young man reached out an inquiring hand and felt Doc's muscle. He felt the huge arm from shoulder to elbow. Then with thumb and finger he tilted back Doc's chin and peered at the bull neck and its corded muscles.

He smiled into Doc's baffled eyes and said, "I'll bet you're a bully fighter, Doc. A regular tough customer, eh?"

Doc breathed heavily, scowled portentously, snorted once loudly and disdainfully

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Jim Henry's Column

Why Druggists Use Mennen's

If anyone in the fraternity of self-shavers knows how to take the curse out of the morning razor play, it ought to be your corner druggist.

He's got a dozen kinds of cutlery in stock, enough badger hair to supply the whole neighborhood and probably thirty different preparations—all guaranteed to take the "H" out of shaving. He has all the dope—scientific and otherwise.

Yet nearly every druggist I ever asked said he used Mennen Shaving Cream.

Of course, I haven't met the whole brotherhood. I'll even admit that a few haven't tried Mennen's. In fact, your own druggist may still use the old fashioned mug and the hard soap that goes with it. Anything is possible.

But generally speaking, if something like 90% of the fellows who sell probably 90% of the shaving materials in the country think enough of Mennen's to use it on their own hides, it ought to mean something.

Now, what do druggists see in Mennen's? Are they stuck on the way the lather flowers after three minutes of orthodox preliminary? Is it the use of exhilarating cold water that gets them? Maybe it's the way the stubble behaves when the Damascus starts mowing. It may be that glorious after-feeling—that absence of smart and sting which makes the average man cringe as he starts on the patch just east of his ear.

But I don't want to get into an academic discussion on the common sense of druggists. What I am after is to get you so fully interested in the prospect of enjoying one decent shave that you will send me a dime for my big demonstrator tube and try Mennen's for yourself. I've never met the man who could finish my sample without being *sold!*

Speaking of druggists again, have you noticed how they're displaying our Talcum for Men? They say it's made a big hit because it doesn't show on the face. Fine after shaving or for all over after bathing. I'll send you a sample.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

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and, turning on his heel with elaborate pretense of disdain, walked away.

John shrugged his shoulders. "It looks," he said to himself, "as if this wasn't the day."

Presently John turned off the main street and began the ascent of the hill. It was his purpose to make inquiries as to the state of health of Yvonne de Marsay after her accident, for he had not seen her since the day he returned her to her home. He was, however, spared the necessity of climbing to the château, for halfway up he met Yvonne and Mrs. Whidden descending. Before he could do more than lift his hat Mrs. Whidden addressed him sharply.

"Young man, have you got common sense?" she snapped, and waggled her head until the jet upon her bonnet rattled.

"I've often wondered that myself," he said. "Personally—and confidentially—I believe I have."

"Then do up a parcel of it and give it to this here headstrong girl."

"We are offering the latest patterns in common sense, Miss de Marsay," said John. "May I show you something in dark blue, or would you prefer a check?"

"I get along nicely with what I have, thank you," said Yvonne. "Mrs. Whidden is put out with me because I won't leave home and come to live with her."

"Why," said John, "do you think she should do so, Mrs. Whidden?"

"Tell him," Mrs. Whidden said to Yvonne. "Tell him what you heard out of the winder."

"It is you who are in danger," said Yvonne.

"You, too; more'n him. It's you that I'm interested in," Mrs. Whidden said. "Bracken and Doc Roper kin kill and massacree other folks, and 'tain't none of my business, but when they go a-layin' hands on my lamb, then suthin goin' to happen."

"Tell me, please," John said to Yvonne.

She, with some hesitations, gave to him almost word for word what had passed between Bracken and Roper on the day of her return from The Devil's Stairway. John listened gravely, grimly.

When she finished he held her eyes steadily with his own and said, "I think you should go to Mrs. Whidden—at once."

"I shall not. I shall not leave that house. It is where I belong, and they shall not drive me out. My grandfather is there. I must see him. I must get into his room. I am a De Marsay," she said proudly, "and it is not our custom to run from danger. Don't argue with me, please; I shall not go."

John comprehended her and the tradition and pride which motivated her. She was a princess in her palace. Conspirators surrounded her. Danger was all about her, but, come what might, she would not desert her people and her throne. It was absurd, foolhardy, hare-brained, born of the teachings of a romantic self-deceived old man who lived in a dream. But it was *noblesse oblige!* It grew from a fine courage, and John's admiration shone from his eyes.

"Anthony Bracken is a traitor," she said.

"And I," he said, "am an invader to be expelled, but for the moment our interests seem to carry us down the same road."

Suddenly she covered her eyes. "That voice," she said. "Singing his song! My grandfather's voice!" She dropped her hands and looked at John. "I was not afraid when I heard it, but Anthony Bracken was terrified. Why should he be terrified at hearing grandfather's voice?"

"You will not go to Mrs. Whidden?"

"Never."

"Then take Mrs. Whidden home with you."

"They will not let her in the house—my house!"

He lifted her hand unconsciously, and she with equal unconsciousness allowed him to retain it. "Yvonne," he said, using her name for the first time, "I beg of you to be careful. For a few days keep to your room. Don't ride abroad. Avoid Bracken and do not allow Roper near you. Only for a few days. If anything should happen to you"—his fingers tightened on her hand—"I could never lift my head again."

He paused, then he spoke again, in French: "Though the world stretch between us, though oceans separate us, my beloved, my heart will journey with you to guard you and to cherish you. Be brave when there is need of bravery, but keep yourself safe for me. While you live I shall live. If you fall my heart will know, and the knowledge will still it forever. Live for me, my beloved."

She stared at him, eyes big with amazement—startled, frightened. He had spoken words he could not know.

They were secret words treasured in the archives of the De Marsays, which no eyes but the eyes of De Marsays had ever seen. He had recited to her a paragraph from the farewell letter of Andrée de Chausson to Gaston de Marsay.

"Who—are—you?" she said slowly. "How can you know that? Who are you?"

"I am John Thorne," he said quietly, "whose love for you gives me the right to demand that you be cautious—as Andrée's heart could demand it of your ancestor."

"I will be careful," she said in a voice so low it almost escaped his ear.

"And I," he said, "will be watchful. It is only for a few days now. Keep to the house or to the public streets of this town. Do not go into the woods. Have Mrs. Whidden by your side whenever you can."

He lifted her hand and touched it with his lips; then he turned and retraced his steps down the hill.

Mrs. Whidden snorted. "I swan to man!" she exclaimed. "Who ever see the beat of that?"

"Who is he?" Yvonne said. It was rather an exclamation than a question. "How can he know what he knows?"

"Makin' love to you right in front of my nose!" said Mrs. Whidden. "'Twan't scarcely decent."

John made his way to the hotel and seated himself on the piazza to think. Scarcely had he taken his seat when a horse clattered up the street, topped by a youth whom John recognized as the cooky on the East Branch workings. The boy scrambled from his horse and ran across the walk and up the steps.

"Paddy sent me. You got to come right off! Paddy needs you. He says he can't hold 'em down. The's an awful row and everybody's drunk." The boy was frightened, half crying. "Oh, hell's busted loose, Mr. Thorne. The's goin' to be an awful time of it."

John waited to ask no questions. He left the boy gaping in his tracks while he leaped to the side of the horse, mounted it, brought his hand down on its flanks, and set off at a headlong gallop for The Devil's Stairway.

xx

ANTHONY BRACKEN sat in his office, staring at the wall before him. What he saw on that wall none can tell but himself, but if the expression of his face, the hunted look in his eyes were true indications it was a picture to be viewed with apprehension. As for Anthony himself, he had changed during these weeks. His general appearance of dapperness, of sleekness, of careful grooming showed signs of wear and tear. It was a garment that had slipped. Small indications of carelessness were present, and his banker's face, once handsome, keen, clear-cut of outline, had become somehow blurred. There was a flaccidity to his cheeks, a sagging at the corners of the jaw, a coloring to make one turn away the eyes. One unacquainted with Anthony would have said he suffered from some insidious disease. This was true. The name of the disease was fear.

He, a cautious man, a timid man, had allowed himself so to become enmeshed in events that there dangled constantly before his eyes a rope with a noose in the end of it. Anthony saw that noose, waking and sleeping. When the noose was not visible it was replaced by bars running up and down. His sensations were those of a man on a snowslide, rushing down the slope of some mountain to certain destruction at its foot. A power outside himself, not to be stayed or hindered by him. It carried him on against his will, while he stared, open-eyed, at catastrophe. And then there was the voice.

He had arrived now at a time when he did not know whether he was actually hearing that old voice with the lilt singing its French nursery rime, or whether it was a sound born of a diseased brain. So he stood between two fears—one of the actual voice and of the unspeakable, unendurable thing it might mean; the other that there was no voice and that he was clutched by the unsightly talons of insanity.

His third fear was Doc Roper. For weeks now he had been hating Doc Roper in a cowardly sort of way, blaming Roper for the situation in which he found himself, laying on Roper's broad shoulders the responsibility for putting himself where he found himself to be. He was a cornered rat. He could not withdraw. Even if he found some way out Roper would not allow him to withdraw. He had become Roper's man. Roper owned him, pulled the strings to make him move at will. He imagined things happening to the ex-veterinary. His one pleasure was imagining the man stricken down suddenly in the streets by the trip hammer of apoplexy, or broken and mangled in some accident. He almost prayed for this, but dared not pray. The prayer was in his heart.

Roper was pushing him on from evil to greater evil, to the greatest evil—the taking of human life. Roper, it seemed, had no fears and no conscience. What the day and the circumstance required of the man, that he did in businesslike manner. It appalled Bracken.

"You tend to the business end," Roper had told him. "Get the money. I'll clean up the odds and ends."

Such odds and ends!

Yet, even among these alarms and forebodings Bracken had his moments of satisfaction, even of enthusiasm, so contradictory a thing is the soul of man. He took pride in his plans laid with Paul Gibbs, and in the present certainty of their success. If only the other element were not present: if devious business, mole tunneling, double-dealing were all there was to it, Bracken could face the world with cheerful eyes. To deceive, to cheat, to trick—that was one matter. To find oneself listening to a voice and looking into the smoldering eyes of murder—that was another!

Bracken had listened to the voice when no other had heard it. Three times, in company, he had heard those quaint old words, but, alone, when the thing was more terrifying, when its actuality could not be verified, he had heard it perhaps half a dozen times more. To a man who knew what Anthony Bracken knew, the voice was a phenomenon well able to send reason crashing from its foundations.

Day after day, night after night he strove to tear his mind away from these reflections. He tempted his thoughts with titbits, and sometimes for an hour at a time enticed them to nibble. They were nibbling now, and the delicacy upon which they fed was the financial predicament into which his planning had cast John Thorne.

In a matter of a week now Thorne must pay the round sum of one hundred thousand dollars to hold the timber he had purchased on the East Branch. He must pay or lose, for Bracken and Gibbs had seen to that. He would not be given a day or an hour of grace. Day by day and week by week Thorne had been compelled to dissipate his funds—to buy a portable sawmill, to replace bridges, to construct expensive trestles, to combat the ravages of sabotage. These things had been but makeshifts, irritations to distract Thorne's mind and to embarrass him. But now the major stroke was in preparation. Bracken knew Thorne's banks, and had arrived at a knowledge of the total of his deposits. These deposits would not be available to Thorne on the day of necessity to make the required payment.

This was a matter easy to accomplish. In the names of sundry individuals lawsuits were to be commenced tomorrow against Thorne. There were suits for damages by men injured on the work; there were suits for alleged breach of contract, suits for this, that and the other; and, concurrently, injunctions were to be issued against Thorne's banks restraining them from allowing one dollar of his funds to pass out of their possession. It was a simple thing, when one rules a county as Bracken ruled his and Paul Gibbs his, to bring about such a condition. And so, instead of being able to make his hundred-thousand-dollar payment, Thorne would find himself restrained from even drawing sufficient money to take care of his pay roll. Reflecting upon this was Bracken's solace.

Outside he heard the approach of a man whistling, and his pleasure departed. The whistle always accompanied Doc Roper when he walked. It was a tuneless whistle, on two notes, up and down, and monotonous, but pedal locomotion seemed impossible to Doc unless joined with this obbligato. He was coming here, and Bracken, sunk again in a slough of terror, waited for his appearance. Doc entered.

"Fine Sunday afternoon," he said heartily. Then he chuckled. "I'm predicting Thorne's name will be scratched from the entries—so life is merry and the goose honks high."

"What—what do you mean?"

(Continued on Page 36)

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(Continued from Page 34)

"Just saw him mount his prancing steed," said Doc, "and ride off helter-skelter for The Devil's Stairway. Bracken, I'm covering all bets that he comes back."

Bracken reached a clutching trembling hand across the top of his desk, but no sound came from his lips. Doc continued jovially, accompanying his words with the paring of a carrot:

"He's galloping into grief, and here you are, and here I am—miles away. We've got nothing to do with it. Anybody can see that with the naked eye. Over on the East Branch about fifty of the prize plug-uglies of these parts are dancing the medicine dance. Took a barrel of the worst whisky, and quite some dollars jingle in their pockets. Thorne's boss can't hold them down, so he's sent for Thorne—just like I expected he would. Now when fifty hard customers go on the warpath almost anything can happen, and usually does. Nope, I don't guess we've got to worry about Thorne on the little checkerboard. He'll be jumped."

"Sure it can't be traced to us?"

"How?" said Roper shortly. "Thorne's the only one with an idea, and where he's going it can't be sent back from."

"I—I don't know," said Bracken. "Things—do come back."

"Fiddle-de-dee," said Doc. "The deal's closing up nicely. Just one more transaction remains, but how in tunket I'm going to manage that, I don't know."

"You mean—Yvonne?"

"Her," said Doc; "and it's a rotten waste. Too pretty. Now, if she'd marry me! But she wouldn't, not to save her life. No, sir, not to save her life. Somehow I kind of admire her for it. Got her notions, she has, and they're crazy notions, but she lives up to 'em, and sticks by 'em." He sighed. "Wish she was homely," he said.

Bracken shivered, and shriveled back in his chair so that he looked not more than half his actual size, but twice his stated age.

"Got to be an accident," said Doc, "unless worse comes to worst." He smote his great thigh at the sudden flash of a thought. "Or we can find some way to lay it onto the Indian! Or the Chink. Folks'll believe anythin' horrid of an Injun or a Chinee. Lynchin' bee afterward. That would save inquiry. Now, why didn't I think that up before? Hang a Choctaw or a Mongolian, and everybody'll be satisfied. Simple and elegant. How's your end coming?"

Bracken made no reply, but sat with chin sunk on chest, staring at his hands. He wriggled his fingers and turned his palms first up, then down, as if he could not convince himself of their reality. Perhaps he saw some stain upon them and the color of the stain was red. Roper eyed him intently, his look the appraisal of a physician, and shook his head dubiously.

"Just dropped in to bring the good news," he said. "We'll walk uptown together. Just as well to be seen as much as we can today."

Bracken got up listlessly and put on his hat. They spoke little as they traversed the Sunday streets, but Doc Roper whistled his two-note tune, and seemed largely satisfied with the aspect of the universe.

"Keep your tail up," he said as they parted at the square. Bracken nodded as if dazed and only half comprehending, and turned upward toward the château.

Near the top of the hill he encountered Mrs. Whidden descending, but would have passed her without recognition. This was not deliberate; he did not see her. Mrs. Whidden, however, was not an individual to be passed without notice. She arrested him by the effective expedient of resting the point of her black umbrella against his chest and pushing—a sort of tilting unknown to King Arthur's court.

"It's me, Anthony Bracken," she said.

He peered at her. "So it is," he said.

"I'm watchin' over my lamb, Anthony Bracken, and my eyes is sharp if I hain't so young as I was. I don't trust ye, Anthony, no more than André de Marsay trusted ye. Mebby you think I'm deef, but I heard. I heard him tellin' you that day that he was done with ye, and that you was bitin' the hand that fed ye. What ails André de Marsay, Anthony? Tell me that."

"What ails him? What ails him?" Bracken repeated this twice, not to Mrs. Whidden but to himself. "He doesn't rest. He doesn't rest."

So saying he passed on, and the old woman stood looking after him with a pert, perplexed expression, as if now she would ask not what ailed André de Marsay but what ailed Anthony Bracken.

He turned in at the entrance to the château, unlocked the door and walked slowly along the dark airless hall to the arch which gave into the library. There he sank into a deep chair, but did not smoke as was his custom. He sat. That was all, sat and gazed fixedly at the floor, his only movement a twitching of the fingers. He did not hear the slight movements over his head which betokened the presence of Yvonne in her room; he did not hear soft padding footfalls in the hall through which he had just passed.

Bright black eyes peered at him from the shelter of the hangings in the archway, slanting Oriental eyes. Chow Chek Ken was watching, watching, studying his employer, allowing no movement or expression to escape him. He saw Bracken stiffen suddenly, rise to his feet and stand stiff and erect, as if lifted by some terrific spasm. Then he heard, faintly, distantly, as though at the rear and outside the house, the lilt of a voice singing:

"Il se cassa la jambe,
Et le bras se démit,
Carabi;
Les dames de l'Hopitale
Sont arrivé's au bruit,
Carabi,
Titi Carabi,
Toto Carabo,
Compère Guilleri,
Te lairas-tu mouri'?"

Then with frightful suddenness Bracken was endowed with motion and with voice. He crouched, sprang to the table, and lifted a heavy vase, which he hurled in the direction of the unseen voice.

"Jean!" he shouted. "Jean! Ken! Here! Here to me! Here, I say!"

He swayed, shouting names, calling again and again to the servants, a man beside himself with something which might have been terror, might have been rage, might have been madness. Ken entered the room; the Indian, Jean, came leaping down the stairs.

"Out!" shouted Bracken. "Find that voice! Find it! Catch it! I've got to catch that voice. Somebody's got to catch that voice for me. After it! Fetch it to me. I've got to see that voice. Out, out, out!" His voice arose to a scream.

Jean hesitated, looked upward as though he would pierce the floor with his eyes. He was thinking of the door it was his duty to guard.

"Out, out, out!" cried Bracken.

The Indian shrugged his shoulders and obeyed. Chow Chek Ken and Bracken followed at his heels.

Bracken's were not the only ears to hear that singing voice; it came through Yvonne's window as well. She thrust aside the curtains and peered downward into the yard. It was deserted. No human being was visible. Then, from below, she heard the frenzied sound of Bracken's voice, his distracted orders to his servants. She waited. One after another she heard the men rush from the house, saw them run through the garden toward the rear of the château; and then, sensing opportunity, she ran to her door, jerked it open and darted toward the always-guarded door to her grandfather's sick room.

Caution and advice were forgotten. Opportunity was there, and all else was negligible. Now, after these weeks, she might penetrate to André de Marsay's bedside, demand explanations of him, hear from his own lips the things she must know. Outside the door she paused an instant, listening. The house was still, untenanted save by herself and the old man on the other side of the door upon which her hand rested. How enter? She touched the knob, turned it, tried the door. It gave readily, was unlocked. Jean must have been inside when Bracken called, and, in his haste to respond, have failed to secure it. Again she hesitated, trembling, apprehensive, asking herself what thing she might find in the room now open to her.

She crushed down her fears. The De Marsay blood quickened in her veins; the De Marsay tradition of valor inspired and upheld her. She pushed the door from her and crossed the threshold. There, just within the room, she stood poised, staring, staring into every corner of the room, at the bed, at the walls. Then she uttered a little cry and ran stumblingly toward the bed.

"Grandfather!" she cried. "Grandfather! Where are you?"

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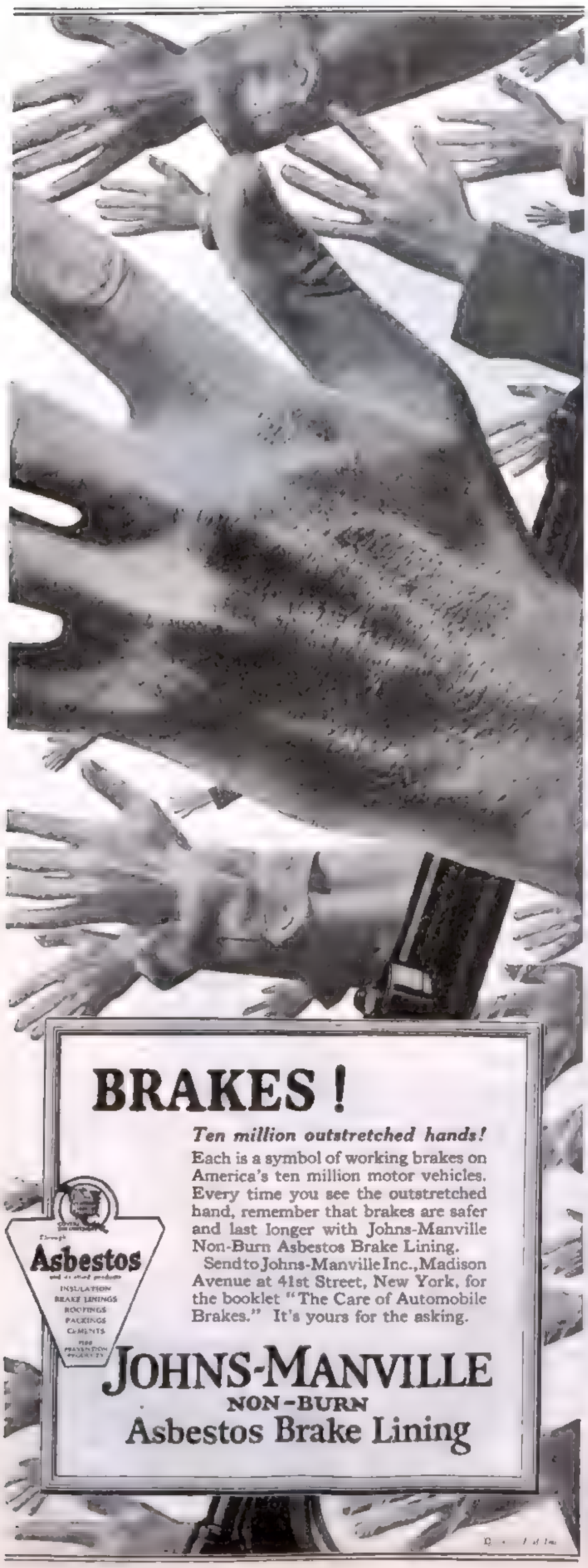
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THE SELF-MADE WIFE

(Continued from Page 5)

breakfast room, examining its furnishings with an air of uneasy scorn.

She was a small, stooped woman, who had not yet attained the dignity of white hair, and her clothes were put on in the same careless fashion that irritated Tim so in his wife, who, with all her immaculate cleanliness, still never looked well groomed. The white collar of Mrs. Satter's mouse-colored dress was twisted around almost under one ear, and a pin rose dangerously as if threatening to stab her; while her full skirts hung in the limp uneven folds that seemed to be characteristic of the family dressmaking.

She turned around quickly at Tim's entrance.

"Where'd you get that thing?" she asked contemptuously, pointing to a beautiful old silver coffee urn.

"Antique shop," replied Tim, determined to be cheerful. "Aren't you going to say how do you do, mother?"

He held out his hand with a forced smile. "I'm glad to see you," he lied bravely.

Mrs. Satter tossed her head and sniffed.

"Don't waste any perliteness on me, Tim Godwin," she replied. "Treat me like home folks, that's good enough. Ain't you afraid so much sun will fade those curtains? Though goodness knows they're gaudy!"

She pointed to the French windows, where sunlight was pouring in lavishly, and the flowered print curtains stirred a little in the fresh sweet air. Outside was a tiny hedged garden with old twisted rose trees, and daffodils that were already in bloom. Tim looked at it fixedly while Mrs. Satter talked.

"Corrie tells me you got this place ready furnished," said Mrs. Satter. "Pity!" She clicked her tongue against the roof of her mouth.

"Why is it a pity?" asked Tim sharply.

"Well, I liked the house in Carrsville better."

"It was a rare chance, our getting this fine old place," Tim exclaimed.

"H'm! Well, everyone to their own liking. But what did you do with all that good furniture you had in Carrsville?"

"If you mean the bird's-eye maple, I told Corrie she could sell it, or throw it away, or do anything she wanted except bring it here."

"H'm!" Mrs. Satter clicked her tongue. "Pity! And all those lovely carpets Corrie picked out. Throw them away too?"

"I'm sure I don't know. But you can see they wouldn't suit in here."

"Cheer the place up, I think. Make it bright and homy. Looks a little bare."

She glanced critically at the dark waxed floor.

"I'm sorry you don't like it," said Tim. "Where's Corrie?"

"Out in the kitchen."

"What's she doing in the kitchen?"

"Gettin' breakfast."

"Getting breakfast! Where's the girl?"

"We let her go."

"For the day?"

"For good."

"But why on earth did you do that?"

"What's the sense of payin' all those high wages with two able-bodied women in the house? Three, now you've brought that Miss Vincent, Corrie was tellin' me about."

"You don't think I'd allow Miss Vincent to do a maid's work, do you?"

"Why not? Is she sickly? Pity."

"Look here!" cried Tim, almost choking with all the angry words that rushed to his lips. "What do you mean discharging my servant? I pay for her. I don't mind the wages. And I'm going to keep her."

Mrs. Satter smiled.

"Can't now—she's gone," she said.

"I don't know how many times I've told Corrie not to discharge the servants!" Tim cried in exasperated despair.

"H'm. Seems to me you'd be so taken up with your own business, you wouldn't have time to run Corrie's house too."

"Well, I'll telephone in to the agency to send out a new girl this morning."

"Suit yourself," replied Mrs. Satter amiably. "Fight it out with Corrie. It's none of my affair."

She seated herself at the table and drummed on its top with her nails.

Tim flung the windows wide open, and strode out into the garden, just as Elena Vincent came through the gap in the hedge at the other end.

Tall, and walking buoyantly, she wore a soft, light tan woolen dress, with a gay knitted scarf, and a small tan hat with a copper-colored feather. Her eyes and cheeks were bright.

"Good morning," she called. "I've had a long walk."

"I told them not to wake you," Tim said.

"They didn't. But who could stay in bed on a morning like this? I walked down to the willows on the edge of that stream. Is that the end of your land?"

"No, I have over a hundred acres. I'm going to have a farm some day."

"Everyone wants to, don't they? It's such a delightful way to throw away money. Isn't this a perfect day to ride?"

"I'll buy you a horse," said Tim. "I hadn't thought about horses."

"You don't ride?"

"I used to ride the mules in the coal mine sometimes. That's all."

"You were a miner?"

"Yes. When I was a boy. But I studied at night, and finally I passed the civil-service examination and got a clerk's place in Washington. I felt pretty big at first, I can tell you."

"And then became dissatisfied again?"

"That's the way we go on, I guess."

"Then I shall never go on, for I am never dissatisfied—with myself, at any rate. Of course I enjoy making other people over."

Tim answered her smile a little doubtfully, for he was not used to people who made sport of themselves.

"Tell me frankly, Mr. Godwin," Elena said—"how did Mrs. Godwin take my coming here?"

"Well—it's hard to tell just what Corrie thinks. She was—sort of bewildered, I guess."

"I guess she must have been!" exclaimed Elena with a laugh.

"Breakfast's ready," a dry voice announced.

Tim turned, feeling unreasonably guilty, to see his mother-in-law standing behind them.

"Mother, this is Miss Vincent," he introduced the two carefully. "Mrs. Satter, Miss Vincent."

"How do you do?" said Miss Vincent, holding out her hand.

Mrs. Satter did not take it.

"I'm as well as could be expected," she answered grimly. "Come in to breakfast before the food gets cold on the table."

As they entered the breakfast room Corrie hurried in from the kitchen, carrying a tray. Her face was flushed and her abundant red hair tousled. A little girl was toddling at her heels, dragging at her apron. Two boys were seated at the table, and had already begun to eat, bent low over their plates of oatmeal, scraping vigorously with their spoons.

"James! Tim!" their father shouted at them. "Get up and leave the table!"

The boys raised their handsome, dark, flushed faces, and stared at him, spoons suspended and dripping, mouths open.

"Now, now, don't be hard on grammaw's boys," chided Mrs. Satter. "They were too hungry to wait."

"Leave the table, I say!" Tim commanded. "And do without your breakfast if you have no better manners."

Corrie set her tray down and wheeled around sharply.

"If you'd come in to breakfast yourself, Tim Godwin, and not spent so much time in the garden, the children wouldn't have had to wait," she said angrily.

The baby at her skirts began to tug and whimper, and Corrie stooped down with a swift protecting movement and gathered her up in her arms. The baby's golden-red hair was only a shade lighter than Corrie's own, and they had the same chocolate-brown eyes, fine white skin and slightly pouting red lips.

But Tim ignored the pretty picture they made in the sunlight; ignored Corrie's words altogether, and marched around the table to where the boys sat.

"Get up!" he repeated, laying a hand on each shoulder. "And go."

His sons obeyed, although not without certain animal-like howls, which still further upset Tim's temper. He was inexpressibly vexed that the crude disorder of his household should have been shown so plainly to

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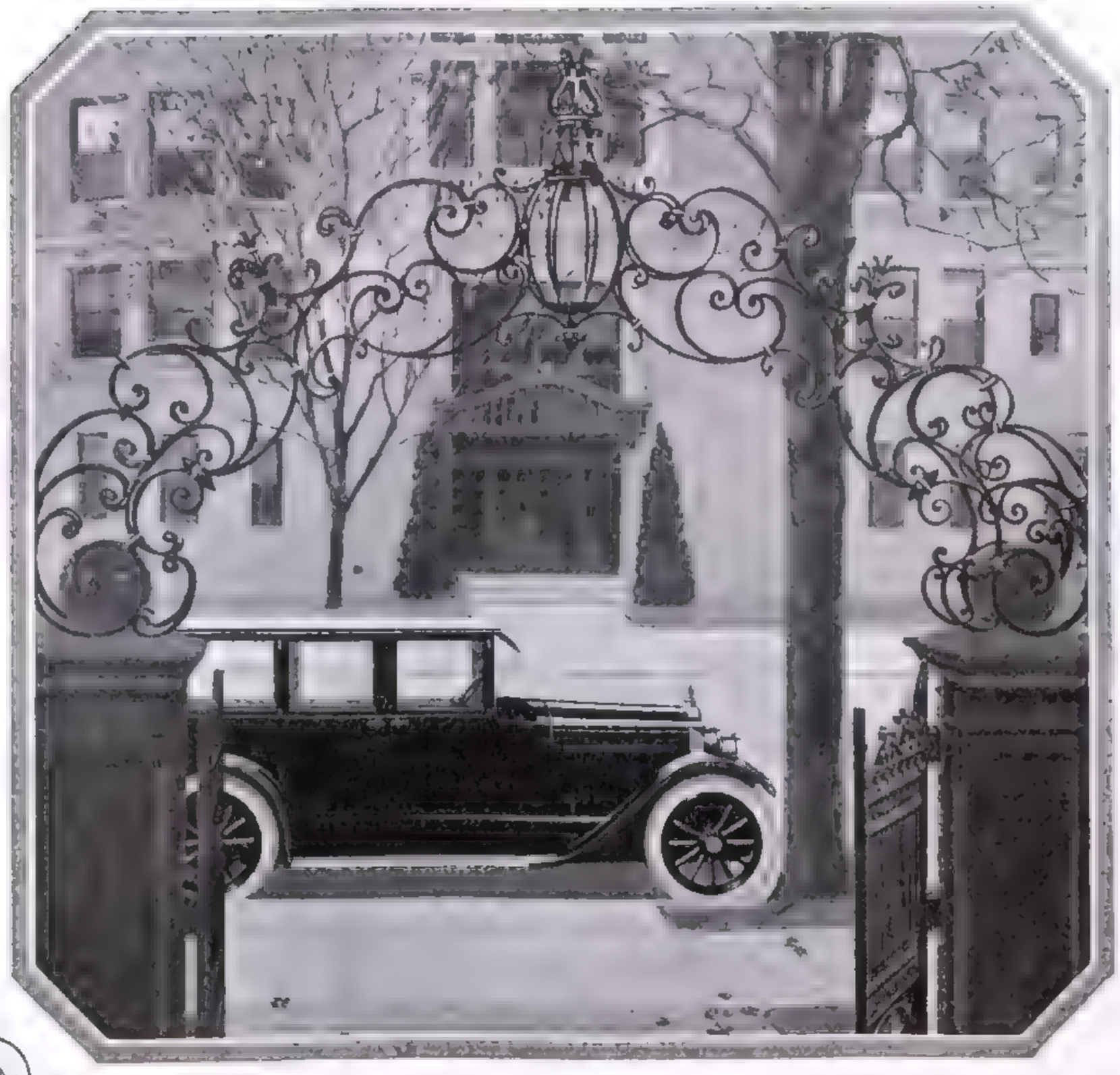

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(Continued from Page 38)

Miss Vincent, although he had brought her into the house for that very purpose.

Ruffled and silent, Tim sat through the meal, which had been cooked and was served in Corrie's haphazard fashion. The toast was burned, and the oatmeal not cooked long enough. Two different patterns of china had been used in setting the table, and there were no flowers. Corrie jumped up, with her mouth half full, and ran back and forth from the kitchen in a nervous and nerve-racking manner.

If only Corrie had been a superlative housekeeper, Tim thought, there might have been some excuse for her lack of interest in other things. But surely her nervous incompetence proved that she was not absorbed in and could not now enjoy what had so long been drudgery. She had never improved on the hurried makeshift housekeeping of their poverty-ridden days, when one tablecloth must last a week, and there were paper napkins, and Corrie had served the meals with a baby on her arm, and the baby's laundry drying in the kitchen.

It seemed to Tim, as his irritation increased, that Corrie was deliberately, maliciously trying to reproduce the atmosphere that he hated, here, where everything should be quiet, serene, dignified and gracious.

He despised his mother-in-law for her unconcerned manner, her indifferent disregard of her daughter's failings; and admired Miss Vincent for hers, which was equally oblivious.

"There's a lady," thought Tim. "Corrie could never learn to be like her in a hundred years."

Then he felt guilty and amazed at the treacherous thought, and tried to speak kindly to Corrie.

"I'm sorry you're having such trouble," he said. "I'll get you another girl in town."

"You needn't!" Corrie snapped. "I have to do all the work anyway, and pay high wages, too, and then they're impudent!"

"Let me telephone for some really wonderful servants I know about," said Miss Vincent. "I think I can get them for you—a cook and a maid. And they are so well trained you needn't even think about housekeeping, Mrs. Godwin—needn't even order."

"I don't want servants I can't order," Corrie retorted ungraciously.

"Oh, you'll find them most respectful," Miss Vincent replied pleasantly. "If you'll excuse me I'll try to get them now, before someone else snaps them up."

"No," said Corrie, "don't."

"It isn't the least bit of trouble," Miss Vincent assured her pleasantly, as she rose.

"I don't want you to," said Corrie, like a sulky child.

"What's the sense of two servants when there's three able-bodied women in the house?" murmured Mrs. Satter. "She ain't sickly." She jerked her head toward Miss Vincent.

Elena gave Mrs. Satter one of her very cool penetrating looks. "But I am not a servant, my dear Mrs. Satter," she said in a voice of friendly surprise. "And why should you and Mrs. Godwin do the work when there are so many good servants to be had?"

"We ain't above workin'—never have been," Mrs. Satter retorted, but in a muffled voice, and averting her head.

"Well, then, surely there is no reason that you should be above being idle now," replied Miss Vincent pleasantly.

And while Mrs. Satter still looked nonplused she went quietly out of the room.

"Are you goin' to let that girl run things here, Tim Godwin?" Mrs. Satter burst out.

"Yes!" said Corrie, giving Tim a defiant glance. And then her broodings of the night steamed out like the flow of a geyser. "Social secretary, whatever that is! What's it mean? That I'm not to have any say-so in my own house?"

"Listen to me, Corrie," said Tim firmly. "This is my house as well as yours. You always speak as if you were the one to dictate how we should live."

"That isn't so. It's you who wants to dictate, and you know it is!"

Her voice rose an octave, and Tim's temper responded to it.

"Very well, then, I will dictate," he said in a tone of steely calm. "I'll tell you now, and I mean it, Corrie: Do as you please about making something better of yourself. I can't change you—I see that. But if you won't improve I'm not going to be the loser by it. If you won't make things comfortable and pleasant Miss Vincent will. And she's got my full authority back of her."

"So there now!" Mrs. Satter rose like a frightened guinea hen with a discordant cry. "So there now, Corrie! What'd I tell you?"

"Mommer! Hush! Sit down."

Corrie was flushed, and nervously twisting her hands. Her lovely red hair was carelessly arranged, and she was covered from neck to heels with an ugly brown gingham apron.

Tim noticed it for the first time and forgot the main issue. A despairing angry cry broke from him.

"Corrie! For the Lord's sake, don't wear that apron!"

"Swearing! Before the baby, too!" wailed Corrie, and gathering her child in her arms she fled from the room.

III

BEFORE Tim could fit his key in the lock, the door was opened. A maid in a black dress and white cap took his overcoat and hat silently, and as silently disappeared. The hall, which was usually dark, was softly lighted by a lamp of old-fashioned design with crystal pendants. The tick of the grandfather's clock dripped sonorously in the well-like stillness.

A rush of tenderness for his beautiful house and of gratitude for the peace he at least momentarily found there swept over Tim. Then he heard Miss Vincent's voice, and turned to see her standing in the doorway of the library, which opened off the hall at the right.

"Mr. Godwin, I've been waiting for you. There's something I want to tell you before you go upstairs."

She seemed taller in her clinging dinner gown of gray chiffon. Her mouth was red, but her cheeks and neck were of the deep creamy pallor of a Maréchal Niel rose. Her hair shone like lacquer. Something about her had changed, so slightly, so subtly, that Tim could not discover what it was; whether it was the greenish tone her eyes seemed to have taken from the jade earrings she wore, or only the change that comes to women with night and soft dresses. He was entranced by it, and by the faint alluring fragrance, so indescribably vague that he could not tell whether it emanated from her hair or her dress, or whether he only imagined it in gazing at her roselike loveliness.

"Well?" asked Elena with a smile.

And Tim realized that he had not said a word since he saw her.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "But—you—well, you gave me a surprise."

"Yes, I am much prettier in a dinner gown," she replied calmly. "'A genius by day and a beauty by candlelight.' Well, I have been a genius today, I think. How did you like the new maid?"

"Fine. It's fine to be met like that."

"Much nicer to have your hat and stick taken, respectfully, than to be met with a kiss as they are in stories; don't you think so?"

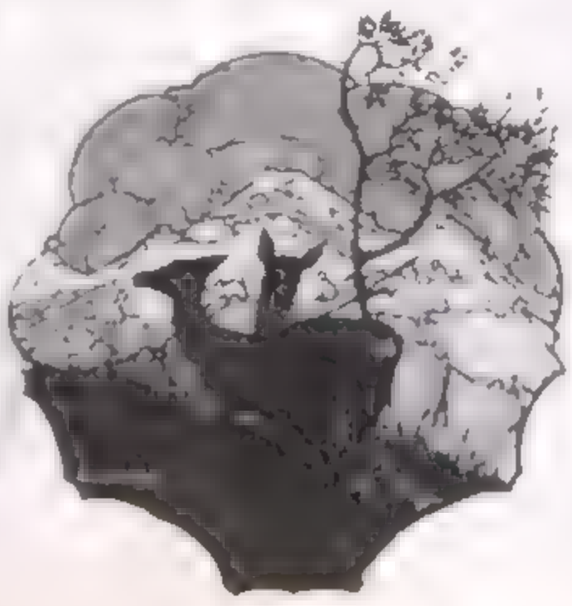
"I've never had either done before. Corrie, poor girl, was always too busy. If she'd run to kiss me something would have burned up on the stove."

As he mentioned Corrie, Tim felt guilty.

"Tell me," he said with an embarrassed smile. "Just come right out and tell me. How did Corrie act today?"

"Act?"

"Towards you, I mean. You see, she was—upset this morning. I left her angry. We quarreled."



"But you have no tact. If you make people angry they quarrel with you. Now they may become very angry with me—but they can't quarrel with me."

"You're wonderful."

"Oh, don't say that. It's always said in plays, and always with such a false expression. Besides, I'm only selfish. It's too much trouble to quarrel. I prefer to be hated—silently."

"You don't think Corrie hates you!" Tim exclaimed in dismay.

"Why not? I'd hate a woman who came into my house and took charge of everything."

Tim sighed.

"I'm afraid you've had a hard day of it," he said.

"Everyone has had a hard day," she replied coolly. "Poor dear Mrs. Satter has gone home, in what I think she would call a pet."

"No!" Tim cried incredulously. "Has she?"

"Yes. Pity." Elena clicked her tongue.

Tim roared in appreciation of her mimicry.

"Don't let Mrs. Godwin hear you," said Elena. "And perhaps you'd better go upstairs now if you want to dress for dinner."

"Why, of course, if you—do you want me to?"

"I am only trying to carry out your wishes, Mr. Godwin."

"Yes. I do want to. But Corrie—she isn't going to dress, is she?"

"I really don't know."

"She may not have a decent dress," said Tim. "Won't you take her shopping tomorrow?"

"I think we must leave Mrs. Godwin alone for the present. I've offended badly enough in changing all her household arrangements, you know."

"Yes? Only she ought not to take it that way. Well, I'll go see."

Tim reluctantly went upstairs. Corrie's door was closed, and there was not a sound. Tim hesitated, and then went on to his own room.

As he switched on the light in his big pleasant room with its windows on three sides, its comfortable deep chairs and huge four-poster bed with a quaint print canopy, he remembered the scene there had been over his taking a separate room. In some mysterious fashion his desire for space and privacy had been interpreted by Corrie as a personal insult. She would never enter his room, and became cold and reserved at the very mention of it. That he had a bathroom for his private use was an added grievance. It had often enraged Tim in the past to open his bathroom door and find only one towel lonesomely dangling in the white solitude. But as he entered it now he saw it all agleam, nickel and porcelain shining, and the racks full of crisply folded towels, with fresh white curtains at the window, and his shaving things laid out ready for use.

Tim dressed with pleasure and a tingling sense of excitement. His hot bath had braced him to meet Corrie's disapproval. He boldly admired himself in the well-cut dinner jacket, which he had never worn at home. He could not help seeing that he was not bad looking, certainly above the average man in appearance. And all at once he felt resentful of the fact that Corrie never flattered him.

He marched toward her door, strong in his sense of injury.

Corrie was sitting with her back to the door, staring out of a window, her hands in her lap. She did not turn when Tim spoke, and he had to go up to her to see that she was not crying, as he had feared.

Her mouth was sullen and her eyes dry. Tim touched her cheek with his lips, and it was hot. She pulled away from his caress.

"You came home on the early train tonight," she remarked dryly.

He decided to ignore the unpleasant situation, and to take a cheerful tone.

"Are you ready to go down?" he asked.

"What are you dressed up for?" she countered quickly, giving his dinner jacket a scornful glance.

"Oh, I thought it would rest me to bathe and change. I think I'll do it every night," he answered, trying to keep up a light tone.

"Pshaw!" she ejaculated sharply.

Corrie wore a dark cloth dress with a badly fitting white collar, but Tim saw with relief that her beautiful red hair had been neatly, even carefully arranged. So he decided to say no more about dress.

(Continued on Page 42)

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(Continued from Page 40)

"Let's go down," he urged, taking Corrie's arm.

She jerked away.

"Mommer's gone," she announced.

"Yes. I'm sorry."

"You know you're not."

"Well, Corrie, if the truth were told, you're not either. She worries you as much or more than me."

"Never mind about that! I wouldn't have driven her out of the house."

"Nor did I."

"Well, it was just the same."

"Please don't let's talk about it. I'm sick of quarreling."

A gong sounded three soft melodious notes.

"What's that?" asked Tim, smiling with pleasure.

"She bought it. It's for dinner."

"Fine."

"Humph!" Corrie sniffed. "Senseless."

She went stiffly out into the hall and down the stairs, Tim following.

Dinner was served in the dining room for the first time. There were lighted candles in the silver wall sconces, and candles and a bowl of roses on the long narrow table, in the large high-ceilinged room. A maid slipped noiselessly, deftly about, obeying apparently invisible signals from Miss Vincent. And the food was new, delicious, strangely shaped and colored for one who was used to Corrie's menu of roast or stew for weekdays, and chicken on Sunday. Corrie's idea of a salad had never gone beyond slices of tomato on a lettuce leaf, with a ready-made dressing. Tim had known little else to order in restaurants than steak and potatoes. Now he enjoyed *artichauts à la Barigoule* without knowing exactly what they were; and *veau à la Suzette* was hardly recognizable as veal. But when caramel mousse molded into a melonlike shape appeared, Tim was as delighted as a child.

It gave him genuine pleasure to drink coffee from a tiny cup. Throughout dinner he had noticed many fascinating objects of china and silver which Corrie had never consented to use.

A fire had been lighted in the room across the hall, where Tim and Corrie had never sat. Corrie called it a parlor, and Tim was undecided as to the proper term. But now Elena Vincent spoke of it as the music room, and drifted across to it quite naturally, while Tim and Corrie entered like strangers.

Corrie had picked up a newspaper, and she seated herself stiffly upright on a sofa; holding the paper in front of her face, ignoring the fire, of which Tim knew she did not approve. Tim was glad that he could occupy himself with smoking. He was aware of the constraint in the atmosphere, which he had forgotten in the enjoyment of dinner.

He looked from Elena, standing tall and lovely and quite at ease before the fire, to his wife, who seemed shabby, almost pathetic in contrast. An impulse of affectionate pity caused him to go over to Corrie and put his arm around her shoulders.

"Play for us a little, won't you, Corrie?" he asked.

She jerked away. "I can't play."

"Now you know you can. She had piano lessons four or five years, Miss Vincent, but she won't touch the piano now."

"Shall I sing for you?" asked Elena. "I sing a little."

Without waiting for an answer she went over to the grand piano and sat down, running her fingers lightly over the keys. Her voice was small, not remarkable in any way, but as spontaneous as wind in the leaves. Old English ballads, old love songs, simple things mellowed by time—she sang one after the other lightly and charmingly, without stopping for comment or applause.

Corrie still held the newspaper in front of her face. When it rattled, Tim became furiously annoyed. He wanted to forget Corrie, everything but the music, which filled some need within him as sharp as thirst.

He went to the glass doors which opened on a deep porch with great white columns. The moon was just coming up, casting pale enchantment over the wide clipped lawn, making the woods beyond seem more black.

He went out. The air was chilly and damp. And a poignant odor arose—the stirring, troubling odor of earth in the springtime. Leaning against a column, lost in the enchantment of night and of music, Tim felt tears press heavily against his eyelids and his throat contract with pain. Yet he was happier than he had ever been.

He remembered a time when he was a boy and had climbed a high hill alone. He lay on top of the hill with the sky above him. And night had come.

When the music stopped, his heart seemed to fall from a great height. Elena came out.

"I am afraid that I have been boring Mrs. Godwin," she said. "Besides, it is selfish of you to enjoy the moonlight alone." She drew a deep breath. "I'd like to run barefoot through that dew!" she exclaimed.

"You'd catch an awful cold," commented Corrie's voice dryly.

She was standing in the doorway, her arms folded. The light behind her made a grotesque silhouette of her badly fitting dress.

"You are quite right," Elena replied good-humoredly. "And I am afraid I shall catch cold here too. Won't you get a wrap for me, Mr. Godwin? You'll find one lying on my bed, I think."

Tim was a little surprised. Corrie had not trained him to fetch and carry. And, as he went up to Elena's room, he actually felt timid, almost ashamed, although he was only going to a room in his own house.

Her fragrance—that faint, elusive and tempting odor he had noticed—greeted him as he opened the door. He switched on the light and looked about him with a feeling of guilt and of strong curiosity. Everything was in perfect order. Only her silver toilet articles on the dressing table had changed the outward appearance of the familiar room. And yet it was indescribably changed. Her fragrance! It was as if she herself were in the room. And on the white coverlet of the bed a long pale swirl of silk lay coiled.

He touched it gently, slowly picked it up. It was a wrap, gray like her gown, of soft and sensuous and supple stuff which clung to his fingers.

All at once, without thought, without knowing what he was about to do, he crushed the cloak to his face. Trembling, he drew in deep breaths of her perfume, and felt the sensuous caress of silk on his lips and cheeks, and the clinging of silk about his neck, like the clinging of a woman's soft ensnaring arms. Amazed and ashamed, he flung the thing on the bed, and it fell in graceful and languorous folds, pliant and seductive.

Crossing the hall to his wife's room Tim found a knitted shawl in her closet. With this over his arm, he went back to Elena's room and took up her wrap without looking at it.

"I brought you something to put around you, too, Corrie," he said when he was back on the porch.

He handed Elena her wrap, and was about to place the shawl around Corrie's shoulders when she drew back so violently that she struck his chin with her head. And the vehemence with which she cried out amazed him.

"Put on that old ugly shawl! Well, I guess not, Tim Godwin!" cried Corrie.

"Why not? You've worn it lots of times."

"Take it away!"

She snatched the shawl from him, and flung it on the floor.

"There now!"

"What's come over you?"

"I guess I've got as good a right to nice things as anybody."

"Why, of course you have. But what's come over you?"

A child's sharp frightened cry interrupted them, and then rapidly mounting sobs and wails were mingled with the sound of hurrying footsteps.

"Baby!" Corrie cried wildly.

"Don't be frightened, there's nothing wrong," said a quiet voice, as a woman in a nurse's uniform came out on the porch.

She was carrying a kicking, struggling, howling child, who, as soon as she saw her mother, stretched out her arms and allowed her screams to die away into whimpers.

Corrie snatched her baby.

"There! I told you!" she declared triumphantly, as she rocked the child in her arms. "She's never had a nurse in her life. And she can't stand strangers. I told you so! You've scared her half to death. Now, now, now, now, now, mommer's precious lamb."

"She'll soon get used to me," replied the nurse calmly. "She woke up and was frightened because she didn't see you, Mrs. Godwin. But she'll soon get over that."

"None of my children ever had nurses," and I've always said a woman who wouldn't take care of her own children isn't fit to be a mother!" cried Corrie passionately. "But nothing would do her but she must order a nurse. I don't suppose you care, Tim Godwin! You stand there like a dumb image! And your own child scared half to death!"

"No need to make such a fuss, Corrie," replied Tim. "It will relieve you of a lot to have a nurse. You ought to have had one long before."

"A lot you care about your own flesh and blood!" wailed Corrie. "You didn't even ask where the boys were tonight."

Tim, quite startled, had to admit to himself that he had forgotten all about the children. Looking rather shamefaced, he gently tried to take his little girl from her mother's arms, but she burrowed her face deeper in Corrie's neck and clung to her.

Unreasonably hurt, as one can be hurt only by a very small child, Tim turned away.

"My children aren't to be allowed at the table any more," Corrie stormed, releasing at last all the bitterness of the day. "My children aren't good enough, I suppose, to eat at the same table with—with others!"

"It's just that they can be taught better manners at their own table," Elena explained gently.

"So that's why you didn't see them tonight, Tim Godwin," Corrie went on, ignoring Elena. "They had their supper early and were sent to bed, if you please. Not even allowed to see their own father, if you please. Well, it seems it didn't matter—since you didn't even miss them! You might at least have asked for them, Tim Godwin. I never thought you wouldn't even ask for them!"

"Corrie, for goodness' sake! I simply forgot, that's all. With everything so—different tonight."

"I'm glad it suits you! Indeed I am. Indeed, indeed, I'm glad it suits somebody!" Her voice rose an octave.

"Miss Kelly, you may go upstairs now, and Mr. Godwin will bring the baby later, after she has gone to sleep," remarked Elena's cool even voice. And the trained nurse left them.

"You don't know half that's been going on here, Tim Godwin!" Corrie screamed shrilly. "And I can't think where the expense will stop. A cook and a maid, and a trained nurse for the baby, and another nurse for the boys. Who ever heard of great big boys nine and six years old havin' a nurse!"

"A governess. I thought they might have a tutor later," Miss Vincent explained calmly. "The village school is not at all good. I went down there with them this morning. And now I think I shall go upstairs. Good night."

She smiled, and walked away with a quick light step.

Corrie and Tim were left facing each other.

"Where's it all going to end?" wailed Corrie.

"We have plenty of money," replied Tim curtly. "And I'm very grateful for everything that Miss Vincent has done."

"Oh!" Corrie drew her breath in sharply. "Then I'm of no account in this house any longer!"

She stood in a broad band of moonlight, her head thrown back, her hair illuminated, the baby clutched to her breast. She was beautiful. Tim felt his heart stir with tenderness. He put his arms around his wife and child, and drew them close.

"You are everything to me, Corrie," he said. "And the children too. I'm sorry I forgot."

For a moment she drooped against his shoulder, then she pushed him away.

"You act like it," she said in a hard dry voice.

"Everything I'm doing is for your good and the children's," Tim pleaded.

She brushed past him.

"Yes," she sneered. "It looks like it, don't it?"

"I'm thinking of nothing but you and the children," Tim repeated in a loud voice.

She went into the house.

He heard his own words ring in his ears: "I'm thinking of nothing but you and the children."

Mockingly, a picture rose before him—the picture of himself as he had stood in Elena's room, pressing her cloak to his face in an involuntary caress.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE decorative scheme at this charming club is one of simple beauty. The bedrooms are carpeted with Klearflax all-linen rugs, chosen for their artistic coloring and their great wearing ability

At the Mid-Pines Country Club rugs of Klearflax add to the quiet beauty

THE charm of the country steals indoors at the beautiful Mid-Pines Country Club, Pinehurst, N. C. This delightful feeling is obtained by a decorative scheme of which simplicity is the dominant note.

The bedrooms are carpeted with Klearflax. Mr. Emery, of Pinehurst, says of it: "Klearflax rugs are used throughout the chambers and every one who has seen the club house has been greatly charmed with the furnishings. The colors of the rugs harmonize with the other decorations. From actual experience in using Klearflax rugs, we believe them to be the most satisfactory floor covering on the market."

You can better understand his enthusiasm for Klearflax when once you see it and "live with" it. For Klearflax is *pure linen*, which explains its beauty of color. You can get it in all the rich linen solid colors—sand, chestnut, green, blues, gray, rose, mole, taupe, mulberry and beige. You can also get these colors with a border which gives a very charming finish.

Or if you prefer a mixed effect to a plain, all-over color, the Picwick mixtures will delight you. They are quite original in rug colorings and make an ideal background. These handsome color combinations are also very practical, with their mingled effect.

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You know that "feel" of roughness and stiffness that all new linen has. And you know how soft and silky it becomes with use. You will notice, when you take hold of Klearflax, a quite pronounced roughness in texture. This is because into Klearflax are woven the coarse outer fibres of the linen plant as well as the silky inner ones. These stiff strands, however, soon soften with use and, like all linen, Klearflax becomes finer and more beautiful.

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Klearflax is very moderately priced: a 9 x 12 rug is $45; other sizes priced accordingly—somewhat higher in the far West and Canada. The all-over carpeting is also very popular, especially for fine offices and public buildings. It is priced $3.75 a square yard.

The Klearflax trade-mark or label on every rug is your guarantee of genuine Klearflax, pure linen, both warp and woof, and protects you against cheaper imitations. You will find Klearflax at one of the better stores near you. If you do not know which one, write us.

Send for booklet showing complete size and color range of Klearflax rugs and carpeting and giving interesting information on home decoration. The Klearflax Linen Looms, Inc., Duluth, Minnesota; New York, Textile Bldg., 295 Fifth Ave.; Chicago, Lytton Bldg., 14 E. Jackson Blvd.; Boston, 1058 Little Bldg.

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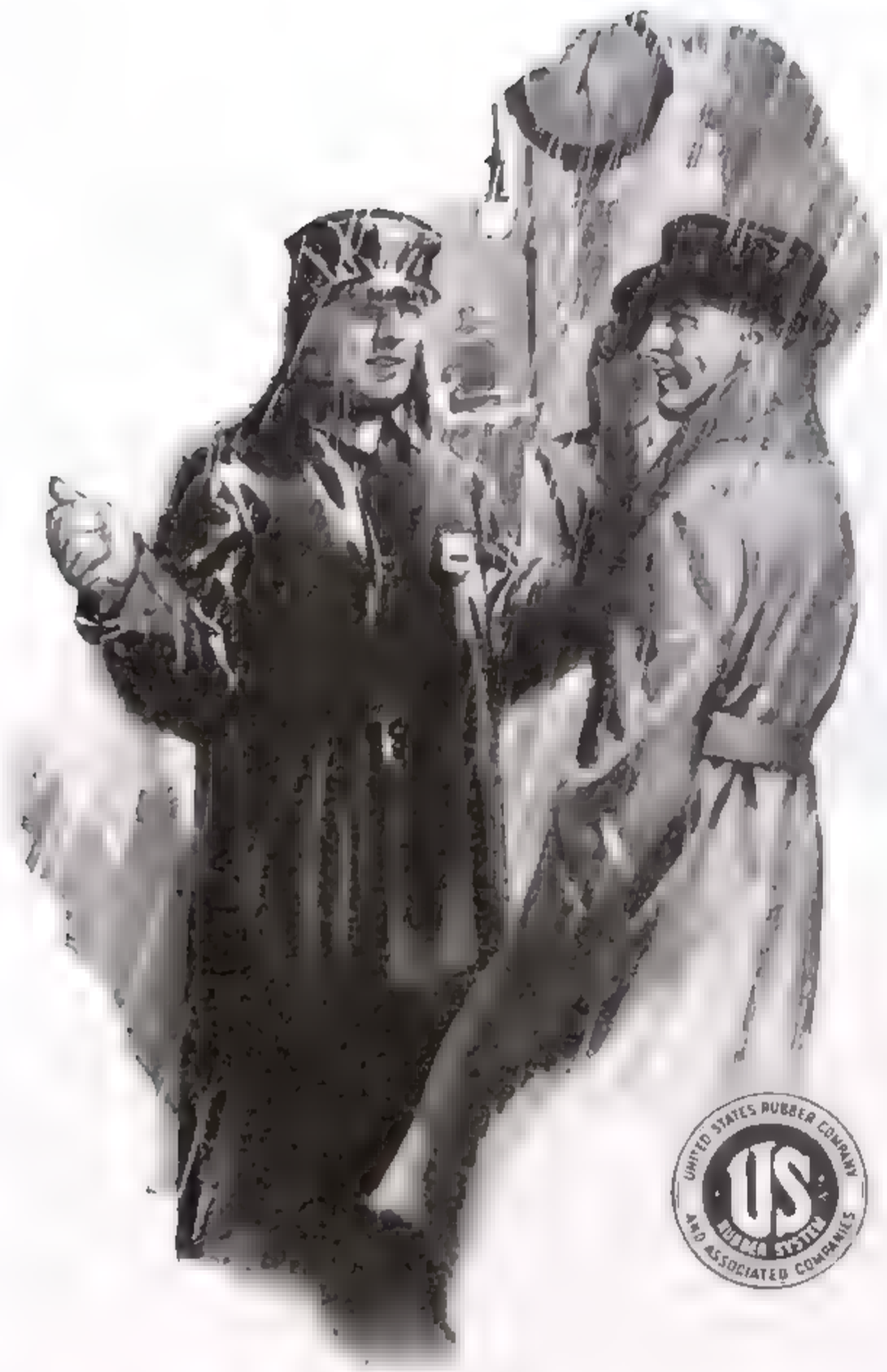

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THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST CRIME

(Continued from Page 11)

matter dragged into the average criminal case. Then, again, there is too much repetition in the examination and cross-examination of witnesses, very often for the purpose of a skilled examiner endeavoring to entrap an unskilled and inexperienced witness, who, after all, is honestly trying to tell the truth of the transaction concerning which he is being examined. This is trifling not only with the right of the witness but with the cause of justice, which the court upon its own motion should be quick to check.

The charges of the trial judge where jury trials are had are generally too long and too technical. They read like a treatise on the law pertaining to a given subject, instead of the disputed questions involved in the case on trial. They shoot away over the heads of the jury. A five or ten minute charge at the most, in plain phrase, simply stating the rules of law actually involved on the disputed questions of fact, better serves the cause of justice and affords less ground for reversal.

The important thing, after all, is not only to get a verdict but to have the motion for new trial, which usually follows in case of conviction, passed upon at the earliest practical date. I have known trial judges to hold up these motions for a new trial for months and months, sometimes for whole terms of court. There is no excuse for that except a lack of decision, lack of diligence, and a lack of due regard for sense of judicial duty.

Too often this results from fear of reversal or displeasure of the losing party. A judge must be absolutely impersonal, absolutely fair and fearless in his judgments. He will make fewer mistakes, maintain his own self-respect and, I wager, likewise the respect of more of the public.

All errors of the trial judge can be corrected by the higher court, save and except the errors of delay in getting to trial and the delays during trial and delays in failing to decide motions for a new trial, all causing great expense not only to litigants but also to the public who furnish the machinery of the law for the administration of justice, especially in criminal cases

In order to insure an early decision in cases submitted to the court, and also of the motions for new trial or rehearing, an amendment should be made to the Constitution, fixing a reasonable limitation—say, sixty days from the time of the submission of such case or such motion to a court for decision—or authorizing the legislature to fix some reasonable limit. The penalty for failure to observe such limit, constitutional or statutory, should be refusal to pay the judge's salary until with his voucher a certificate be filed to the effect that there are no cases undisposed of on his docket beyond the time limit.

Reviews on Appeal

I know no reason why public business should not be dispatched and decided as expeditiously as private business. I know no reason why the lawyer on the bench should be immune from the usual responsibility to which the business man holds himself in his office. The latter, if successful, usually cleans up his unfinished business before he takes his vacations. Why not the judge?

Justice should be not only swift but sure. These considerations are much more important than severity in dealing with the criminal classes. It is a matter of common knowledge to those who have given any study to the subject that Great Britain and her colonies today far surpass in both swiftness and sureness of justice in criminal cases all other civilized nations; and nowhere do we find in England the ridicule and resentment that obtain among our people for the delays and failures of justice in our criminal jurisprudence.

We come now to the review by our appellate courts.

Where the reviewing court passes upon the question, Is the verdict against the weight of the evidence? all judges are generally agreed that the rule to justify a reversal shall be that the verdict is clearly and convincingly against the manifest weight of the evidence. A mere difference of opinion between the jury and the trial judge upon the one side, and a reviewing court on the other, that neither sees, hears nor knows the witnesses, is not sufficient to warrant a reversal upon that ground.

It is a common experience that many trials pivot upon the credibility of witnesses. That credibility can be judged only by seeing and hearing the witness, his appearance and manner upon the stand, his fairness or want of it, all of which are practically denied to a reviewing court, which reads only the cold pages of the record. The printed record does not disclose the difference between a simple-minded, honest, truthful witness and a plausible, skillful scoundrel who has a story artfully framed in advance. The jurymen, however, are able to make that distinction, or at least some one of the twelve is able to point it out to his fellows.

But verdicts are set aside more generally for errors of law claimed during the trial, by which it is urged that the prisoner is denied the fair and impartial trial which the Constitution assures him.

Most of the states have in syllable or spirit the provision that new trials shall not be granted except for errors materially affecting some of the substantial rights of the defendant. That this is sound law all are agreed. The difference arises in its application to the case at bar.

Getting Down to Essentials

Naturally one of the first things that a judge must do in both the trial and the review of the case is to distinguish the essentials from the nonessentials—the pivots from the piffles in the case. Upon these essentials and these pivots, was the judgment below sound and just? Was the verdict of guilty substantial justice, taking the whole record by its four corners? Did the accused have a fair and impartial trial upon all matters materially affecting his substantial rights? Instead of regarding these important considerations in the trial of a case in the practical sense in which they doubtless appeared to the jury and the trial judge, we take the microscopic squint, the technical refinements, and too often permit ourselves as judges to indulge the hope that by splitting hairs between west and northwest side, we have shown unquestioned judicial knowledge of a character far superior to that knowledge or want of it exhibited by the trial court.

One of the earliest and most ridiculous reversals that I know of is from our own Ohio Supreme Court in the early case of Hooker v. State of Ohio. This was a case in which the indictment was for horse stealing. The particular horse stolen was mentioned in the indictment as a "grey horse." The proof showed in the language of the witnesses a "grey gelding." The court held that was a fatal variance between pleading and proof, reversed the conviction, and the prisoner went scot-free.

I think the most condemnatory thing that could be said of this decision is the language from the court's own mouth, which I quote from the opinion:

"The objection raised by the second bill of exceptions—that a grey gelding is not a grey horse—seems too insignificant to command serious consideration; the term horse, being a generic term, ought to include every variety of the animal, as diversified by age, sex, occupation, or modification.

"The English authorities, however, and which have been recognized in several states of the Union as sound law, are too strong to be resisted, and too pointed to be evaded. It is the duty of the court not to make but to declare the law. *Ita lex scripta est* precludes all inquiry into the reasonableness or propriety of the objection. Judgment reversed."

Another Ohio decision, equally absurd, found a fatal variance between the words "store-room" and "store-house." A Missouri case, equally ridiculous for technicality, found that at the conclusion of an indictment reading "against peace and dignity of the State of Missouri," the omission of the word "the" before "peace and dignity" was fatal to the indictment.

In Delaware a defendant was indicted for stealing "one pair of boots." The proof showed that he stole two mismatched boots, being the right boots of two pairs; there being no left boot, there was no "pair" of boots, the court held, and the case was reversed.

(Continued on Page 46)

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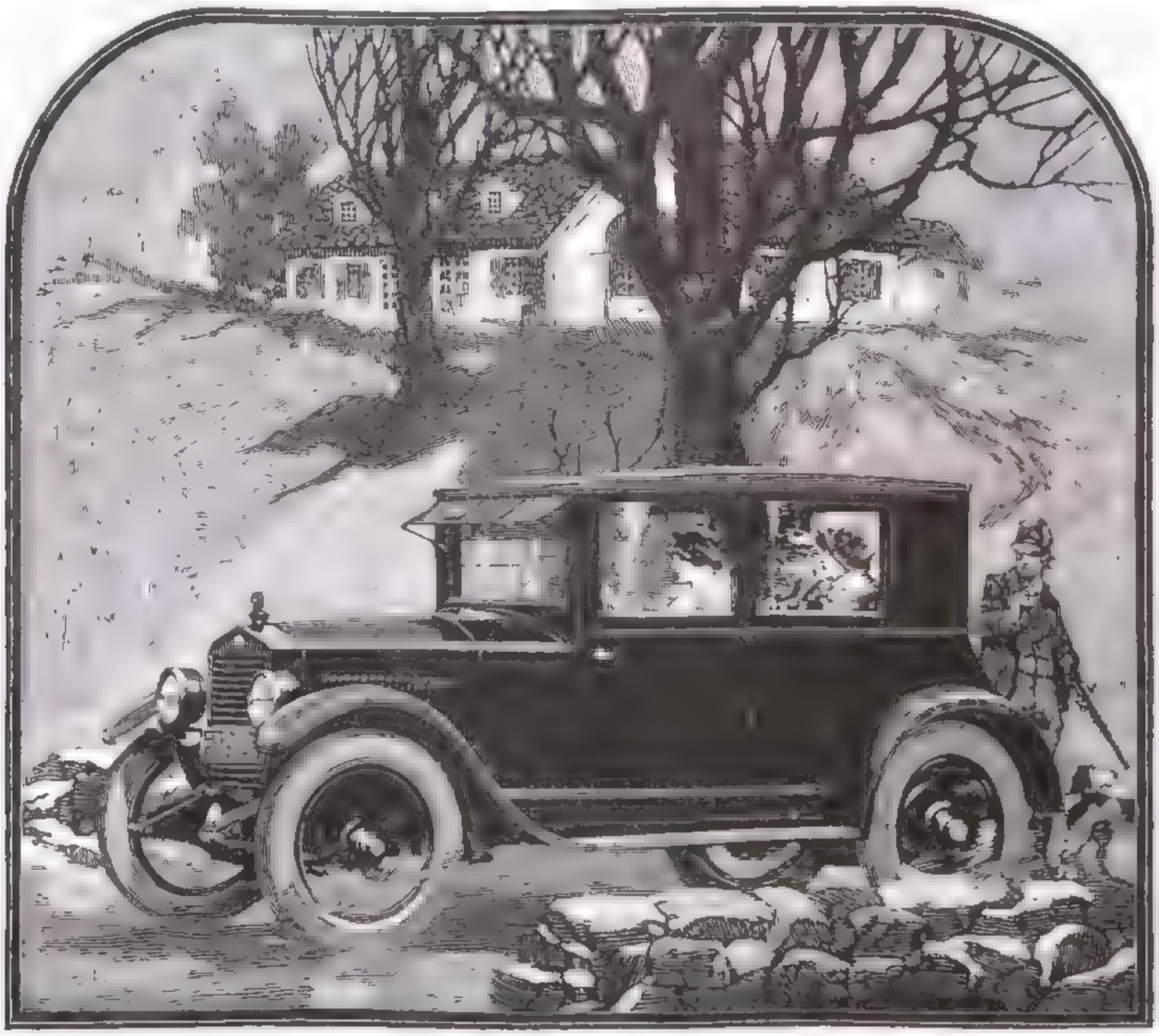

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(Continued from Page 44)

In Georgia an indictment charged that a certain crime had been committed upon the "public road." The evidence failed to show that such road had ever been dedicated to the state, though it had been used for a long time as a public highway. The case was reversed.

One of our earlier supreme-court judges had the sound sensible squint upon this proposition of technicality when he said concerning one such objection relied on to reverse the conviction: "It is at best a mere artificial technicality, and just in proportion as it lacks reason it appears to have won upon the affections of the profession."

The judges adopted this technical procedure very largely from England at an early day. When an accused, by reason of the facts that he was denied his right to testify, denied the right of counsel, denied the right of compulsory process to bring his witnesses into court, and many other rights, was hard pressed, the judges out of their humanity undertook to mitigate the severities of the law by entertaining and justifying the application of strict technical construction. But all these rights have now been accorded the accused. The reason for the technical construction, therefore, having failed, the technical construction itself should fail. The English courts that formulated these precedents have abolished them by treating them as judicial junk. American judges alone seem to regard them with favor. Isn't it about time that a modern principle shall be of more persuasive influence in a court of justice than a medieval precedent?

The whole foundation of our great equity system of jurisprudence was based upon the fact that the hard and fast and more or less limited rules of law were inadequate to do justice.

It was declared and accepted that wherever there was a wrong there should be a remedy, and in very early days in order to provide an adequate remedy address was made to the conscience of the king. By and by the king appointed his chancellor, and applications for equity—which is, after all, only justice—were made to the conscience of the chancellor.

After all, this is but following Nature's own court, God's own court, which He established when He made man, because He put the court in the man—the court of conscience. It is open twenty-four hours in the day, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, in all one's sane and normal life. It never takes a vacation; it is always up with its business; its docket is always clear. It is the most instantaneous, automatic, infallible human court known. Its decisions are never appealed from.

In man's court we may ofttimes lie awake nights wondering what the decision will be in the weeks and months to come—yes, years to come; but in God's court there are no delays. We may lie awake nights not because the court has not decided but because it has, and decided against us. There is but one rule of law applied in this court, and that is the Golden Rule: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

It goes to the vitals of every case; it deals with the substantial justice of every case. Its early, expeditious, direct, dominant decisions, that deal with the essential questions of right and wrong, justice and injustice, should furnish greater guidance to reviewing courts in criminal cases than the primitive precedent of technical antiquated procedure.

In no other department of government has there been such a wholesale waste of time, labor and expense as in the judicial branch. The waste is inexcusable, especially when we consider the training and the experience necessary to qualify the public officer for this branch of the service. Let justice be swift and sure in criminal cases. Give them priority over all other business in the order of their importance to the public. Simplify and shorten the trials, confine them to the essential issues in dispute, pass speedily upon motions for new trial, impose expeditious sentences adequate to the crime, and let reviews and appeals be speedily heard.

With public opinion effectively coöperating with the public officer, crime and criminals can be conquered, or at least reduced to the minimum by making in fact and in law the way of the transgressor hard.

This mealy-mouthed sentimental stuff concerning the treatment of our chronic criminal classes has about reached its limit. It is high time that the Government performs its function for which the people pay, by protecting the law-abiding from the law-violating.

The powers and resources of the courts of the twentieth century to prevent crime and punish criminals should be at least equal to the powers and resources of the violating classes, who by their ingenuity of design, execution, escape and technical defense have well-nigh subverted the cause of American justice in our criminal courts

DODO-VILLE

(Continued from Page 21)

and his Hapsburg lip over the table to talk with his three satellites, who hung on his words across the table from him.

But on a sunny day the Potinière is a charming place to while away an hour at noon, studying the different types of humanity always to be found there. We saw one morning a large blonde dressed solely in a pair of sandals and a white cotton slip of a dress reaching just below her knees, low necked and sleeveless. She wore no hat or gloves, but on her fingers, arms and neck were literally masses of flashing diamonds.

A handsome South American showed the correct edition of this simple garb, with her tightly drawn back black hair glistening in the sun, her face, arms and legs burnt almost black, and her long blue eyes blazing at you from their fringed edges. Her feet were shod with fine calfskin sandals, the fur, of mottled beige and white, being left on them. A great scarlet-and-blue silk handkerchief lay cater-cornered round her neck, one end being flung over the left shoulder. As we looked she bound the handkerchief round her head with lazy supple fingers, leaving not a hair showing, and twisting the ends into an interesting rosette over one ear.

Before the Potinière hour you may stroll down to the beach and watch the bathers, or, when the tide is out, watch the riding along the hard, smooth sands. Amongst the bathers you will not look at all the really nice people, for they will be in quiet dark blue or black suits, as they would be with us, but you will find a goodly array of slim young figures in one-piece suits and bright caps, and on some days a perfect swarm of little dogs. They constantly get lost among the groups of bathers, and it is one of the sports to hunt for them. Shrill cries of "*Fifi, ma fille! Où es-tu?*" or "*Lulu! viens vite, Lulu!*" resound at intervals all round you, and scampering rushes of miserable travesties of that sublime animal, dog, ensue.

You may not put up your own tent on the beach; the concession is rented out, and you are obliged to get one from the concessionaires. Or you may do as a certain well-known dancer did, and dispense with a tent altogether. In her next engagement she was to dance in an Oriental costume of dark skin and nothing much. She resolved to do without grease paint to darken her slim body, and hied herself to Deauville one sunny week-end. She might be seen daily on the beach lying in holes dug in the deep sand, different parts of her charming anatomy being exposed from time to time to the ardor of the sun, until she was one even, golden brown. The police kept strict watch, but madame dug her hollows deep and modestly, and all went off well.

Polo and tennis are great attractions during the season; in fact, there is no lack of amusement at Deauville; but baccarat is the predominating excitement of the place, and the evenings are sacred to it.

If you are staying at Trouville, as we were, which is by far the nicest way to live, you may take a taxi in Deauville to drive home, or a more sympathetic fiacre. All the vanished Paris horse cabs seem to have fled to the seaside resorts. As we paid ours one day he said nonchalantly, "Well, so long!"

We wheeled in our tracks in amazement. "You speak English like that?"

"Yes, madame, and German and Swedish and Italian. *Sprechen sie Deutsch?*"

(Continued on Page 48)

One Hundred Million Dollars

Eleven years ago when the Truck Industry was young, The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company built and sold 50 trucks. The performance of those 50 original Pierce-Arrow Trucks is a matter of definite scientific record. Forty-four are in active service today.* From this auspicious beginning, the demand for Pierce-Arrow Trucks has increased and multiplied until now more than $100,000,000.00 worth of Pierce-Arrow Trucks have been built and sold. Pierce-Arrow Trucks are proved money-makers in many industries and trades—one hundred and seventy-four in all. No matter what commodities you wish to haul, no matter what the road or traffic conditions may be in your locality, The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company can give you definite information covering your problem.

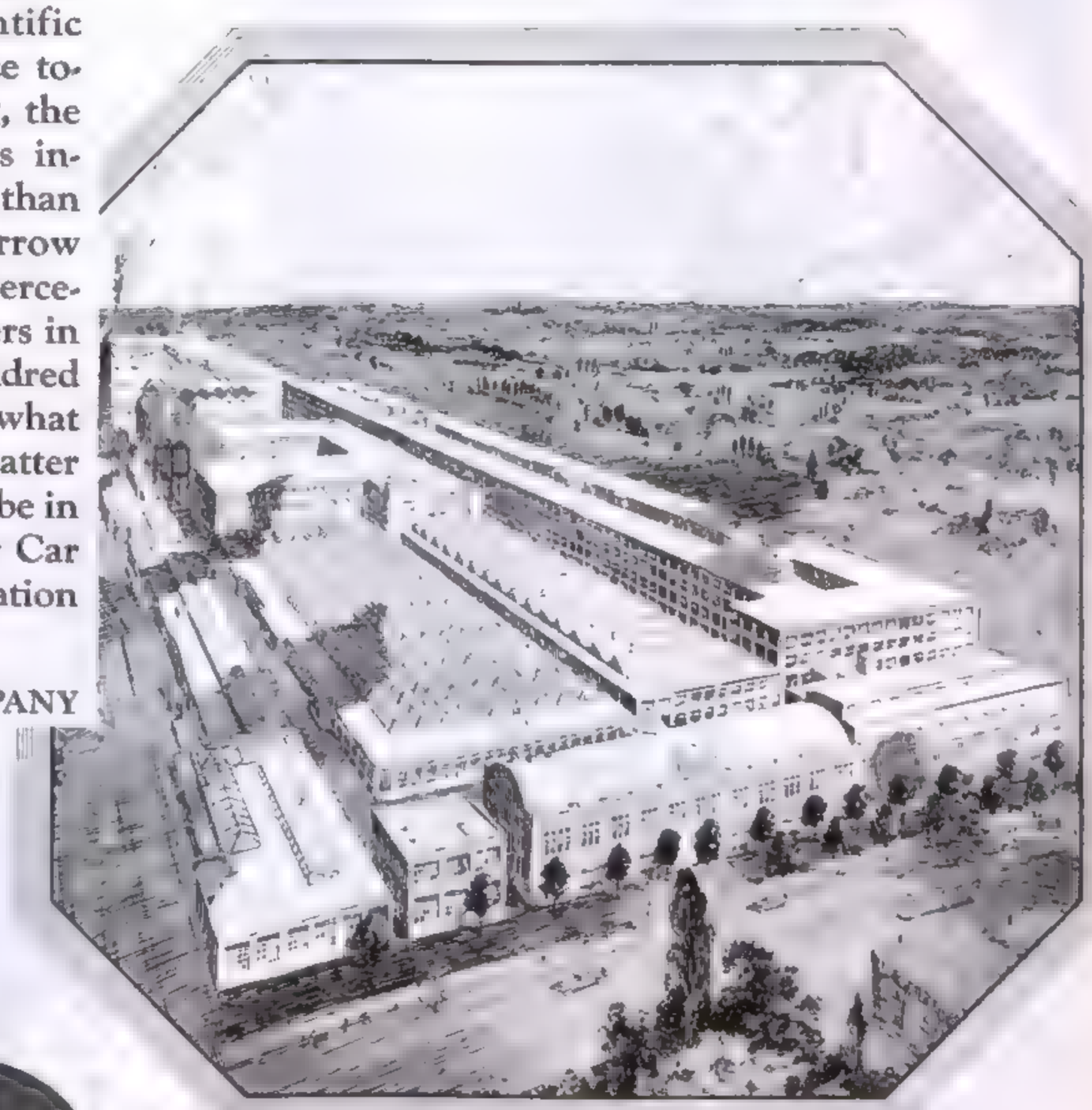
THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Buffalo, New York

*Of the original 50 Pierce-Arrow Trucks built in 1911, two are retired from service; two are unaccounted for; and two were destroyed by fire

Chassis Prices:

2-Ton	$3,200
3½-Ton . . .	4,350
5-Ton	4,850

F. O. B. Buffalo
Prices in Canada upon application



The Pierce-Arrow Plant, one of the most modern factories in the world, occupying 88½ acres, contains 1,500,000 sq. ft. floor space.

Pierce Arrow

MOTOR TRUCKS

"Where did you get *that* outfit?

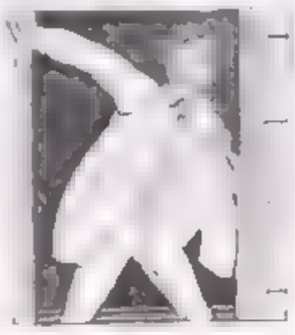
You can keep warm without looking like a deep-sea diver!"

Stretch it way out, let go! Back it springs into its original shape, after months of wear—if it's Carter's!

Does *your* underwear lose its elasticity?

Does it bag at the seat, sag at knee and elbow, and have to be lapped over at ankle and wrist? If it does, it's *wrong*—in cut, material or fit.

Every year more men are buying Carter's Knit Underwear. They like it because they can simply put it on and forget it. Its special elastic knit yields with every movement of the body, but always springs back to its original shape. Months and months of wear and washing cannot rob Carter's of this elasticity.



Its special knitting makes Carter's unusually elastic. It gives with a boy's every movement, but always springs back into shape.

Men appreciate the comfort and long wear of Carter's without, perhaps, noting the details. Here are some of them: every seam is finished to lie flat, and specially budded at the ends to prevent rips. Buttons (the women note this!) are double-stitched on to stay. Every yard of material is knitted, then thoroughly washed, then tailored to fit the figure. This prevents the stealthy shrinkage which you may have noticed in sleeves and legs of garments of other makes.

Carter's Knit Underwear is made in all styles and weights of fabric, to fit all styles and weights of men.

The leading stores in every city sell it.

THE WILLIAM CARTER COMPANY

Home Office: Needham Heights (Boston District); Mills also at Framingham and Springfield, Mass.

Carter's KNIT Underwear

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

(Continued from Page 46)

"But how have you learned all this?" we said, amazed at the bundle of shabby clothes which usually sits on a cab box turning out to be a linguist.

"I did as you did, madame; I studied books. I was a courier before the war."

A flourish of his whip, a leer, and he was off, quite conscious of his dramatic exit.

That evening we all put on our very smartest gowns for the gala dinner, and set out at about nine for the casino. Nine or even ten is the fashionable hour for dining at Deauville; it leaves the long afternoon for motoring about the charming country: to Honfleur, if you will, full of picturesque houses, and with a wonderful old wooden belfry; or anywhere along the coast in either direction. It also leaves you time to rest after the afternoon's racing or polo, and then you are all ready at 11:30 or so to begin the serious business of the evening—baccarat.

When we arrive at the casino we find our dining table is a good one and we admire the charming decorations of the room. All these things are excellently done at Deauville. Cornuché, King Cornuché, is absolute boss and sees to every detail, great and small. He used to be King Edward's waiter at Maxim's years ago, and from that has risen to his present powerful position. Years ago Trouville was aristocratic and Deauville was nothing. Then all the world, they tell me, flocked to Deauville, leaving Trouville empty. Now aristocratic Trouville is on its knees to Cornuché to fill its empty hotels and make it once more fashionable, and this year he began to work his magic of bringing the sleeping princess back to life. Personally, I much prefer Trouville with its huge, nearly empty beach, and its absence of gambling and flashiness. A few weeks spent in the well-run Hôtel des Roches Noires are a delightful experience, especially if your windows look out on the sea. For children it is simply ideal.

There is a casino at Trouville, but it is to the Deauville casino you must go for gay life, and there you may see Cornuché, perhaps, during dinner, walking round among the tables, speaking to a few guests and wearing a black suit and a high white stock. Later you will see him drive home alone in his motor, always alone, always competent.

We eat our delicious dinner and receive beautifully made souvenirs; big Roman helmets of gold, they were one evening, with tricolored plumes. Many beautifully dressed women sit at the small tables surrounding us, languid or vivacious as their pose is for the moment; hot waiters scurry and tremble about you; the wine man, the ubiquitous, literally assaults the tables round him with rare wines—champagne if you let it go at that, what you will if you protest—and we protest and order red wine, which goes so much better with the dinner.

In the central dancing space dance international stars, and when they have subsided we all get up and jiggle solemnly round in the crowded square. I am wearing a new headdress with a little bit of black lace over the eyes, and people circle round it making remarks.

"It's a veil, that's what she's got on," says a college boy, near by

"Who's she hiding from?" says another.

They evidently do not recognize my nationality, and think English is safe. On a night when the King of Spain was to be there several scarlet-and-yellow gowns were worn by women, out of compliment to his national colors

Gorgeous fireworks are set off on the terrace in front of the great plate-glass windows as we dine, and we turn our heads to watch showers of millions of sparks of silver and gold.

I wonder if one of the most popular and exclusive of French dressmakers ever goes back to Deauville. It was there she started, not so very many years ago, and the tale goes that her eyes were so bright and her manners so gay that all the smart young men used to leave their polo and their tennis and incidentally their infuriated womenfolk, and go and auction off mademoiselle's hats in the street in front of her shop. It was found to be hilariously amusing, and the advertising value was great.

(Continued on Page 50)

The Handkerchief of Vivid Silk as It Was Worn Round the Neck This Year at Deauville

STEINWAY

The Instrument of the Immortals

The dream that can come true

Sometimes one hears a man or a woman say, "It is the dream of my life to own a Steinway, but I am afraid it is beyond my means." It is usual in life that the finest things are the most costly, and it is not unnatural for people to think that the Steinway is more costly than it is.

It is well known that the Steinway has been the chosen piano of the masters, from Liszt and Rubinstein to Paderewski, Rachmaninoff and Hofmann. It is well known, too, that the materials which go into the making of a Steinway are the finest that nature can yield or man devise. And again, it is recognized that the genius which transmutes these materials into Steinway tone begins and ends with Steinway. Is it any wonder, then, that many people take for granted that to own a Steinway is beyond their means?

But there is this to remember—for more than three score years the members of the Steinway family have looked upon the making of their pianos as an art, rather than a business. It has been their inherited ideal to make the finest piano that can be made, and to give it to the world at the lowest cost possible and upon the most convenient terms possible.

And thus it is that the owning of a Steinway is easier of fulfillment than may seem. It is a dream that can come true.

USED PIANOS ACCEPTED IN PARTIAL EXCHANGE

Sometimes people postpone the purchase of a Steinway because they do not realize that their old piano will be accepted as partial payment. The nearest Steinway dealer will gladly examine your piano and fix a price upon it to apply on a new Steinway.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community or near you from whom you may purchase a new Steinway with a cash deposit of 10% and the balance will be extended over a period of two years.

Prices, $875 and up, plus freight

STEINWAY & SONS, *Steinway Hall, 109 E. Fourteenth St.*, New York City

Ellis Parker Butler

Notice: This is the second of a series of six advertisements to appear weekly in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, written by Ellis Parker Butler, [illegible] comment and a story of "Pigs is Pigs," telling America about a new screen play, "East is West." Mr. Butler accepted this commission only on condition that he be permitted to say exactly what he pleased on the subject

The meeting of Ming Toy and Billy Benson

What does "East is West" mean?

When it comes to a matter of love and hate, good and evil, West is East, and East is West. And that's true. To prove it the story takes an altogether delicious little China maid, who "don't feel China," and puts her in danger of the hideous things that can happen to a Chinese girl whose father sells her as a slave. In the picture this little Ming Toy, who later boasts she is "99% American-girl," is Constance Talmadge, and all through the picture she seemed to me just about the most charming thing I have ever seen on the screen.

The story begins in China with little Ming Toy flashing into a most un-Chinese and thoroughly American bit of temper in a shoeshop because the shoe merchant dares hint that her feet are too large for beauty. By the time she has said her say with her tongue and her paper umbrella the street before the shop looks as if China had just had a bad spell of riot and raw rebellion. This, naturally enough, attracts the attention of Billy Benson who happens to be "seeing China." Billy is an athletic young American, son of the American Minister, and as Ming Toy has about forty-seven parcels to manage, as well as sixteen little sisters and her temper, Billy sends them all home in "rickshaws" or whatever the things are called in China. That is how he meets Ming Toy and is all he sees of her just then, but we are in mysterious China and know some thrilling thing is about to happen. And it does.

I'll tell you what, next week.

Ellis Parker Butler

Joseph M. Schenck presents

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

"EAST IS WEST"

Directed by Sidney Franklin

Adapted by Frances Marion from the play by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer. Originally produced by William Harris, Jr.

A First National Attraction

(Continued from Page 48)

After our dinner we go out of the big dining room and into the baccarat room. Here play famous people. If the word goes round in Paris, London, and so on, that play is high at Deauville, people flock there, and huge sums change hands. A Frenchman made seven hundred and fifty thousand francs at baccarat in three-quarters of an hour, one evening this season. The casino pays the whole of the expenses of the place, and even the fashionable Hotel Normandie, where everyone stays, is under the same management. It sometimes happens that people cannot pay their bills at the hotel, because they have gambled all their money away at the gaming tables, but the hotel management cannot ask them to go because they will get more money from somewhere and gamble again at night, and the casino will get the money in the end; and so the endless chain goes.

The croupiers are an interesting branch of humanity. They sit impassive at the tables, announcing, raking in, paying out, all done as mechanically as possible. It is not easy to become a good croupier. One must undergo a long training at a special school, then watch another croupier for a year. One must learn absolute self-control, and to take great responsibilities and make lightning decisions. Discussions often arise, and the greater the fortune at stake the surer and more instantaneous the decision must be to avoid dramatic scenes, for where greed and lust for money are rampant, as they are at a high-play gaming table, tempers are short and passions deadly.

Croupiers are even more impassive than umpires at a ball game. They depend on tips for their livelihood, and these tips are arranged on an established scale. Last year they are said to have got ten million francs during the season.

Sometimes the electric lights go out during the play, and dreadful things might ensue, but never seem to. But those panting black pauses, when everyone watches everyone else, with all one's senses alert, must be dramatic in the extreme.

There are five gaming rooms, I believe, and in one of them no woman is allowed, for the stakes are too high. There is a story of a famous Parisian comedienne disguising herself in men's clothes, and finally being admitted to this sanctum; but somehow I seem to doubt it.

It costs you one hundred francs for the season's card to the baccarat room.

Departed Glories

"I hate the casino," said a brilliant young journalist to me. "I've sat here night after night and watched them spin their webs to catch each other. Women angle for jewels and lovers; men try to sell phony stocks or try to hypnotize some supposed capitalist into dealing with them. In the evening in one corner of the great corridor you'll see someone being sick; in another there will be a sordid gambling dispute; in another a beautiful woman in the sulks. I hate the place and its jingle and glitter and tinsel falsity. Everyone is trying to do someone else, and it makes me sick!" His voice rises shrilly. He had been there for weeks and the glamour was all gone.

We began to look for it ourselves. Did we find it? We did not. Deauville, for those of really good taste, is *passée*. It used to be smart, but now *nouveaux riches*, fast people, dressmakers and sports run it. There is a sprinkling of smart and well-known people, to be sure; but the *beau monde* does not go there as it once did, or if it does it leaves its wife behind it. Witness the queenless King of Spain this year. If the Queen had been with him all the great ladies of the world of Paris would have flocked there; but you cannot have a really smart season without women of the world, and they refuse to go where the mob goes, the world over. Of course there are a few in their secluded villas, but you see them only at rare intervals; and the Duchesse de C—— goes because her husband races his famous horses; but to think that Deauville still means "smart" and "exclusive" to the French is a misapprehension. This year Karlsbad and Marienbad are fashionable; the Lido in September; Biarritz of course, and Brides, a little place where women go to reduce.

Of course everyone goes to the races in the afternoon during the *Grande Semaine*, and there you could see the democratic Alfonso strolling about in a dark blue-serge suit. He is on the staircase and a lame man wishes to descend it. The king steps aside with a smile to allow the cripple to pass. That is royalty of a different sort from that of a queen who had a couple of hundred people herded into a dark and stuffy dining room at Mont-Saint-Michel last summer so that she and her suite of twelve, or so, persons might occupy the enormous sunny dining room alone. I was amongst the herded, and I thought as I ate my dinner that there was royalty and royalty, and that the Prince of Wales would surely have thought it more royal to allow people to dine in the same room with him rather than to spoil all their dinners; and I believe Alfonso of Spain would have agreed with him.

There are many Americans at the races. One of our pretty countrywomen is having the time of her life this year flirting with a relative of the king. She is very smart at all times and attracts admiring glances. American buyers for dressmaking houses cluster round a beautifully dressed woman.

"She's just about the smartest Frenchwoman I've ever seen," says one.

"She must be the real thing in Paris."

The pretty lady hears them and turns her saucy head. "Fifty-seventh Street, New York, U. S. A.," she chirrups to the discomfited gentlemen.

Lunching in the Garden

But why go to Deauville in August to look at clothes when Paris is an orgy of them at this time of year? If you have the *entrée* you may watch charming manikins swing past you for hours at the great Place Vendome houses, and not only the possible one hundred gowns to be seen at Deauville but several thousand gowns, suits and wraps are ready to make your mouth water and your bank account sink.

You may see women in leather coats of gray or beige suède; and the great fiery silk handkerchief knotted loosely round the neck is the note. You of course see pathetic people with everything on that they have bought all season, including ermine capes and diamonds and the old standby, aigrettes. It would be so much simpler if they would just pin certified checks on their blouse fronts, instead of emptying their jewel cases completely every time they leave the house.

It is delightful to lunch in the Normandie garden on a still, hot day. It is nothing in the world but a square orchard planted with little apple trees. First they flower for you in May, then the gardeners plant climbing roses round them, and these twine serpent-like round the branches and transform a flowerless tree into one filled with bloom; then the little apples begin to ripen and redden and cluster thickly to cheer you as you look up at them from your green chair. Great striped yellow-and-white umbrellas are spread over every table, and spring from the grass like huge daisies. Pass the hotel on a wet day and see these giant umbrellas hanging their skirts dejectedly, like close-folded sulky flowers.

In the preliminary June season they inaugurated this year, hoping thus to prolong their short money-making time beyond the few August weeks, it was truly delicious to lunch in this adorable spot. At this period the people were of an infinitely more sympathetic class, as they are again in September. One saw young mothers, clad in pleated frocks of pale crêpe de chine, and wide straw hats, with darling bareheaded, bare-kneed children and nice young sunburned fathers, all having a good time together.

In vivid contrast to this was a dinner at one of the big hotels later in the season. I saw a woman in a low gown of what I took to be white cloth; but on looking closer I saw she had put her napkin across her chest, holding it firmly under her armpits, and she kept it there while she ate the different courses. At the table next to us a frugal gentleman in a dress suit had his overcoat folded neatly on the floor beside him, with his hat. He picked his teeth at the end of the repast, placing his hat far back on his head, and leaning well back in his chair. And at this hotel prices are a hundred francs a day for rooms, during the season!

Business is the ringing note of Deauville; business and horse racing, which is also business. Everyone thinks everyone else is rich, and if it gives you any satisfaction to be thought so, go and sleep in a bathtub at night and parade all day in your new clothes and you may hold your own with anybody.

Overland

Sedan

Now Reduced to

$875

f. o. b. Toledo

Never Before Has So Much Motor Car Value Been Available At So Little Money.

Now the Lowest Price in America
For Any Sedan of Equal Quality

THE price reduction on the Overland Sedan gives you this widely popular closed car at a figure that seems almost unbelievable.

The substantial value in this fine example of the automobile builder's craft is so universally recognized that the announcement of a new low price was received with grateful pleasure by thousands who have long admired this car, wanted it, and resolutely expected to own it some day.

The Overland Sedan gives to its owner every element of fine car luxury. The famous Triplex Spring suspension enables the car to deliver smooth, easy-riding comfort on every highway. The powerful motor takes the car quietly and resistlessly on its way. The wide, richly upholstered seats, the roomy tonneau, the fine appointments mark the Overland Sedan as a distinctive car in any company.

Owners' records show that operating cost is negligible—low gasoline consumption, high tire mileage, practically no service cost.

You can admire your own Overland Sedan now. The new low price unmistakably indicates that real thrift lies in immediate ownership.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

Canadian Factories: Willys-Overland Ltd., Toronto, Canada

New Prices

	Was	Now		Was	Now
Touring	$550	$525	Sedan	$895	$875
Roadster	550	525	Coupé	850	795

f. o. b. Toledo

Touring Car Now Reduced To

$525

f. o. b. Toledo

Overland Means a Good Investment, Now the Lowest Price in History

Five New Ways

To whiter, cleaner, safer teeth—all late discoveries

Dental science has been seeking ways to better tooth protection.

Tooth troubles were constantly increasing. Very few escaped them. Beautiful teeth were seen less often than now

Dental research found the causes, then evolved five new ways to correct them.

The chief enemy

The chief tooth enemy was found to be film—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. Most teeth are thus clouded more or less.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of many troubles, local and internal.

Much left intact

Much of that film was left intact, to cloud the teeth and night and day threaten serious damage.

Two ways were found to fight that film. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring. Able authorities proved those methods effective. They were embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent, and dentists the world over began to urge its use.

Other essentials

Other effects were found necessary, and ways were discovered to bring them. All are now embodied in Pepsodent.

Pepsodent stimulates the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protector.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

It polishes the teeth so film less easily adheres.

Thus Pepsodent twice daily brings five effects, now proved essential, which old ways never brought. To the people of some 50 nations it is bringing a new dental era.

Prettier teeth came to millions

One result is prettier teeth. You see them everywhere — teeth you envy, maybe. But that is only a sign of cleaner, safer teeth. Film-coats, acids and deposits are effectively combated.

If you do not know this method, find it out. To you and yours it may mean life-long benefits you would not go without.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

This test will be a revelation. Its effects will surprise and delight you. Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free (994)

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 398, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

Pepsodent REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now advised by leading dentists the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

THE AUDIENCE IS ALWAYS RIGHT

(Continued from Page 20)

The Black Speck stopped. A lull followed the raising of his hand. "Got any more?" he shouted.

It appeared one of the jokesters had been holding out. A heavy cackleberry hurtled through the air and narrowly missed the comedian's corked countenance.

The Speck stood silent a moment. Then he addressed the people on the main floor of the theater:

"Folks, maybe you know why I have been thus honored. I don't. Anyway, my troubles aren't interesting, I guess. I'm here for only one purpose. I'd like to entertain you. Do you want me to go on?"

There was a second's hush. The outburst of handclapping which followed was unmistakable in its encouragement. I don't remember that his act ever found more favor with any audience than it did that night.

As he came off the stage one of the boys in the wings said, "Why didn't you walk off and leave them flat?"

The Black Speck retorted, "Nobody can chase me off the stage. And why should I lose the money for one performance because of a few feeble eggs?"

In both the above instances the performer won his audience by stepping out of his character and talking directly to the audience, a procedure seldom permitted in a play. On the other hand, in a full-length play it is not only impossible for the actor to change his material but also it is unnecessary. The reason for this is because of the similarity of play audiences everywhere as compared with the great differences in vaudeville audiences even in theaters in the same city.

That may sound like a lot of apple sauce. Perhaps I can explain it by saying that from the moment the curtain rises on a full-length play the audience is subjected to the influence of a predetermined atmosphere that is absent from a heterogeneous collection of separate complete skits put together to offer a variety of entertainment. Every effort of the producer and actor is bent to sustain this single atmosphere. There is a story for the audience to follow, a story that may meander through conversational meadows and sportively climb comedy chestnut trees, but that eventually eases back to the highway leading to the final episode. In substance, then, it is the story and the mode of its telling that interest the audience.

The Trick of Comedy

The prevailing principal reactions of all future audiences in whatever city to this scene or that situation may be gauged fairly accurately after the first few performances of the play, for the obvious reason that if a given group of individuals of various social, financial and mental status responds to the atmosphere and purpose of the play it is only betting on human nature to expect similar groups of similar human beings to do likewise.

The trick of comedy is speed. A stage wait, a missed entrance, a dragged scene will destroy oftentimes the atmosphere that must be maintained in order to make the improbable and ridiculous appear plausible. From the wells of wisdom, clarified by experience, came the saying attributed to George M. Cohan at a rehearsal:

"Faster! Faster! Don't give 'em"—the audience "a chance to think or they'll get onto us."

The next time you attend a comedy, notice how, after a comedy point, the actors start speaking before the laughter has entirely subsided; notice how, at the end of an act, the lights in the main body of the theater are never thrown on nor the footlights dimmed until that brief instant before the applause ceases completely—tricks to sustain the atmosphere and prevent the audience from thinking.

To show how completely an audience may become absorbed and interested, none of us in the musical-comedy company playing a matinée out West some years ago will forget the laughter that greeted the comedian's request that the audience leave their seats and the theater for a few moments. The stage manager had whispered to us on the stage that a fire had broken out in a frame building abutting the rear of the opera house in which we were playing to a packed-in audience.

Realizing the necessity of getting the audience out without frightening them into a panic the comedian tried every way, except telling them the truth, to persuade them to leave the theater quietly and immediately. Even when the ushers threw open all the doors the audience reluctantly rose and filed out of the theater. They still had a sneaking notion the comedian was putting something over on them.

Slight differences in the way a play is received by differing audiences are to be expected, although they are always in the nature of a surprise.

I was a member of a musical-comedy troupe some summers ago that was touring the West. Business was not so excessive as the heat, so when a manager in New Mexico guaranteed us a full house of fifteen hundred capacity for one performance our management decided to take the side trip off the main line. In this city all the stores, buildings, streets and public utilities, as well as the railroad out of town, were owned by the company that operated the coal mines and coke ovens on which and between which the town is built.

A Palpable Hit

There was, we found, a well-equipped stage at one end of a large meeting hall. The floor was level, instead of the usual sloping theater floor, because it was intended and used as a dance hall for the miners. When the curtain went up on the first act we saw rows upon rows of folding chairs set close together, occupied by the miners and their families. Having run short of chairs, at the back of the hall were several rows of seats fashioned by placing broad planks across the tops of barrels. Spoken quickly—beer kegs.

The general manager had cautioned us: "Don't give your show to them too fast. Slow up your usual tempo a trifle. We've a large percentage here, only to be expected, of Welsh and Scotch. They're not thick, by any means, but they aren't entirely familiar with American slang. Also, they do not see many shows."

Heeding his advice, during the first act we found them a delightful audience, wonderfully appreciative and heartily enthusiastic.

The feature number of the opera so far as I was concerned was a specialty duet done at the end of the second act by the soubrette and myself. It was a series of impersonations humorously depicting the manner in which a Frenchman, a Scotchman, an Englishman and an American sailor boy proposed marriage. After the soubrette cooed her acceptance in dialect we finished each impersonation with a characteristic dance.

I had been wondering all evening how the dialogue we used before going into the Highland fling would be received.

"Lassie, I hae found oot that a married mon can live far-r cheaper-r than a single ane. So I winted t' ask ye—wad ye mar-r-ry wi' me?"

To which she replied, "Weel, Bobbie, seeing as hoo I'm partic'lar fond o' ye, and kenning ye'll hae your feyther's property some day, weel, I'll be waiting at the kirk on the Sabbath."

The reference to the generally accepted idea of the Scot's inbred closeness had always been good for nice laughs.

But that night I'd hardly got the words "cheaper than a single ane" off my tongue when a full-throated yell rent the atmosphere, a roar followed by a crash and the bark of confused shouts. Glancing apprehensively, startled, over the audience, I saw men rolling about on the floor, arms and legs sticking out of the surging mass at all angles.

"Come on, sister," I whispered to the soubrette. "Let's get off before they get up here." For I'd concluded that my reference to their native frugality had offended the Scotch miners and that the cause of the struggle and the shouts of "Stop it!" "Let me up!" "Put them out!" we heard came from the efforts of the others in the audience to prevent a riot.

(Continued on Page 54)

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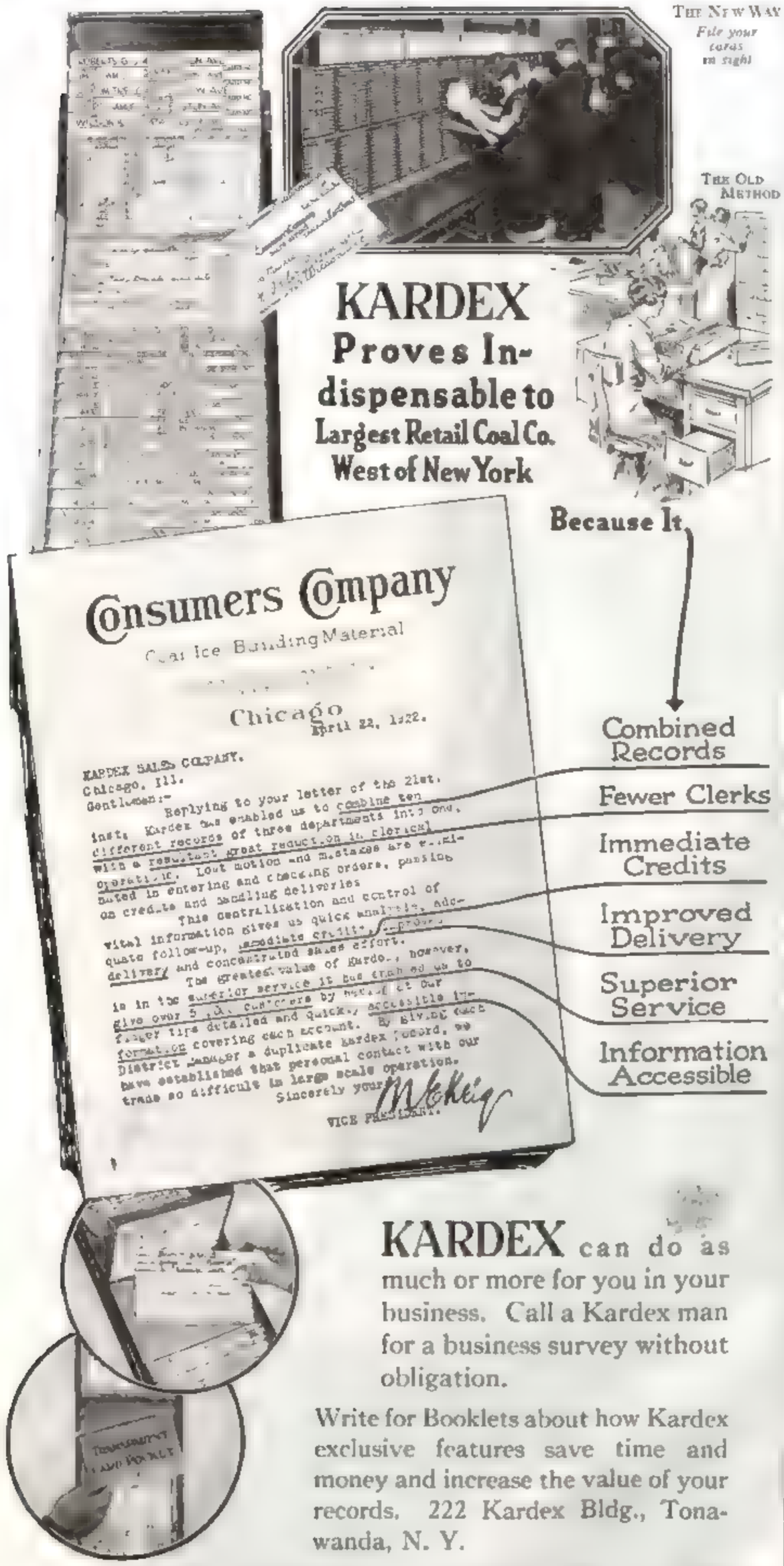
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(Continued from Page 52)

"It's all right," the soubrette assured me. "Everybody's laughing."

As indeed they were. We later learned that the whole ruckus had been caused by the unexpected and delirious joy caused in the breasts of the Welsh miners by the kidding comment on their ancient foemen, the Scotch. Knowing their traits so well, one of the Welshmen had turned to a Scot with the remark, "How do ye like that, Sandy?" and boisterously slapped him across the chest. The Scotchman, thrown off his balance, in falling had pulled the end of the plank he sat on off the top of a barrel, dumping himself and his friends on the floor.

Depending absolutely on personal contact with the childlike receptivity of audiences was the act of a psychic marvel, Phwew, the Persian Prophet, and nobody's fault but his own was the experience he suffered which many performers will recall.

His mind-reading act consisted in handing out through the audience numbered cards and envelopes. Members of the audience were requested to write on the cards their names and any questions they wished answered, put them in the accompanying envelopes and seal them. Without breaking the seals, Phwew, the Persian—originally from Peoria—would divinate the questions and dope out answers to them.

The trick, mechanically, was this: His assistants, after collecting the cards, would conceal them in the folds of their long robes on their way down the aisles to the stage, substituting blank envelopes, which they placed on a stand in full view of the audience. The genuine envelopes containing the cards gathered from the audience they took off-stage to another assistant, who, opening the envelopes and reading them, by an ingenious device telephoned the questions, names and numbers to the psychic on the stage.

The success of the mind reader—need it be said that he was confined mostly to the smaller towns and theaters?—resulted from his brazen nerve. Purely as his audacious spirit and unbridled imagination prompted, he answered every sort of intimate question, to the delight, confusion, astonishment, embarrassment and fascination of his hearers.

"Number 345—Mrs. R. R. Arrarr," he would say, hand on brown-grease-painted brow, "you are anxious concerning your husband. You wish to know—I understand exactly what you wish to know. Mrs. Arrarr, you have no cause for worry or suspicion. However, if you are prudent you will not permit your husband to engage the blond stenographer who has been recommended to him."

An Unhappy Coincidence

In passing, let it be stated that questions inquiring as to husbandly fidelity—of course asked under assumed and fictitious names -far outnumbered other questions, as many as twenty cards seeking said information being collected from even the smallest of audiences regularly. The mystic's malevolent imagination, recognizing the fact that such questions were seldom signed with the real name of the seeker of solace, reveled in the replies to them.

Mixed in with his gorgeously impromptu guesses he had a number of stock questions and answers, some of them designed to make audiences laugh, others to strengthen belief in his marvelous insight and fearlessness. For these he used the numbers from 150 to 200—numbers which were never distributed in the audience.

For 157 he invariably chose a peculiar name, one not to be found in the local telephone directory.

"Number 157—Mrs. M. Q. Burchettersin. You want to know who the father of your daughter's child is. I suggest you look for him in the Army. I see the shoulder bars of a first lieutenant."

It happened that in a Southern village where he was appearing the Army had had a cantonment. Phwew, the Persian, one night for Number 157 picked out of the air by chance the name of a locally prominent family, oddly not in the telephone directory. It further happened that the daughter of the family had secretly married and was shortly to become a mother. It likewise was true that for reasons best known to herself the girl refused to tell her family that the father of the child was a lieutenant of infantry, although the town gossips maliciously linked his name with that of the girl. As an example of Fate's perfect stage management, the mother of the girl was seated in a box the night Phwew intoned his rigmarole of Number 157.

One would travel far to find a more amazed and frightened man than was Pwhew, the Persian Prophet, when a committee of sturdy citizens abruptly seized him as he stepped out of the theater and dumbly but deftly applied a generous coat of tar before riding him out of town on a rough, unmilled rail.

Several columns back may be found the assertion that when a man takes his seat in the theater he becomes unconsciously affected by the mood of those around him As a confirmatory example the following would appear conclusive:

A student at a university in Illinois attended a performance at a theater in Chicago. One of the hits of the bill was a boy-and-girl act, a double talking-singing-and-dancing comedy skit. The material for their jokes had been taken from the news of the day and phrased in the slang of the race track and the sporting page—in spite of which the act was not without refinement and class.

The student recognized the name of the comedian of the turn as a college-fraternity brother. After the performance he introduced himself and entertained the team, plainly showing his pride in them by his overwhelming compliments.

Act and Atmosphere

Some months later, as a fill-in, the act was booked to play three days at the seat of the university. At the opening matinée the comedian saw his fraternity brother with eight or ten other brethren, grinning in the sixth row. The rest of the audience was composed of students and townsfolk. It might have been because the natives figured that if an act was any good it didn't have to play that town, or it might have been some other reason that made the town, at that time, a morgue for clean comedy acts.

The boy and girl in the act suffered cruelly, eventually flopping with thoroughness and finality. Waiting at the stage door they found the palpably disappointed fraternity brother.

"For the love of heaven, why have you changed your act?" he complained. "The way you played it in Chicago was much better."

The team could not convince him tha the act was the same in word, gesture, dance step and costume as when he had first seen it.

It was the audience that was different, and he—willy-nilly -along with it.

Returning to what is left of our theme, it doesn't take the audience long to decide what to accept and what to reject, and to do it without thinking. Old Jack X said it when he picked himself up from the floor at the Majestic Theater, Chicago, the time —— Craving your indulgence for just one more yarn, I'd prefer to tell the whole story, a classic in its class.

A famous monologuist, now entertaining the angels, we hope, was at one period of his career a heavy drinker. Playing in Chicago, convivial friends after a matinée entertained him so fluidly that he was utterly incapacitated for his evening performance. The theater manager, learning of it, also heard that Jack X, another famous monologuist who had often played his house, was laying off in the city, at a well-known actors' hotel.

"Listen, Jack," the manager requested over the telephone, "Billy went out and got drunk. Will you go on for him tonight and save my show for me?"

"Sure," Jack replied. "What time does he go on?"

"Ten twenty-two."

"I'll be there. Positively."

The manager sighed deeply in relief. His heart lifted buoyantly. Smiles wreathed his countenance—showing the power of mind over matter and the potency of auto-suggestion. For Jack X, a skilled two-handed drinker himself, had celebrated a week's lay-off by keeping friendly bartenders actively engaged in their profession all afternoon.

Timing himself to a nicety Jack walked in on the stage at the precise moment the curtain fell on the act he was to follow. He seldom used make-up, depending rather on a strong spotlight to reveal the expressions

Continued on Page 56

Scalloped "Food-Sardines"

One can of Booth's Food-Sardines, one cup of sauce (as below), five or six soda crackers. Remove backbone and tail of fish and flake with a fork. Place a layer of sardines in a baking dish, cover with the sauce, then a layer of cracker crumbs another layer of sardines and so on until the fish is all used. Cover the top layer with cracker crumbs and bake in a hot oven until brown. Prepare fish sauce as follows

SAUCE: Two tablespoonfuls of flour, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one cup hot milk, salt and pepper to taste. Melt butter in saucepan until it bubbles, then add flour, salt and pepper until smooth and pour the hot milk in gradually, stirring each time. Cook until thick.

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THIS flavory food is known as Booth's "Food-Sardines," Dinner Size.

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They have a delicate, appetizing flavor and firm, tender meat. Though genuine sardines, they are a new and better kind to you who have not tried them.

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With this food value and flavor, Booth's Food-Sardines combine unusual economy.

They can provide the main course of a delicious dinner for four people for as little as a quarter. Compare with other foods. You'll agree with us that no other food provides so much.

Use them in dozens of ways—as the main dinner dish; for salads; for sandwiches; fried in bread crumbs for breakfast.

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YOU will want to enjoy this new food which combines such delicious flavor and high nutrition. "Booth's Food-Sardine Recipes" will tell you scores of appetizing ways to serve this food. Mail the coupon for this free book.

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MAGNAVOX Radio
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Continued from Page 54)

of his long, lean, humorously cadaverous face.

"What entrance music do you want?" asked the harassed stage manager, his mouth to the speaking tube leading to the orchestra pit.

"Yankee Doodle," solemnly rumbled Jack in his deep voice.

"Yankee Doodle—in G," whispered the leader to his fellow inhabitants in the German Village a second later.

The music blared forth, Jack stepped out on the stage.

Now it was a curious and common phenomenon before the transportation of liquor became inadvisable, that a man could carry a load that apparently interfered nowise seriously with his activities so long as he remained off the stage. Shocking, therefore, to one thus laden, was the knowledge forced on him when, stepping out from the shadow of the wings, he received full in the face the glare of hundreds of incandescents in the footlights and the white penetrating rays of the spotlight. In short, one never knew how sober he was until the footlights hit him in the eye.

Jack walked only about four feet from the proscenium arch before the glare of the lights and the warmth of the theater caused his head to reel and his knees to wabble.

He quickly stretched out his long arm and steadied himself against the arch.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced gravely, "I am here tonight to take the place of a man who is intoxicated. I shall do my best to entertain you under the distressful circumstances. But before convulsing you with merriment I want to ask the spotlight operator a favor. Hey!" he called to the electrician far up in the gallery. "For the love of Pete, take that spot off me and keep it off."

For twenty-five minutes Jack told the audience funny stories, holding himself up with one arm on the proscenium arch. And for twenty-five minutes the audience laughed heartily.

At the end of half an hour the stage manager, long since aware of Jack's condition, whispered to him, "You've done enough, Jack; come off."

Jack shook his head. He didn't dare let go the arch. Still he kept the audience entertained.

After another five minutes the stage manager solved the problem by reaching out and knocking the supporting arm from the arch. That made Jack's exit easy. He simply fell off.

He picked himself up, to find the theater manager glaring balefully at him. "What the heck do you mean, going out on my stage stewed?" he thundered.

Jack brushed himself off. "What are you talking about? I gave 'em a show, didn't I? I made 'em laugh, didn't I? They liked it, didn't they? Then what are you kicking about?"

Do I hear an inquiring whisper concerning the art of it all? Some of us, wandering in the wilderness, believe that a commercial success is an artistic success; that a play is artistically successful when, and only when, it is financially successful.

We have it on the word of no less an authority than the Encyclopædia Britannica that the "function of all art" is "to give pleasure." Webster's idea of art he expressed as "systematic application of knowledge or skill in effecting a desired result." Also, skill in "the expression of human emotions."

The fact is called to your attention that tastes and styles in plays change as well as in hats and gowns. Witness the vogue of the Cinderella theme in musical comedy as exemplified in Irene, Sally and others; also the succession of comedies dealing with young married couples. I have a collection of successful comedies written and produced at the beginning of the nineteenth century. There is not a situation existing in any comedy of today that is not paralleled in those earlier dramas. Where a certain modern farce concerns the efforts of a woman to secure the safe return of a monogrammed chemise, one in my collection of comedies deals with the unfortunate lady whose bonnet fell from an upper box in the theater she was in—unbeknown to her husband—with a man her husband did not know. The same devices, trimmed with temporarily fashionable phrases, obtain in both farces. Numerous similar examples might be quoted. The point is this: If the same comedy devices and situations that delighted theatergoers in 1800 serve over one hundred years later to send their descendants into gales of laughter, said devices and situations must be intrinsically, fundamentally comic.

If fundamentally correct, if skill be used in systematically applying them to effect the desired result of giving pleasure to the audience, they would appear to qualify as art. To the extent that a play gives pleasure will it be commercially successful. The wider its appeal the greater is its financial return. Its art may be crude, but if seats for it are unobtainable four weeks in advance, who can deny it possesses that art whose function it is to give pleasure?

The meretricious and shoddy, the imitations and substitutions, the extremes of coarseness and æstheticism in all forms of artistic endeavor have upon occasion achieved passing popularity. But the public, in terms of centuries, has always returned its loyalty to the fundamentally correct—and decent.

We haven't developed many new basic laws beyond the few that Moses promulgated. Though couched in far superior phrase, there isn't an idea in the foregoing rush of words, my wife reading over my shoulder informs me, that Aristotle didn't emit several thousand years ago. He, she tells me, insisted upon a certain admixture of the æsthetic in his drama. Perhaps the discouraging quest for this quality in modern comedies incites our critics to belligerent belittling of them.

But ask the managers, spending their time studying failures as well as successes in an effort to guess correctly the future wishes of the theatergoing public. They have the costs of all their failures to prove that the audience is always right. And they will answer every adverse criticism in the words of Jack X. "They like it, don't they? Then what are you kicking about?"

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King Richard at the siege of Acre, 1191 A. D. The two-year siege had cost the lives of 200,000 Crusaders when Lion-Heart came to the rescue

The Value of Time

By Krónos

Painted by HAROLD DeLAY

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED—"mightiest warrior and hardest working Crusader in all Christendom"—knew the Value of Time.

For two long years the city of Acre, near Jerusalem, had defied the besieging Crusaders—yet its walls trembled when Richard anchored off the Syrian shore. Lion-Heart's great hour had come at last. So clear was his vision of Time as his ally that he arose from a sickbed, was carried to the trenches on a litter, and with his own sword hewed the fortress from the infidel's grip.

To this day, in the land of the Saracen, the name of Richard is a word to conjure with. And today, as it was seven centuries ago, life is a battle which no man can win without Father Time as his ally.

Over the Time of the Crusaders, the Saracen water clock stood guard. But the modern world, enriched by experience, intrusts life's costliest possession to those marvels of accuracy which human ingenuity and skill now place within the reach of all—

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Down the Old Church Aisle

By LAWRENCE PERRY

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

REMEMBER Si Silloway, the wild left-hander? Maybe not. Years move so swift and changes come in baseball like the seats on a Ferris wheel. English McCune, our scout, dug him out of the sagebrush for the Grays at a critical moment. Andy Rappold, the star southpaw, had broken his arm in an automobile accident, and we were in as close a battle for the pennant—Grays, Trojans and Plaid Sox contending—as the league had seen in years.

Si had everything a lefty should have, except control. He had been so wild in the bushes that batters wouldn't face him. But strangely enough, after we had worked him ragged in practice for a month, he went on the mound and pitched two flawless, unhitable games. They were turned in handy, those games, for all our pitchers except Reb Mosby had dipped into an August slump and the Grays were hanging up in the particular set 'long about then only by the skin of our teeth.

"What's This?" Bawls the Ump. "Beat It, Lady!" "You Mind Your Business!" She Shrills

So, all in all, Silloway's performances came like the life preservers that are thrown overboard when the rowboat upsets at a picnic.

Looking back to that time, I am free to say Silloway might have developed into the grandest left-hander the game has ever known had things been permitted to work themselves out in a natural and logical way. But they were not so permitted and the vote of thanks for this can be handed on a cracked plate principally to old Wolverton, our owner, and to the Janes that we was carrying along with us at the time.

It was next to our last Western swing, and the custom had been to let such of the Grays who were married take their wives along—if they wanted to. Not all did, chiefly because they saw enough of them when they were at home. But, as it happened, the whole harem was along this time—four of 'em.

As women went, they were about the average. In fact, the only thing I may rightly say I had against them was the way they ribbed the players of the Grays who wasn't married. Of course if you took it from their angle you could understand their game. Here they each had a man hog-tied, and it went against their grain to see a crowd of fine-looking, gay young fellows not wearing the log chain. To hear them talk you would think a bachelor was sort of a cross between a yellow dog and a simp. But one thing I noticed was that if it came to a choice between their meal tickets and one of the unweds for a gabfest in a corner, or a dance at a hotel, or a Sunday trolley ride, the good old pack horse had about as much of a look-in as a Bowery bum at a Madison Square Garden prize fight.

Of course, they fastened onto Si Silloway like currants onto a bun. He was such a dear, unspoiled, innocent boy; so good-looking, and wore his clothes so well. Somewhere there was the right girl waiting and pining her life away for this lantern-jawed Romeo. You know the bunk. Silloway didn't, of course. He was bashful and scared of women, but none the less he swallowed the line, bait, hook and sinker, like a catfish that has spent two days in a marble swimming pool.

I didn't interfere. In fact I wasn't sure that the pie they were feeding him wasn't responsible for his pitching control in the way of making him chesty and filling him so full of the idea that he was the Mark Antony of the big league that he hadn't any room for stewing over where he was going to throw the ball. You can gamble I wasn't breaking any hunches or hunting for the jinx. Let well enough alone has always been my motto.

The day Si turned in his third win, this time against the Buccaneers, was a Sunday. Monday was an open date. The future was bright. We had cleaned up two series and was again out in front by three games.

We were all having a merry dinner that night, when in the middle I was called by the clerk, who said there was a delegation to see me. I went out and found myself up against the board of trade of a little burg in Ohio they called Halikon. But they spelled it Halcyon. Ever hear of it? If not it won't keep you out of anything. I had never heard of it myself until then.

Well, it appeared that old Wolverton had been born there, and the fact that he had cleared out as early as he could hop a through freight hadn't reduced the gratitude felt toward the old geezer for honoring the place with his initial appearance. They had a real ball club down there now; and since Monday was Old Home Day and the club of their distinguished fellow townsman, once removed, had an open date, couldn't he and his big leaguers drop in and perform in the stellar event?

They had a letter from Wolverton, and the reasons he gave why he couldn't light upon his native village, and the nice things he said in kissing himself out, would have made these European diplomats look like first-week pupils in a secretarial school.

But, Wolverton added, he had no objection to the club going down there without him, if the manager was satisfied. Now I wasn't satisfied. All the worst things that ever happened to the Grays, including accidents and insubordination, had occurred on these barn-storming trips. If I'd followed my hunch I'd have put the crusher on that proposition as soon as it showed. But Wolverton is a queer old coot. Anything he can save up to add fuel to a grouch he saves. Then when his sciatica is hurting him, or the old woman has bawled him out and he is nicely gloomed up, he rakes all the stuff he has held back for a month or more, hones himself up to a meat-ax edge and sends for me.

I saw no sense in letting myself in for the charge that I had held his birthplace in contempt, while at the same time there was the chance that the break might work some good to the boys who were tensed up over as close a fight for the pennant as the league had seen in many a year. So, all in all, feeling like a million dollars anyway, I called in John Coster, our club secretary, and we agreed to stop off on our way to the Plaid Sox domain.

The town of Halikon certainly received us fine next morning. They had automobiles at the station, and a band of five pieces that played Hail to the Chief, each man for himself. However, aside from the fact that the cornet player had a harelip and the slide trombone man's arm was too short to reach to the end of the shove, it was a pretty good little band so far as making noise was concerned.

All the citizens were out, the men diked up like plumbers and the women all in white. It was a pretty little place, and you'd have thought that of all the players Si Silloway would have been the bird to bludgeon out in this village and fall for the small-town atmosphere a thousand ways, seeing that until within a few weeks he had known nothing not even so sizable.

But no. He was the city guy from his nose to the back of his hat. Where the rest was merely content to look around and enjoy the peace and soak in the beauty, he was there with his hee-haw and the bright quip, giving the idea he was one of those gazoots who if you showed him a cornfield and told him it was a lemon orchard he wouldn't know the difference. We all stood for it, of course, because in those days we were standing for anything that our port-sided genius wanted to pull, anxious to keep him snoring along in his pitching trance, or whatever it was that ailed him.

The village officials was gathered in a little park surrounded by the principal houses of the place, with a statue to Our Brave Firemen in the middle. The big Roger in the bunch was the mayor, a pie-faced, side-whiskered guy named Roland Q. Smiley. Squire Smiley, they called him. He owned the local department store, the trolley line and a big flour mill. He stepped to the front with a hard-oiled plug hat in his hand as we hopped out of the cars, waited while the band blew the stars out of the national anthem and then pulled a William Jennings Bryan that could be heard in the next county.

That put it up to me. I took one glance at the boys lined up in a semicircle and then made the longest public speech of my life.

"Halikon," says I, "we are here! Go to it!"

I might have said more and not have it go half so big.

Right back of the mayor stood three dames in white, with blue sashes and bouquets, that I figured had been set apart from the rest of the Janes as exhibits along the line of what the village could do in the way of prime old hopefuls. It didn't require five minutes to learn, though, that no one had set them apart. They had set themselves apart—at the head. They were Smiley's sisters, and where Smiley ran the town and everything in it, they ran him.

There they stood stiff and straight as grenadiers. Myrtle was the oldest. She ran to thirty-two, I estimated. She had thin lips and a jaw like a nutcracker. Then came Muriel, round and fat and thirty, with one of those little pressed-in, I-only-speak-once mouths; and finally Matilda. There was things about the first two named

(Continued on Page 63)

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Doughnuts—2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, ⅓ cup Carnation Milk, ⅔ cup water, 1¼ tablespoons shortening, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 2½ to 3 cups flour. Cream shortening, add sugar, well beaten eggs and milk. Mix and sift dry ingredients and combine mixtures. When stiff enough, put on floured board and roll to ¼ inch thickness. Shape, fry in deep fat, and drain on brown paper.

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The tire is "*All-Tread*" not only in tread design but in tread material, too. This sturdy tread rubber—testing 4200 lbs. tensile to the square inch—extends through the ribs and entirely round the tire—no tread separation, no weakening of side walls! And inside, a long-staple Arizona cotton carcass imbedded in and interplied with generous quick-rubber cushions, absorbs and distributes the hammer blows of rocks and jagged pavement holes.

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SEIBERLING CORDS

(Continued from Page 58)

that would make the average man feel scared but hopeful; that is, you could see they had at the bottom some human qualities that a man might get by with. But Matilda! Matilda was slim-figured, not tall; the kind that broadcasts nervous energy. She had little steel-blue eyes, hard as the back of your watch, and a thin face streaked with seven or eight lines that gave the plain up-and-up on that Lucy in spite of the smile she was pulling. I don't claim to be an expert on women, but I could see her with my feet.

It was easy for me to study the three graces, because they wasn't looking in my direction at all, even when I made my spiel. No, they had made Si the minute he had got out of the automobile, and you could see, what with his song-and-dance clothes, his brown derby hat and light-topped shoes, they had picked him out as the last word from the bright lights.

Silloway got it, and he chested up like a pigeon. That trio of back-country aristocrats was his own people, the sort he could understand. If Miss Astorbilt and Vanderhorn and the rest of the social buds had gleamed him on Fifth Avenue the way these dames were doing it would have pleased him, but wouldn't have meant nothing out the ordinary. But with these high-snootin' Jezebels showing their interest, Si was living the biggest triumph of his career, not excepting his recent pitching.

When the hand shaking began they pronged him and he was theirs. There was no hotel in the place, and leading citizens had divided up the club among them. I fell to Smiley along with our captain, Baldy Trott and his wife and Si Silloway. Silloway, as I learned, had been assigned elsewhere, but the three Jezebels had changed that little arrangement without turning a hair.

Within fifteen minutes it would have been hard to convince me I wasn't a movie actor playing a part in a farm drama. Here we was, digging into a lunch in a dining room filled with chromos of pa and ma and great-grandpa and the rest, all in heavy gold frames, with carpet on the floor and the squire up at the head of the table, waving his knife over a side of beef that looked like the best part of a steer.

Me and the Trotts sat up near the head, and the Smiley girls, as they called themselves, was sprinkled about Si Silloway. And was he the white-haired boy? Let me say it!

"Mr. Silloway," simpered Myrtle, the nutcracker dame, "do you know you impress me as something more than a great baseball player. But then I suppose you are one of those college-bred players we read of."

I choked over a mouthful of peas on that one, but Silloway let it go for a strike.

"They ain't no reason," he says, "why a ball player can't be a gempmun."

"Of course not," chimes in Muriel in her snippy, tight mouthed voice. "What do you say, brother?"

Now brother hadn't had a chance to say anything up to that time aside from praying when we sat down to the meal, and he made haste to bat before he was sent from the plate.

"I only wish," he said, "some of these ball players were gentlemen enough to take these girls off my hands."

Then he leans back with a haw-haw, while he gets battle glances from the Janes in question. Smiley was a bachelor, and as all his sisters had an interest in the various family business affairs, he didn't have as much influence over them as he might have had.

Si clears his throat.

"A man," he says, "wouldn't have to be no gempmun to do that." And the way he bats his eyes at the Janes made his meaning clear even if his words was a little doubtful.

The squire pops the sort of look at Si that the man on the gallows pulls when he hears the clatter of horse's hoofs and thinks a reprieve is coming from the governor. Then his face fell. You could see as plain as though he said it that of a sudden he had realized Silloway couldn't marry the three of them.

"You see, Mr. Smiley," horns in Mrs. Trott, "we all think Mr. Silloway would make the most adorable husband—I mean we women who are with the club—and I think Si agrees with us now."

"Sure!" says Si, reaching down to pick up a baked potato he had skidded onto the floor. "I never thought much about no wife until I got into the big leagues; but the ladies of this ball club has shown how the biggest hitters and the best pitchers in the league are all married; and they showed me how their husbands is the most prominent members of the Grays, and how much money ——"

Glancing at Matilda, I see a gleam coming into her blue eyes and a sort of lost expression on her energetic face. For a woman geared for high-power talk, as she certainly was, she had had hardly anything to say all meal. That was serious and I had known it all along; but in just what way I hadn't been able to dope.

Now it was clear to me that the reason Si had broke off short in what he was saying, looking as though he had swallowed an egg sidewise, and the reason for the sappy expression on Matilda's face was that she had located the toe of her slipper upon one of Si's No. 11's. You wouldn't have thought it of Halikon; but there it was all right.

All ignorant, Sisters Myrtle and Muriel was gassing along, pulling the simper stuff and having the time of their lives, while Matilda, apparently busy with nothing but tucking away her meal, was getting away with murder.

I was scared. The hand of Fate spread over that dining room like a tent over a circus. Silloway, all by himself, was a doubtful proposition from any angle. Spite the games he had pitched, I wasn't altogether sold on his future. But married! That bird! Why, it was like turning a St. Vitus dance patient loose with a bottle of nerve exhilarator.

"Si," says I, acting on a quick hunch, "you know you are going to pitch this afternoon against the Halikons. So I want you to go somewhere alone right after lunch and lie down till I come to get you."

"Sure," Si's voice was throaty and hollow, his eyes set into his plate. "I'll look pretty good in there against these farmers, I guess."

"You be sureyoudo," I says. "Squire Smiley will give you a bedroom to yourself, and I want you quiet. Fact is I'm going to lock you in and keep the key until I want you."

"Fine!" says Si.

But it wasn't so fine with the fillies. The looks they gave me would have faded anyone who hasn't been facing down umps and ball players most of his life. Matilda's lamps had gone kind of green, with a little fire glaze over them. Honest, as I thought of Si with her claws fastened onto him I got scared for him as well as for the ball club.

After lunch we got Si up to a bedroom and locked him in just as the squire horns in, busting to show us his stable, his greenhouses and all the rest of the estate. He had some nice trotting horses, and I was so interested that I never thought of Silloway until it was time to go to the ball grounds.

Going up to his room to get him, the door was open and the Jasper wasn't to be seen. Thinking back, I recalled Matilda hadn't followed us on the tour of the grounds after we left the greenhouses. Putting two and two together, I doped out that the pair had gone to the ball park ahead of time. But when we got to the field, which was an open lot with a fair diamond, no Silloway did I see—and no Matilda.

A little investigation produced the fact that Si and Matilda had been noted in one of the Smiley buggies cutting through the village toward the open spaces.

Then and there I kissed good-by to my left-hander and all the fond hopes he had raised. The ball game amounted to nothing at all. We win 14 to 1, after we had knocked their pitchers out of the box and lent them a battery to finish the circus.

John Coster, the secretary, had arranged for a through train to stop and pick us up at eight, and it was just at supper time that Si and Matilda breezed back to the ancestral mansion. Baldy Trott and I was standing in the front yard at the time, cursing all left-handers, Si in particular, and panning women in a way that would have had Baldy Trott in dutch for the rest of the year had his wife heard us.

"Chief," says Si, hopping out of the rig and cutting across the lawn, "I've got something hot to tell you."

"You don't have to tell me nothing, you big four-flusher," says I. "You've gone and crimped yourself for life."

"Oh, no!" he replied. "Matilda and I are going to be married, that's all. I'm the proudest boy in seven counties."

The Jane came up at the minute. Now I was desperate, and game to take any sort of a chance that showed, even a wild one like trying to talk a lost hope of twenty-nine out of her first real chance in life. So, ignoring Silloway, I smiled crooked at Matilda and makes a little bow.

"Missy," says I, "can you and me have a little talk in the garden over there?"

My purpose was to palaver her, the way you would a woman, you understand, and make her see reason.

"We can," she says.

And it Was Just at Supper Time That Si and Matilda Breezed Back to the Ancestral Mansion. Baldy Trott and I Was Standing in the Front Yard at the Time, Cursing All Left-Handers

Don't Splash That Good Cream Away

Waste not, want not. Ask your [illegible] bottle cap. It's a cream saver and a [illegible]. It is "3 times more [illegible]. 1—cap is removed *cleanly* by pulling tab. 2—tab can be lifted without removing cap and milk poured without spilling. 3—tab can be lifted and straw inserted for drinking milk at home.

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Restaurants, lunch rooms and cafeterias insist that milk dealers use SEALRIGHT Pouring-Pull MILK BOTTLE CAPS because they facilitate serving milk with straws, thereby saving the cost of washing glasses, broken glasses and spilled milk.

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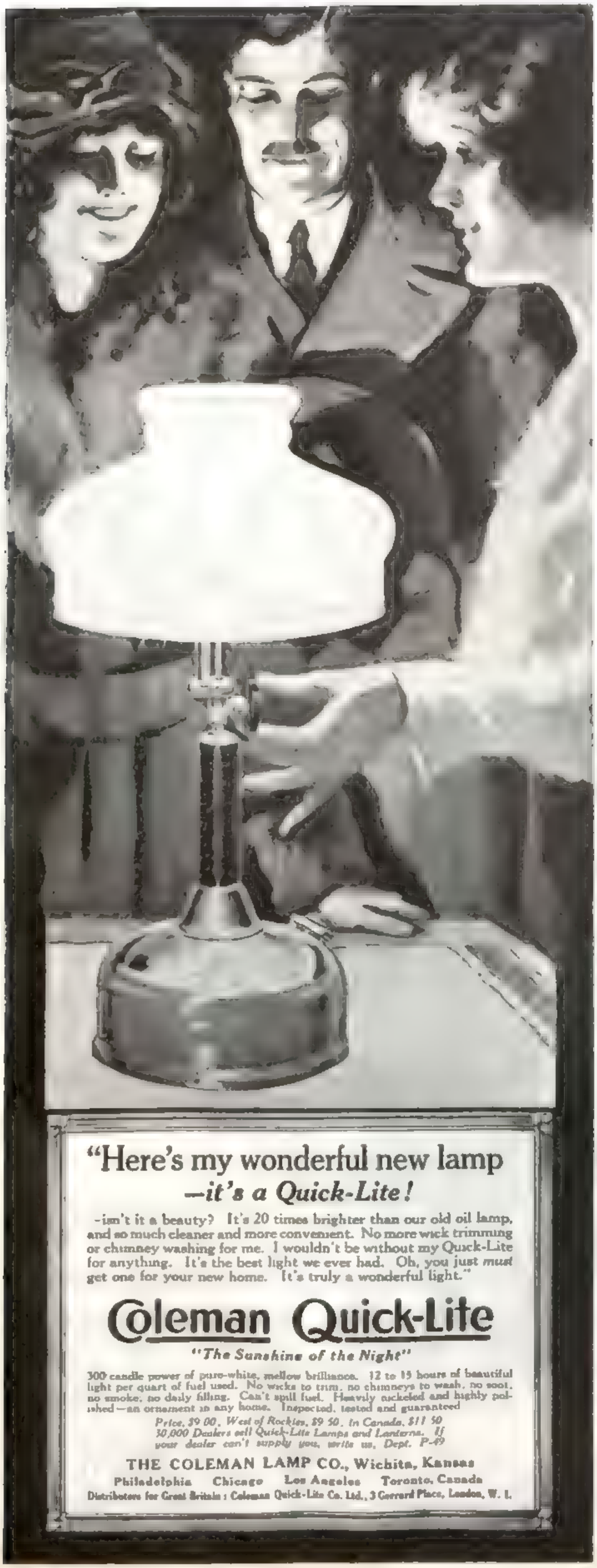

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She was one of those crisp-speaking, decisive ladies. We was taking our walk almost before I knew it.

"Look here," I opens, with kind of a you-know laugh, "what sort of a stall are you pulling on that crazy pitcher of mine?"

"If you'll speak English," she snaps, "I may be able to answer you intelligently."

"Well then, in plain English," says I, as courteous as a man could act, "what is this marriage stuff? Is it a joke? If so I'll laugh."

"It is far from a joke. We are engaged. I shouldn't advise you to laugh, either."

"Lady," says I, "seeing it this way, I couldn't laugh. You're making a great mistake. He'd drive you crazy, and you'd make him crazier than he is, in two weeks. Let me put you wise—we got him out of a lunatic asylum in Illinois."

"It won't help you any to lie," says she. "Asylum! Fiddlesticks! I'm not quite a child."

She had dropped her right guard so careless here that I couldn't help left-hooking her to the chin.

"No," I chuckles, "you ain't quite a child—not quite."

Blam! Have you ever turned on what you took to be the cold shower and been doused by a steam spray? Even if you have, you won't be able to appreciate what I got from that Jezebel who had been so quiet and cagy all through the lunch. She was a mob scene all by herself. Talk? She'd have made a phonograph salesroom sound like a deaf-and-dumb asylum, and the line of blustering abuse she had at her tongue's end would have shriveled a mud turtle.

As for me, I don't know much about the Janes; but I've picked up one or two useful facts about them in the course of my life. The most important one is this: Don't shoot back at them. Let 'em rave and snort and rare and tear, but say nothing. That's a game they can't beat. Just let them lead, and then as it were rap your knuckles on the table. It's by you, see? Let them keep on leading; you sit tight. You'll learn what she thinks of you. Sure! But you'd know that anyway. Then they supply in their minds the things they think you'd say if you were more active in the game, and they're so much more vigorous and so much more catty than what you'd really think, that you win by a mile.

Well, by the time I had silenced Matilda down to a wheeze she had brought the whole house to the scene—brother, sisters, the Trotts and servants.

"What's this? What's this?" roars the squire.

"Nothing," I says, "except Miss Matilda has been rehearsing the wedding ceremony. She and Silloway are going to the halter."

"Thank the Lord!" bellows the squire, and then sobers his face quick. "I mean this is wonderful."

"Both remarks stand," I says. Then, not wanting to be a bum sport, I laughs. "It's all right, Si; it's you, not me."

At the moment I lamped the two other Jezebels. If ever a cat fight was brewing it was then. But the squire steps in and shoos them off, while Mary Trott, gurgling and squealing as a woman would, falls upon Matilda's neck and weeps tears of joy.

Well, shucks! There was no use being a crab. I give Si three days' vacation and tell him to join the club the last day we play the Plaid Sox. They join as per orders on the fourth morning. I could see at once that Si was changed, but couldn't figure just how. He had his hee-haw with him, and his line of buckwheat humor; but it was what you might call restrained; and it wasn't continuous, either. It came by fits and starts. At other times he would sit—or stand—blinking, giving quick jerks, as though he was ducking something imaginary. Again he'd be as immovable as a sphinx.

I hoped that perhaps, after all, Si had called the turn on a fast one; that this marriage might have been the best thing he could have pulled. She had got him quieted part down; perhaps she would go the whole hog on him.

She herself was serene enough at the hotel. Love's sweet dream was occupying her mind, so that everything was as smooth as an ironing board. The team took three straight from the Plaid Sox, Mosby, Sneedon and Johnson pitching in order, and as we hit the train for the Gophers I began thinking about the plump salary the club would pay Silloway next season. That shows how good I was feeling. Silloway's quiet spells was getting more and more pronounced, and so far as Matilda was concerned I doped it out that she had been rescued from being an old maid so late along in life, and was so grateful and happy and contented, that it would take her a year and maybe more to get her habits on.

Also, with Si coming to heel like a bird dog every time she batted an eye, I figured she'd be satisfied with her triumph. That was where I was wrong. Matilda was one of those ambitious hens. The whole ball club wasn't too big a proposition for her to tackle. I won't say she had the deliberate intention of making trouble—probably not. She just did it naturally as she breathed. It was a gift. That woman could have gone into an old lady's home and had a riot call sent from there to the police within half an hour.

Ordinarily the Grays, traveling in a Pullman sleeper, was the most placid and pleasant and orderly outfit in the world. Occasionally there would be a little rough-house or a practical joke or something; but that was all in the game, and for the most part you would see the boys playing a soft-limit poker, pinochle, reading or pushing checkers, the women, when they was with us, knitting or gossiping.

But we hadn't been under way two hours when ructions began to happen in our car. First of all, that she-devil had got at Mary Trott, Rose Mosby and Lucy Boyle and told them it was a shame the way Rats Finnegan took their husbands' money at poker and then gave it to his wife to spend on her back—clothes and stockings and furs that ought to have been theirs. Rats was a wicked player at that, but it took a buzzard like Matilda Silloway—acting, I suppose, on harmlessly meant information given her by Si—to put the bad angle onto a perfectly O.K. situation and change a bunch of peaceful women into a pack of hell cats.

It came just as I was sunk in a gun-play novel and the ball players was soaking in as friendly an evening as you could ask for. First, there was conversation, loud and animated, wafting out of the ladies' drawing-room. That was all right. It was a little keen-pitched, but not too unusual. It got louder, and then suddenly there came sounds like would be made by a flock of cats that had chased a mouse into an electric fan.

There was only one answer to that noise—riot, bloodshed, murder. I rushed to the door, which was closed, the team behind me.

"Get in there, Reb," I says to Mosby, "and see what it's about."

Now, Reb was a sergeant of infantry in France, but he declined.

"You're the manager," he said.

There was nothing to it after that. I had to go. Pushing open the door, I landed inside just in time to prevent the room from being filled with pins, *froufrou* and hunks of hair. There stood the redhaired Finnegan girl, back into a corner, just ready to advance, while the other three frails were giving her a combing that would have scalped her if she hadn't been even better on the tongue than they were.

It was the first time I ever landed into anything like that, and to make it worse the car jolted, slamming the door shut.

"Ladies! Ladies! Lad ——"

They were off again, and drowned me out. I beat my hands downward the way a baseman does when the field ump makes a poor decision, which turns them onto me. But that was what I wanted. Waiting until they ran down, I walloped them over with the threat I'd fine their hubs a year's pay if I heard another yip. While they were absorbing this I threw open the door and called in the poor guys that had agreed to live with them for life.

It looked for a minute as if the excitement was all over. But it wasn't. It was a double-header, that fracas. For the wives told their husbands that never again could they play cards for money, and in a minute there was three as nifty rows on as ever disgraced a public conveyance.

And there, as I came out of the drawing-room, was Si and his wife, reading the newspapers calm as though they were on the front porch at Halikon, Sunday morning. Can you beat it?

The card games went on after a while, but did the married men sit in? Not so that I noticed, and I'm a pretty keen observer.

Anyhow, with that settled and me boring into my Wild West book, Matilda gets

(Continued on Page 66)

$1,000 in Prizes

"Save the surface and you save all" – *Paint & Varnish*

for the

Best Stories and Pictures of Notable American Landmarks

THERE is hardly a community in America but has its buildings or landmarks which have been handed down by previous generations. For example, we have the National Capitol, Washington's Home at Mt. Vernon, Independence Hall, and many others. Every town or village has its buildings or landmarks that have been left by those who, through care in building and thrift in painting, have preserved for their children and their children's children that which was dear to them. It may be a country church or an early settler's home; the building in which some industry, now large, had its beginning; or the house in which some famous person lived.

Whether a treasured building of merely local fame or an historic structure that has become a national shrine, it has a valued place in this contest.

For the best stories and pictures of such landmarks or shrines, we will give $1000 in prizes, as follows:

1st Prize . . .	$250	4 Prizes of .	$25 each
2nd Prize . . .	$100	30 Prizes of .	$10 each
3rd Prize . . .	$ 50	40 Prizes of .	$ 5 each

In case of ties the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

STORIES without pictures will be accepted as eligible for any prize, but where two stories are equally good, preference will be given to the one accompanied by a picture. The picture may be in the form of a photograph, postcard, painting, pen or pencil sketch. Those submitting stories and pictures do so with the understanding that these shall become the property of the Save the Surface Campaign, and that the names of persons submitting them may be used with the story and picture for publication or other use as may be determined by the Save the Surface Campaign. The judges of the contest are Professor Herbert W. Hess, head of the Merchandising Department, J. Russell Doubman and Franklin R. Cawl, Assistant Professors of Advertising at the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, in co-operation with their advertising classes. The decision of the judges will be final. The names of the prize winners will be announced in The Saturday Evening Post of June 16, 1923.

Read carefully the conditions of the contest:

1. Write an absolutely true story, in English, on one side of the paper only, not exceeding 200 words, of some particular building or landmark or shrine in the United States or Canada that has been preserved for posterity by paint and varnish—or ruined by lack of paint and varnish. **(Note: The subjects in the Calendar illustrated at left may not be used.)**
2. Preference will be given to stories accompanied by pictures as described by the stories.
3. Name and address must be plainly written at the top of the story and on the back of each picture submitted. More than one picture may be submitted with a story, and any number of stories may be submitted by the same author.
4. Stories and pictures will not be returned nor acknowledged, except through the announcement of the winners in an advertisement to appear in The Saturday Evening Post of June 16, 1923.
5. The contest closes February 1, 1923. No stories will be considered as eligible unless they are received on or prior to that date.
6. Mail stories and pictures in one package to Prize Committee, Save the Surface Campaign, Box 50, The Bourse, Philadelphia, Pa

Historic 1923 Calendar For your Home

THE 1923 Save the Surface Calendar, "Long Life to America's Shrines," contains authentic color reproductions of the most famous buildings of American history, all of which have been preserved for future generations by timely applications of Paint and Varnish

Show this advertisement to your local paint and varnish dealer or painter and ask for a copy of this calendar. On the back of each leaf of the calendar is an interesting story of the history of the building shown. These will help you in submitting your stories in connection with the prize contest. If you cannot get the calendar locally between now and the first of the year, send 10c (to cover cost of mailing) to Save the Surface Campaign Calendar Dept., Pine and Hay Sts., Providence, R. I

Miniature reproduction Actual size, 5 x 8½

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To Paint and Varnish Dealers and Master Painters

Order today, if you have not already done so, the quantity of 1923 Save the Surface Calendars —"Long Life to America's Shrines" which you wish to mail and hand out to your customers at the close of the year. Be sure to order enough. Use the coupon.

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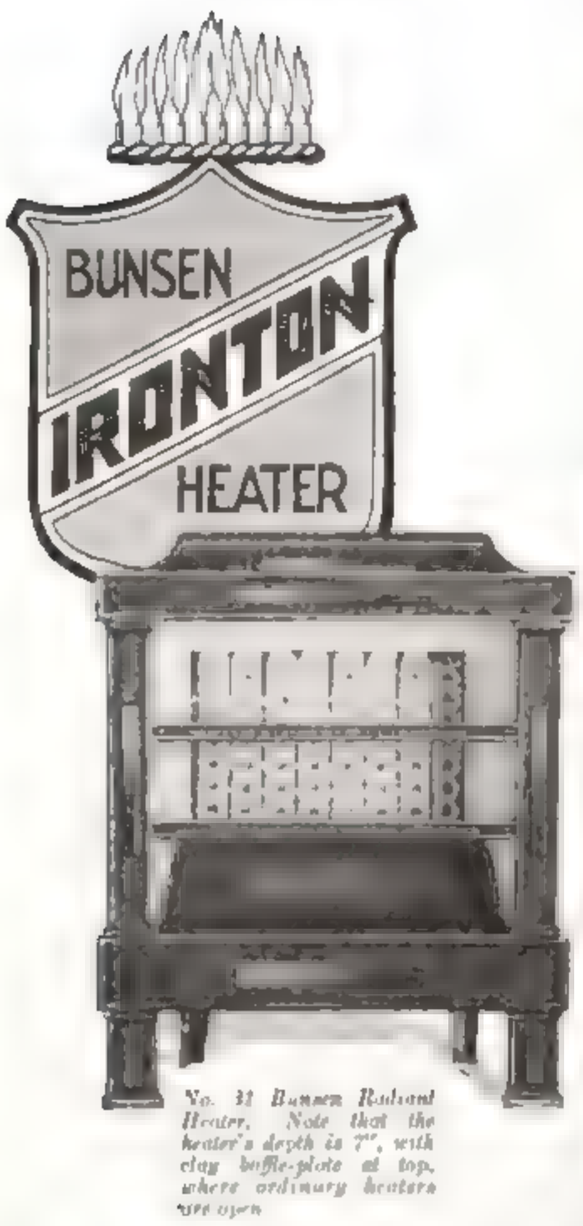

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IRONTON :: OHIO

(Continued from Page 64)

Mary Trott to one side and says something about the silliness of bow-legged women wearing short skirts, at the same time casting a cat glance at Mrs. Reb Mosby's Honus Wagners. Mary smiles and says "Yes," or "That's so," or something harmless, just to get rid of the pest without argument. But within ten minutes the Mosby woman has got an earful that Mary has been casting asparagus on her limbs.

Result, another sizzle-bang. I throws the book down and gets into the affray just as both Mary Trott and Mrs. Reb are hitting on all six cylinders. I direct the two husbands in the work of prying them apart, and after a time get something like peace in the car. The two dames are off each other all right; but they are quiet, and that looked like a million dollars to me just then.

You would have thought that was enough, wouldn't you? I did. I located my book under a seat up the aisle where I'd thrown it, and set down with the idea there had been so much trouble nothing more could happen—that night at least. This is the same as saying that I didn't have the imagination to come within a thousand miles of the range of that Lucy's possibilities.

Our car wasn't big enough for her, so what must she do but roam. Finally, she lands in a place two cars ahead where there is a Jane with a baby that attracts Matilda's interest. She sits down in the opposite seat and begins to chin, and finally it works out that the dame is worried because all she has is an upper berth. Now I'll admit that a woman in an upper berth with a baby is about in the same fix, you may say, as a one-legged tight-rope walker. But, after all, it wasn't Matilda's funeral. No, but she made it the funeral of the whole ball club.

Back she comes into our car, stewing and fuming, the woman with the kid following up in the rear.

Before I can say a word—and I could have said plenty—she hooks onto Tom Larendon, our left fielder, saying she had changed Tom's berth to an upper two cars ahead, and that this woman and kid was going to have his lower in our car.

"Now you don't want any woman to suffer, Tommy," she says. "I know you don't. You're the one man, besides Si"—Si had an upper already—"that I would pick out of this club as having a kind and chivalrous heart. In fact I knew I wouldn't even have to suggest it to you."

She knew more than Tommy did, so far as that goes; but Tommy was good-natured, and scared to death of Matilda, anyway, so before I could poke him he says he'd be tickled to shift.

Now I don't know much about babies. They all look pretty much alike to me, and even if I was one once myself I've got no use for them at all. Anyhow, this kid had a sort of a cantankerous look. A mean disposition stuck out like the nose on its face. In short, a cake of dynamite would have looked better to me than that brat. But since the rest was taking it all as a fine joke, the women guggling at the babe and sticking their fingers into its stomach, I said nothing.

Just the same, when I turned in I got some of the trainer's absorbent cotton and stuffed it into my ears. But holy Mike! What I came to need was not cotton but burlap bags. For no sooner had the lights been turned out than that brat took a dialike to the place it was in, or the world in general, and began to complain. He—or she; I'm gambling it was a she—started low like a siren, increasing by degrees until if the kid had been anywhere as big as the sound she was making Babe Ruth wouldn't have come up to her knees.

Ordinarily there was always a lot of complaint over Baldy Trott's snores, but now they lingered in the memory of these ball players like sweet and restful music. For high-pitched, long-distance yowling, gargling, screaming and caterwauling that infant would have taken all three prizes at any baby show ever held. It never stopped, except for a hiccup now and then. And just when the outcry got a little wavery and throaty, and you was hoping the brat was dying, out would come a buzz-saw screech that made everything that had gone before seem mild.

Then, of course, all the women had to get up and butt in with advice—knowing nothing at all about babies, of course—arguing and getting mad at each other, while the men stewed in their bunks and tossed out suggestions how the kid ought to be put to death that ranged from strangling to throwing it off a bridge.

All the sleep the Grays got was what they had stowed away before that baby got steam onto its grouch. In the morning they were simply ball players who have been awake all night with nothing to show for it—and you can't produce anything worse; while the women—well, the least to be said, they wasn't exactly approachable. Si's wife certainly wasn't, and she, remember, was the one responsible for the whole show.

The mother and her little Big Bertha got off at some station where a breakfast car was bumped on. We straggled into the meal like a bunch of ghosts, and I'll say to the credit of the club that not more than half a dozen quarrels started before it was over.

Si and his wife performed in one of the mix-ups—that is, if you can call it a quarrel where one does all the talking. Then, as bad luck would have it, the train, which was due at eight o'clock A.M., gets stalled by a freight wreck; and to kill time Matilda, who had livened up after breakfast, suggests palm reading. She did the stunt, she said, at all the big church fairs in the county.

Mary Trott stuck out her hand first. Zowie! Can you imagine what Matilda threw into that dame until she jerked her hand away and rushed out of the car? Then Rats Finnegan like a nut turns up his palm. Matilda says first crack out of the box that it's plain he is unhappy married, but not to despair. Out Finnegan, in charge of his wife. She tells Brick Gaffney, one of our catchers, that in past life he did something for which he ought to be now in jail. Brick acted as though she had guessed right.

Well, do you get the net result of this little trip? Trouble! By the time we went out to play the Gophers that afternoon what had been a ball club was just a traveling circus.

The Gophers was down in the second division and I had looked to carry away the whole series. Reb Mosby is in, and the first thing he does is to cross signals on Hop Bruner, because Hop had chimed in louder than the others in the comedy stuff about his wife's bowlegs. Hop retires with a split finger and Gaffney goes in.

The game progresses with some harmless errors by the Grays, until the fifth, us holding a two-run lead, score three to one. Then, with one down, Reb throws a dinky grounder into right field and Feiganspan of the Gophers sprints to second on what ought to have been a certain out. Reb walks Sneeze Cpzekk—so called because of his last name. Sneeze and Fieganspan next pulls off a double steal on Gaffney that would have made you weep. I rubbed my eyes, wondering whether I was seeing straight.

"If this is my ball club," says I to Hop Bruner, who sat swearing over his busted finger, "then I'm a fish."

The next two outs came just because the Gopher batters insisted upon getting out, so far as I could figure. But there was more. In the eighth, with two down and a man on first and another on third, Slattery, of the home club, bounces a grounder to Rats Finnegan at second. And Rats, instead of throwing to first for an easy out, booms the ball home to head off the man running from third.

He is safe by an eyelash. Then as the whole infield, gone plumb cuckoo, gathers around to argue with the ump, the runners on first and second walk to second and third on a double steal.

Before we get through that frame the Gophers have tied us up. In our half of the ninth, two out, Larry Boyle singles. Tom Larendon doubles and Larry falls down as he rounds third and dives back to the bag. The next instant, as everyone on the Grays' bench yammers and paws the air, Larendon sets sail for third on a short passed ball, sees Boyle camped on the bag as he gets near, starts to run back and is caught between bases.

Mosby runs out to meet Larendon in the diamond, comments upon the brand of ivory in his head and the two exchange wallops before they are pulled apart. The ump fires them both out of the game.

By this time I thought I had better make it a real good day, so I calls Si Silloway in from the bull pen and set him on the mound in Reb's place. I hadn't used him since his marriage, figuring to give him time to get good and settled as a married man and then let him work regular.

Si comes in with his grin, throws up a few balls and faces Whitey Curtis of the Gophers. He winds up natural enough. Then, believe it or not, he unhooks a ball that hits the clock in the front gable of the grand stand. The mate to that wild pitch simply ain't.

But nothing could faze me now. I just sit in a trance as his next ball hit the ground halfway to the batter. I let him stay in. I don't know why. I needed that ball game. It was my condition, I guess.

Anyhow, Si stays in, fills the bases and then gives the fourth free ticket that won the game.

In the clubhouse I let the team alone. What was the use of talking? But when they had dressed I grabbed Si as he was walking out of the grounds with his wife. I wasn't mad; I was just stern.

"You two," I says. "You two beat it for Halikon now, immediate!"

Si gives me one glance.

"Do you mean for good, chief?"

I hesitated. There was always something pathetic about that bird in spite of his noisy ways.

"When you've got control you can come back," I says. "Until then I don't want to see or hear of you. I'll keep you on the pay roll the rest of the season because of the contract. Now beat it, both of you!"

Matilda, whose eyes had got like ten-cent pieces, walked up to me, and I could see she was meditating a wallop. If she had I'd have histed her one, so help me Mike, woman or no woman. I guess she sized it up that way.

"I'll teach him control!" she says, snapping her lips like a bass. "Come on, Silas!"

With her gone, the club, after a time, came together again. Everything was as jake as though nothing had happened. The women kissed and made up, the card games resumed and the club began to win again. But I misdoubted it was almost too late.

Anyhow, the situation was enough to give the fans heart failure. The way it lined up was that the Trojans and the Plaid Sox were first and second respectively, with one more game scheduled between them; while the Grays were third, with three games remaining to be played against the Puritans.

According to the standing, if the Trojans could beat the Plaids in the one game left for them to play, they would go to the top. But with the Plaid Sox taking that game, the Grays, by winning three straight from the Puritans, would tie up the race, the Grays and Plaids standing even Stephen.

We could hope, but not big, because even though the Grays were clouting the ball like balloon busters, our pitching staff was shot. It was thanks chiefly to Reb Mosby, who had borne most of the brunt in the past two weeks, that we were where we were.

Anyway, on a Sunday in October—it was October second—the Plaid Sox took the Trojans, two to nothing. That put them out of the way. The same day Mosby shuts out the Puritans, and Johnson, with a lame arm, holds them to three hits the next game and we win. The third we take after three of our pitchers have gone bad up to the fifth, Mosby finishing the game without allowing a hit, while batting rallies in the seventh and ninth carried us to the fore.

The championship season closed the day we won that game, and it was up to the board of directors of the league to decide whether the race should end in a deadlock or whether we and the Sox should play off the rubber. They ordered the game played, and it went to the Grays' park on the toss-up.

So engaged had I been in all the above details that plans for winning the battle had laid pretty much in the background. But now, with everything set, I had time to look over the situation. It was bad. And the newspaper squills, who usually know the other side of nothing about baseball, didn't hand us much of a look-in. That didn't put any acid on public interest in the shindy, though. In fact, the whole country was on its toes, and writers from every city on the circuit was in town to report the battle.

It was at morning practice on the day of the game that I sat with sick eyes looking at the efforts of my pitchers to make me think they were good. They were brave, nervy boys and their spirit was fine; but they didn't kid me for a minute. Not a batter came back from the plate who didn't shake his head and say that everything

(Continued on Page 69)

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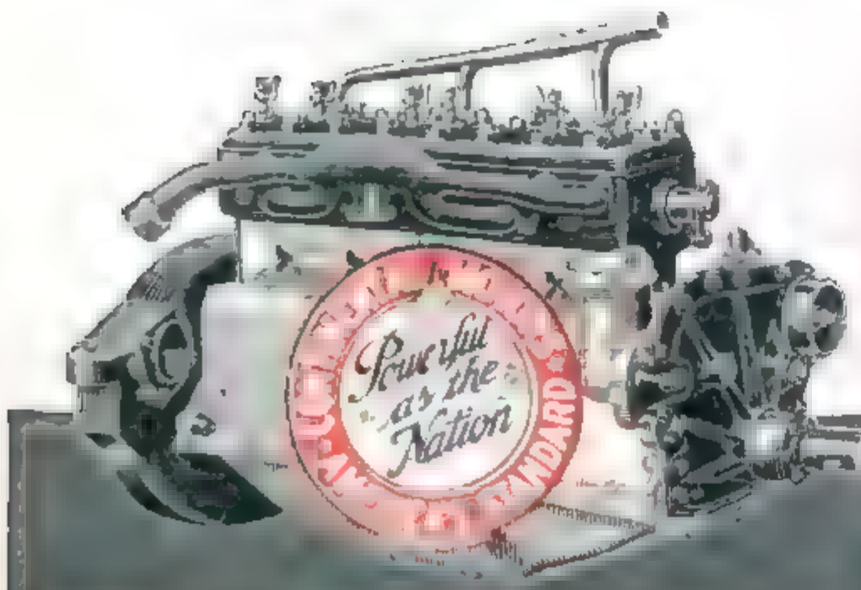

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EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

(Continued from Page 66)

being tossed to him was either a cripple or wide of the plate.

Every indication showed that this particular ball game was ten miles up the crick in a canoe and no paddles, when who should blow into the park but the very last thing I was looking for—Si Silloway, in tow of his wife. I didn't know Si at first. He was rigged like a church usher and as meek as a canal mule.

"McGann," Matilda says with a jerk of the head, "here's your pitcher. I've taught him control; don't you think I haven't."

"If you haven't," says I, "you've taught him something."

That's all I did say. This was no time for idle chatter. Anyhow, a hunch the size of a quart pail was inside of me.

"Si," I says, "run into the clubhouse, put on your suit."

He is back in a jiffy, just rarin' to go too.

"Wait a minute," says the dame as he goes toward the box. "Mr. McGann"—she was polite as a pail of milk; polite, but businesslike—"Mr. McGann, I should like a seat in the grand stand directly behind the catcher so that I can see that my husband is doing as he should."

"Good!" I smiles. "The seat shall be yours." And it was, right smack behind the plate in the middle of the press box.

"I don't want this wire in front of me," she says. "I can't see well; it bothers my eyes."

"You might be hit," I objects.

"No matter."

Well, it was her head, after all. I had the ground keeper cut a frame for her face in the netting, doping it out that she expected to hypnotize her man, and I wouldn't swear yet that wasn't what she thought she was at.

Sensational events followed. Si went out on the mound and proceeded to mow our murderers down man after man as you would swing a scythe through hay. There he works, his lips moving every time he lets go as though he was praying, and all the time Matilda's steel lamps boring into him like gimlets. It was uncanny. There wasn't no one in the world could have convinced me she hadn't that poor lefty beaten down to a point where he was absolutely under her power, where his fear of her was greater than the things that had made him have bum control.

As for me, it would have been easy for me to stand on my head and sing. The way Silloway was pitching was something you don't often see. It was grand. His smoke made an Erie engine look like an atomizer, and if there was anything that nut couldn't do with the ball I never heard of it.

"Stop, Si!" I calls out at length. "You work today. That is," I adds, "if your wife can produce you like you have worked this morning."

"I'll produce him!" she snaps. "Never fear! I should like an armchair in this box."

"You can have a throne if you want it," says I, and so she could have.

Then I went downtown to garner in some of the tall odds the wise guys were offering on the Plaid Sox.

There wasn't a soul in the park that afternoon except me and Baldy Trott, our captain, Si Silloway and Matilda who knew who I was going to nominate for the mound against the Plaids.

Six of the Grays' pitchers were tossing the ball, Silloway among them, while the Plaids were doing batting practice. As showing how soon a man will be forgotten I would say that two of the local newspaper squills called me to the press box to ask who he was. I told them to wait and see.

My boys were in fine mood, absolutely nerved up, and when Hop Bruner slipped me the word that Si was making the ball play dead, turn summersets and behave ridiculous, I didn't have a care left—except to see that Matilda Silloway was comfortable and happy in her big chair right in the middle of the press box. You may believe she excited curiosity among the squills. But there was something about her that suggested they had better let her alone.

In the midst of a sudden silence like when you turn off a steam siren the announcer steps out with his megaphone:

"Ladies and gempmun, bat-rees for today's game! Plaid Sox, Rariden pitcher and Grant catcher!"

Here was where that fox Deyo, the Plaids' manager, was aiming to cross me. I had counted on Smoky Martin, and so had everyone else. Rariden was a left-hander, and when he was good there was none better.

"Grays, Silloway pitcher and ——"

The rest wasn't heard, for the sound that crowd made was like the exhaust of a roundhouse full of engines.

Silloway! No one had to tell me the panning I was getting, from the ten-dollar boxes to the fifty-cent seats. Silloway! The busher! The crazy left-hander that had been picked up in the West and had blown forty ways in a month! No, there was no doubt I'd have polled a unanimous vote of that throng for the office of keeper of the city morgue. Silloway!

We had tossed for the last inning and I win. Silloway, tall and lanky and loose-jointed, ambles out to the mound after a final talk with me and Bruner. Turning away, I shoots a look at the press box. There is Matilda, stabbing her eyes through the hole in the netting; not a wink, not a flicker.

Si tosses a few and then winds up. Straight and true comes the apple in a misty white line with a blur on the end that meant a hop. The batter piles into it regardless, but it goes over his bat handle. The inning ends with three straight strike-outs.

For a minute there was silence, everyone dazed. They didn't believe it. Then, sudden, the stands got up on their hind legs and gave Si a hand such as I never heard a pitcher get; and Si, almost to the dugout, takes off his hat and waves it. That showed how he was feeling.

Rats Finnegan up. He nicks Rariden for a single on the first ball pitched. Larry Boyle sacrifices him to second on a bunt and Larendon singles him home. It was lights for Rariden. Bill Deyo comes out of the dugout and waves to the bull pen. Martin walks across the field to the box while the crowd yells insane.

Inning after inning goes, and that single run of ours gets to looking as big as a marble house would look in Painted Post. The Grays hit Martin hard enough at times, but everything goes straight to the fielders or up in the air. As for Silloway, I don't know how to tell the brand of baseball he was pitching. If there is a word that goes beyond "superfine," that's the word for it. Si Gets Into the Affray Just as Mary Trott and Mrs. Reb are Hitting on All Six Cylinders

Mesmerism! I suppose you've doped it that way. Well, I had myself. Ordinary argument wouldn't have convinced me of nothing different. No, it took Judge Connolly, who was umpiring on second, to do that. The Plaids had just gone out in the first half of the eighth, short to first, a strike-out and a foul fly to Bruner, and were taking the field, when the judge quicksteps in to the plate and beckons to me.

"Tom," he says, "what have you got in the box there?"

"Why, a pitcher!" says I. "Hadn't you noticed?"

"I noticed all right," he says; "but listen! All through the game I've been watching that bird, wondering what was biting him. He's done nothing but talk to himself as he pitched, and last inning I snuck up close as I could behind him to get his line. And do you know what he's doing?"

"I'm listening," I says.

"Well, he's abusing that dame you've stuck into the press box there."

"The helya say!"

"That's right! As sure as I live, every ball he chucks he's aiming at her bean. You should oughta hear him, Tom! He'll let go a fast one and say 'This one will smash in that sharp-pointed snoot of your'n, you she devil.' Then he unwinds an outbreak, saying 'You wire-jointed harrigan, this one will stop your mouth for a thousand years!' Honest I ——"

"Judge," I says solemnly, "that woman is his wife. I thought she was mesmering him into control."

With that Connolly throws back his head and lets out a howl.

"Mesmering!" The judge slaps his legs. "Priest! Why, her head is on a line with the plate! Your nut is having the time of his life calling her every name he can think of and kidding himself he is tossing at her bean."

"Judge"—Connolly is my best friend—"keep coony about this, will you?"

But Connolly is too full of emotion to reply. He shakes his hand and runs to the infield just as Martin picks up the ball.

You'll grant it was one on that man-eater. Here she was, thinking she was keeping Si in control through scaring him, as she scared him into doing whatever she wanted, while he was doing nothing but throwing everything he had at her ugly onion and calling her names.

If she had fainted or dropped dead I wouldn't have given a plugged nickel for this ball game, but she wasn't the fainting or dying kind. In fact anything liver than that dame simply wasn't. Everyone in the park was due to know it before the game ended. It came after we had gone out in order in our half of the eighth and the Sox came in for their last dip.

Lannigan, a talky guy with a strong line of kidding, went out on third and began to rip into Si as soon as he took the box. Silloway never minded that much, being proud to attract attention even from a coacher; but it did take his mind off the mark he had been shooting at all through the game. So with Rip Shenk at bat he distributes a ball that Bruner couldn't have reached had his arms been ten feet long.

Lannigan makes another remark and Si comes back, then lets one go that didn't come as near the plate as I was. I saw what was happening and I signals Trott to hold up the game on any excuse. But Baldy is giving Si a line of encouragement and doesn't make me. Meanwhile the whole pack of Plaids was yipping, and Si was batting back at them like a loon. Shenk takes a dive to the ground to get out of the way of the third ball and the next goes over Bruner's head to the stand.

As Shenk takes it on the hoof to first I glances toward the press box. Matilda isn't there. But she was there a minute previous. As I starts from the dugout I see the flutter of a skirt at the gate leading onto the field and the next minute the Jezebel is headed up to the plate like a revenue boat after a bootleg sloop. She was all for business, full head of steam and geared for action.

"Silas," she screams as she arrives back of Ike Cadmus, the plate umpire, "I want you to come right in here!"

Si smiles sickly, moves about ten feet and then stands still.

"What's this?" bawls the ump. "Beat it, lady!"

"You mind your business!" she shrills. That sounded familiar to Ike. He was married and began to suspect just what he was up against.

"Who are you?" he growls as we pile out of the dugout, together with the Plaids to take ring-side seats at the bout—that is, except me. What I wanted was to pry the fire-tongued Jezebel loose from this situation.

"Who am I? I'm that man's wife," pointing to Si, "and if he doesn't come in here in an instant I'll go out and get him. I'll teach him to throw wild balls!"

"You clear out!" roars Ike, remembering this woman, anyway, wasn't his wife and there was no skin off his nose in talking how he pleased.

"I shan't!"

Si was coming in now, but the harrigan had turned her attention to the ump.

"Don't you dare to order me, you fat clown!"

Ike had a thought.

"That will cost your husband a hundred dollars!" he yells.

(Continued on Page 72)

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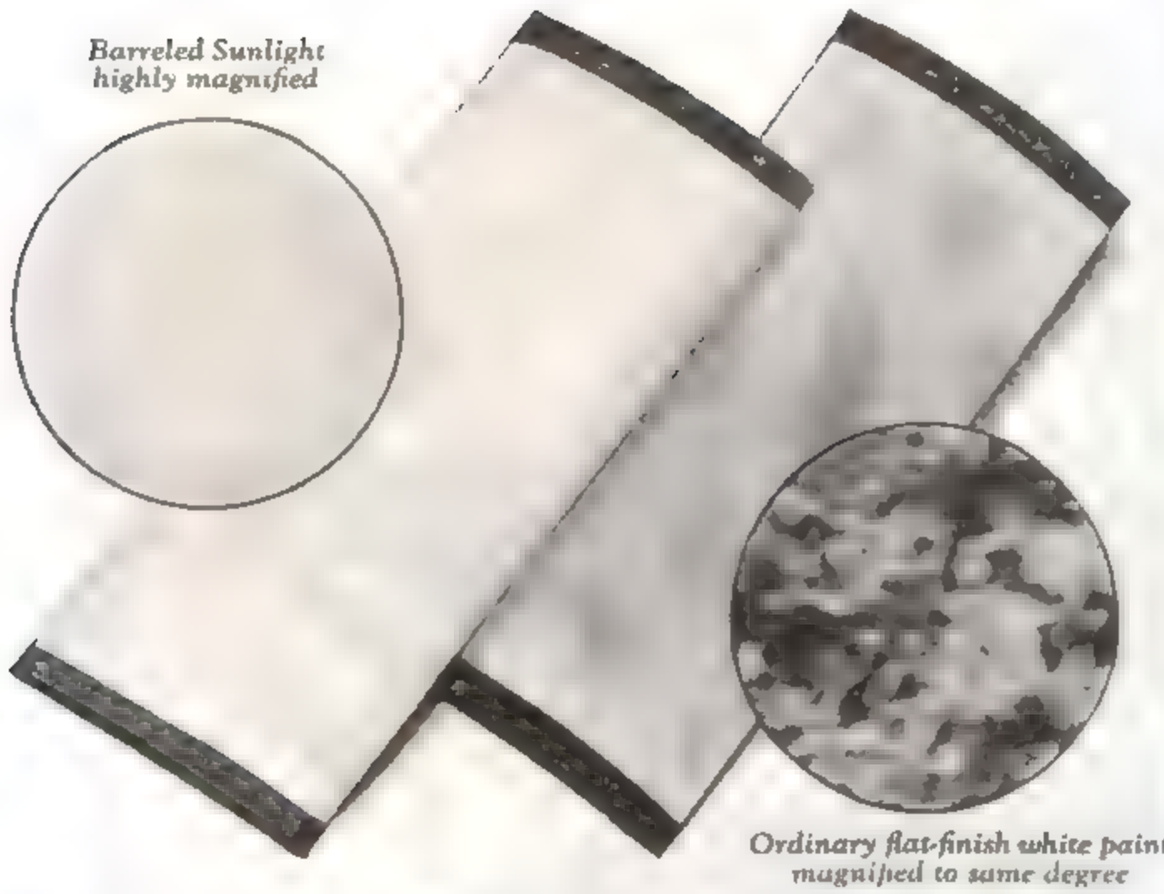

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THE RICE PROCESS WHITE
Sold in cans from half-pint to five-gallon size—barrels and half-barrels

(Continued from Page 69)

"You miserable nincompoop!"

"That will cost the Silloway tribe another hundred!"

"Dog-gone!" howls Si. "She don't care how she spends my money!"

"You pot-bellied protoplasm!" yells Matilda, digging for her real stuff.

At that, Ike, past all reason, plasters a fine onto Si that J. D. Rockefeller couldn't have paid. Also he pulls out his watch and gives Matilda and the rest of us one minute in which to lose ourselves, while the crowd flaps and squeals.

It was then Matilda takes off the muffler and I see at once that anything I had ever heard her do before was mere practice. She was whipping it out like a machine gun, Cadmus was on the point of giving the game to the Plaids and the police was coming onto the scene, when I grabs her by the arm.

"Lady," says I solemnly, like the villain in the theater, "do you know it's ten years in jail for breaking up a big-league ball game?"

Si's face lights up.

"Is that so? Say, Matilda, don't let 'em scare you! Go on and break it up!"

She gives him a look. Then she remembers what the ruckus is all about. Her arm shoots out and she grabs her crazy Jasper.

"You come with me!"

"Aw, have a heart!" Si pulls back. "I've got a ball game to win!"

"You'll win no ball game! You had your chance! I'm ashamed of you! Come or you'll be sorry, right here and now"

"Go on, Si," says I, seeing a wicked glint in the umpire's eyes. I certainly didn't want this game forfeited with a one-run lead, and I knew Silloway was a mile high.

Si hesitates, and then is pulled off the field like a schoolboy, while the crowd fights for air. Off they go and off goes my ball game. At least so I thought. But it didn't.

As it turned out, Reb Mosby had one good inning left in him. He came to the mound and retired the Plaids, bringing home the bacon, after they had men on second and third and with two outs.

So good I was feeling, after the crowd had quit celebrating and the players were dressed, that I even grins as Matilda and Si comes up to me when I was leaving the grounds. She was as perky as a three-year-old after winning the Kentucky Derby.

"McGann," she says, before I could offer, "I simply want to tell you this is the last rowdy ball game my husband will ever play. I had pride in showing you I could make him pitch, and I did until that crack-brained ball player took his attention from his business."

"You did," I says. "I hand Si and you all the credit for today."

"All right. Now he's going back to Halikon. I've forced my brother to divide the estate. Silas hereafter will be a gentleman. He is going to run the mill. He has joined the church already, and next Sunday he begins his Bible class."

"I see," says I, not caring a hang, since I wouldn't have had that pair on my ball club no matter if they won every game. Then I grins. "What makes you think Si can control a flour mill? He can't heave flour barrels at your head."

"What do you mean?" she snaps.

"Nothing," I says.

"Come on, Silas," she bites; and with a lingering look at me Si Silloway walks out of his baseball career.

You may be interested to know about the World's Series that year. We lose. But during the last game our left-hander, Andy Rappold, who had broken his arm, turns up good as ever—which was something.

What's that? Have I ever gone back to Halikon? Say, have you yet heard of the Crown Prince going back to Verdun?

The Poets' Corner

A Book of Verses

THE book is such a joyous thing, I think
that it was made
In some high-raftered, happy room where
little sunbeams played;
I think that breezes blew about, and flowers
in a vase
Glanced up, with winsome blossom smiles,
into the poet's face.

The book holds not a thought of pain or bitterness or dread;
The verses are as light as foam; they seem to
skip ahead
From page to page, half laughingly, as tiny
children play,
And yet they take the reader to a land of far-away

A very pleasant land it is, where every worker
sings,
Where sea gulls skim along the shore on broad
extended wings,
Where forests are a drowsy green and fields
a golden brown,
Where white church spires reach up to God
from every peaceful town.

The book is not a masterpiece—its life may
not be long;
It is a breath of mignonette, a gentle sigh, a
song;
The theme of it is not sublime, yet somehow it
imparts
A bit of gladness that will grow in many weary
hearts.

I wonder if the poet knows how much his songs
have meant
Because they tell of simple things, of good
cheer and content,
Because they bring the light of dreams to
lonely souls, and sad.
I hope he knows—and, oh, I hope the knowledge makes him glad!

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Remember!

BUT yesterday on this same earth with me;
I could have seen you when I wanted to,
But did not trouble. Now Eternity
To the Uncharted Land has tided you;
Clouds, and the spindrift stars, Time's outer
sea,
Flood in between, and Time has not a crew
Or bark to launch me on such voyage. Say,
Does Memory not spread returning sail
To this, my earth. Then trust to her today
Some word, a laugh, and I will hear the
hail
From you in port where I wait, cast away.

—Calvin Johnston.

Homesick

I'VE held my job for seven years; I've
watched my wages mount;
I've thought about a suburb and a wife and
bank account;
I've lived by clocks and gone along the reasonable way—
But something that I thought forgot got hold of
me today.

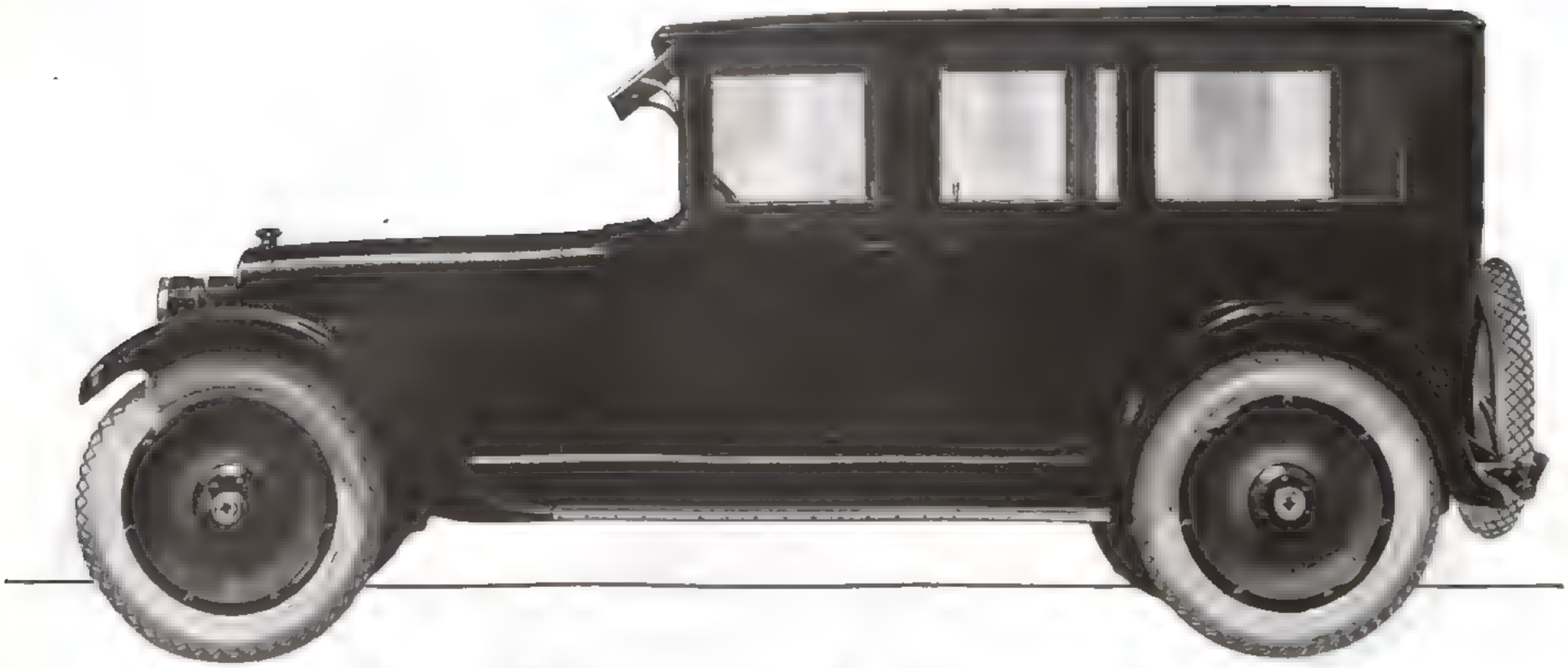
The autumn tang was in the air, and, miles
removed from town,
The seas, I knew, were churning white, the
leaves were turning brown;
And, though it came across the world, the call
came crystal clear:
"O Man-that-used-to-be-a-boy, we're waiting
for you here!

"We are the ships you sailed upon, the trails
you used to tramp,
The stranger folk that paused a night beside
your vagrant camp;
We are the wander songs you sang, the dreams
that once came true:
We're just across the sky line and we haven't
changed—have you?"

I tried to close my ears; the call went thrilling
through my head.
It rocked my desk all afternoon; it hums
beside my bed.
I give myself the right advice; it's safest far
to stay—
But, vowing that I'll never budge, I know I'll
fare away!

"There is no place like home," say you, who
never had to roam;
We answer: "Certainly, but then our home's
a shifting home"
"The rolling stone can't gather moss," you
warn: but, bless your soul,
It doesn't want to gather moss when once it's
learned to roll!

—Reginald Wright Kauffman.



The Tremendous Popularity of These Vibrationless Closed Cars

Probably never before has a line of closed cars attracted such wide and favorable attention.

To begin with, the Rickenbacker enclosed models are unusually comfortable, charming and luxurious.

Then, the prices are very attractive—considerably under other models of similar type and capacity.

But, more important than these inviting features, is the great fundamental fact that the Rickenbacker has no period of vibration.

That's the basic reason for this great car's success.

To the best of our knowledge, no other car ever built has been entirely free from vibration at all speeds. The Rickenbacker is.

All cars have a few periods at which they have no vibration.

Some cars have many periods at which they are totally minus vibration.

But this car at no period or at any speed ever has the slightest trace of vibration.

The tandem flywheel is the reason.

This new engineering principle, introduced initially, we believe, by Rickenbacker, is destined to revamp and revolutionize the modern automobile.

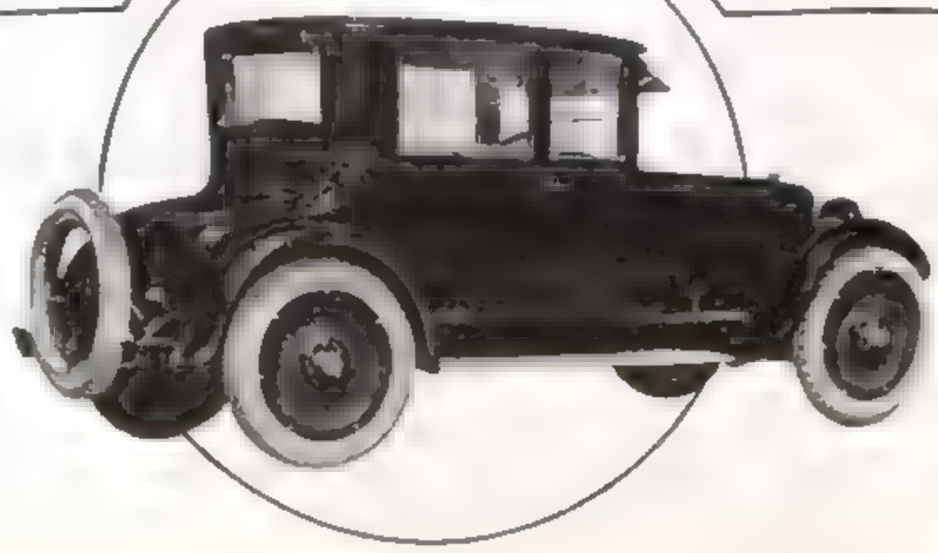
Examine these beautiful new models. You'll see the last word in very attractive closed cars, at very attractive prices.

$1485 for the Touring Phaeton $1885 for the Coupe $1985 for the Sedan F. O. B. Detroit

The Rickenbacker Motor Company
Detroit Michigan

Rickenbacker

A · CAR · WORTHY · OF · ITS · NAME



This laboratory test (dirt extracted by a Royal and emptied into a jar of water) shows how the Royal gets the embedded dirt as well as surface litter. The embedded dirt sinks, surface litter floats. Note the much greater quantity of embedded dirt

Colonies of bacteria (including some fungi) grown from organisms in the dirt taken from a 6 by 9 rug by the Royal. In the 12½ ounces of embedded dirt extracted by the Royal the total number of organisms was more than 12 thousand million

Do your rugs harbor this menace to your child?

—*embedded dirt which holds millions of disease-producing bacteria*

"It should be realized by parents that the floor is a favorite haunt of disease germs," says Dr. David Forsyth in his book, "Children in Health and Disease."

"And that unavoidable draughts sweeping in beneath the door are well calculated to raise miniature dust storms in the lower strata of air that the child takes into his lungs.

"For these reasons it is very important that a clean rug or other covering should be spread on the floor to protect the infant."

"Clean" rugs that endanger children

But when is a rug clean? Is it safe for your children when merely its *surface* is clean? Consider this:

In the Medical Research Laboratories of Chicago a sample of *embedded* dirt was recently analyzed by Dr. Benjamin Gruskin, Director of the Laboratories and pathologist for Mt. Sinai Hospital, Chicago.

The dirt was extracted by a Royal Electric Cleaner from a rug that had been thoroughly beaten and swept and was *apparently* clean.

Yet in every gram, or 1/30 of an ounce of dirt, were found 35,000,000 *living organisms*. In the total amount of dirt (12½ ounces taken from a 6 by 9 Wilton rug) were well over 12 thousand million bacteria.

Among them were three dangerous types of germs, which, Dr. Gruskin reported, are greatly responsible for many intestinal disturbances and diarrhea in children—the cause of by far the greatest number of infant deaths.

Are YOUR children safe?

Are your rugs merely *surface* cleaned—is there in their depths, hidden, this dangerous embedded dirt which footfalls and draughts stir into the air for your children to breathe?

You would not think of eating a piece of bread that had lain upon the floor. But do you allow your children to play upon rugs or carpets which harbor this germ-laden dirt—to breathe the dust which footfalls and thumps stir up, to get it into their mouths?

Remember, that the worst dirt is *in* your rugs, not *on* them. That the most dangerous dirt, because it is hidden and remains for weeks, is the *embedded* dirt in your rugs.

How you can remove this embedded dirt

There is only one way to remove this dangerous embedded dirt in your home, and that is *with powerful air suction scientifically applied*.

The Royal Electric Cleaner reaches deep down into the depths of your rugs and gets out the embedded dirt. First, because it produces a powerful suction. Second, because this suction is scientifically applied directly to the rug surface along the entire length of the 14-inch nozzle. The patented Royal adjustment screw does this. Thus the Royal does the work more easily, more quickly and more thoroughly than any known cleaning method.

Thus, even from rugs that have been thoroughly beaten and swept by ordinary cleaning methods, the Royal will extract large quantities of embedded dirt—the unsanitary, germ-bearing dirt that menaces your health and that of your children. Ask the Royal Man to explain this. He will show you how the Royal gets dirt that other cleaners cannot remove.

Cannot harm rugs

Yet, powerful as it is, the Royal is absolutely harmless, because it cleans by air alone. You can clean even your Orientals daily without the slightest danger of injuring them.

And the Royal is so light (it weighs but 11 pounds), and cleans so fast that it will never tire you. The convenient trigger-switch on the handle saves stooping, and the wide nozzle goes easily into corners and under furniture.

So simply and sturdily is the Royal built that it will last a lifetime with ordinary care. And with such mechanical precision is it designed that it is practically trouble-proof.

Let the Royal Man show you

No doubt your rugs appear spotlessly clean. But let a Royal Man go over one with a Royal Electric Cleaner. You will be astonished at the quantity of dangerous, embedded dirt that has lain hidden in its depths.

Arrange with the local Royal dealer today to have a rug cleaned in your home—no obligation at all. If you don't know who he is, write us and we'll put you in touch with him.

DEALERS: The valuable Royal Franchise may be had in certain cities and towns. Write for information

RETAIL REPRESENTATIVES: There are numerous desirable opportunities for men of ability in capacity of Royal Men. Inquire of your local Royal dealer.

THE P. A. GEIER COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

Manufactured in Canada by
Continental Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

ROYAL Electric Cleaner

Cleans By Air Alone!

The Royal Man

He is an expert in housecleaning and can show you many interesting labor-saving methods of cleaning. He is courteous and considerate; you need never hesitate to ask him for a demonstration in your home

© 1922, The P. A. Geier Co., Cleveland, O.

FIFI MEETS THE WISE GUY

(Continued from Page 19

and took up the dish of quartered apples that had served for food in the dining scene, to take them to the dressing room. They would be good for the next show.

The little acrobat moved out of the first entrance. Charlie glanced indifferently toward her, dodging stage hands who came on briskly to strike the set for the act that followed. He had seen her watching the act. She was one of the Bounding Charltons, the turn that closed the show. He had seen her that morning on stage at rehearsal, noting how wiry and dark she was, with small pointed features, like a little squirrel; her eyes large, with black pupils that dotted her thin face like blots of ink, giving a singular opaqueness to their gaze.

"Look out there, Joe, for that wall mirror!" he called. "Be careful!"

He always had to tell 'em about that mirror, or they might without looking unlace the flats comprising the walls of his recent home, and let it fall. He was always careful never to break a mirror.

"All right, Charlie, I'm watching," Joe returned, wiping his hand on the back of his overalls. "Say, you an' that act is layin' on my heart. I don't think of nothin' else all day long but the ol' Wise Guy. Why, I sleeps with it nights under my pillow. That's all I gotta do, just keep thinkin' of your act!"

Charlie grinned. Kidders, them stage hands were; good fellows, though, if you handled them right. And crazy about the act!

"That is a splendid act!" It was the little acrobat. "It's one of the cleverest acts I ever saw—and a novelty!"

"Ya-ah?"

He grinned. He was used to that. All the acts raved about it. He didn't blame them. It was a good act.

"You surely put it over. It's awfully funny, that business where you start trembling. And such excellent writing. It's great!"

Her voice was low, with a habit of climbing in tone when she was excited, like a singer running the scale. She seemed excited now. Her eyes were upon him. He had a sudden feeling that she was trying to bore into his mind. He wiped his forehead carefully, so as not to smudge the handkerchief with grease paint. It was hot after that drill.

"Who wrote it?"

"I did."

"Oh." She smiled. "How did you do it? Where did you get all those funny lines?" Her voice ended in a soprano chirp.

"Oh, I dunno—you git up a little hoke, an' then a bunch o' patter—'s easy when you know how."

"It must be—when you know how!" the acrobat repeated. She gave a little laugh, like the sudden gurgle of water poured from a jug. He noticed that she kept on smiling, her eyes on him. "The idea is certainly immense."

He made to go on. Mayme was coming toward them, snooping. Mayme always did if he gassed with a dame. She was welcome now. He was tired of all that gab. He hated her type of woman. A lean nothing, like a drink of water.

"I was telling your partner what a wonderful act you have," smiled the little acrobat to Mayme. "It's simply delicious."

"I says the day he was writin' it it was gonna be a wow," Mayme returned condescendingly. "Course we allus play nothin' but the big time," she lied; "our agent just booked us in the bushes for a few weeks."

"It's splendid. The idea is so funny!"

"Ain't it a darb?" agreed Mayme. "Honest, Charlie's a perfect sketch! We was walkin' along State Street in Chi where we'd come from visitin' mamma, an' he stops right in front of the Palmer House an' pipes: 'Mayme, here's a wham for a idea! Get this!' An' honest, when he pulls it I hellers so loud a bull turns an' lamps me, thinkin' I was barmy in the pan! This three-a-day stuff's funny to us, though."

"We just came off the Pan, where you get five and six shows some places," replied the acrobat. "I'm thankful, though, to be working. They say things are frightful in New York."

"We never have no trouble. The office is fightin' for our act. They been beggin' us to play the Palace, but Charlie says, play for half what we're gettin' here? No, sir, he won't cut for nobody. The way they try all the time to git us performers over a barrel is somethin' fierce."

"It's a clever act. You aren't going to lose me from now on. I'm going to catch it every show."

Charlie started on disgustedly. He moved out of the way of a set piece they were letting down from the flies. Strains of harmony pounded against the street drop, on the other side of which perspiring members of the Empire Four rendered vocal cravings for residence in Dixie Land. Across a green velvet carpet which the stage hands were laying a girl in short glittering skirts and headdress of ostrich plumes moved, carrying the rest of her wardrobe to place in order on a table for her various changes of costume. A gold chair was plopped upon a grand piano that stood ready to be shoved out for the act that followed.

"My, ain't that Fifi a lovely girl!" Mayme cried with enthusiasm as she entered the dressing room a moment later. "I feel terrible sorry for them acrobats. The men in the act are Hungarians, all brothers, except the understander, and he's a Turk. She useta do a single, mostly ring work, an' forward an' backward handwalk up a ladder, billin' her act Fifi Evelyn, till she doubled with her husband as the Two Evelyns.

"She's terrible refined, an' crazy about my skin," she continued, removing four large beads of cosmetic from her upper lashes and laying them in the cosmetic pan. "It reminds her of a baby's, it's so smooth and expressionless; but I tell her I don't use nothin' on it except a little cold cream, Marvelline skin food, oatmeal and lemon and chin strap and eye pads with astringent lotion night an' mornin', and not a pinch of make-up for street, save liquid white an' a little rouge to keep away that pale look. Her husband's quit, and she says he keeps writin' her to leave the act, but she don't want to 'cause it means takin' care of his big house. He must be wealthy, 'cause she says he allus hires plenty of maids."

"Aw, cut the gab about that dame!" Charlie rattled the pages of the Clipper irritably as he turned a page. "She gives me the croup!"

"She don't me. She's a lovely girl! Just because she's an acrobat is no sign she ain't as nice as song-and-dance acts. Mamma allus says be charitable to them beneath us, for you never can tell from the outside what they got buried in their jeans. I'd be ashamed of myself if I were you, talking like that about Fifi. She said she took a fancy to us the minute she seen us!"

Evidently she had. During the week she and Mayme were inseparable. He noticed, however, that it was Mayme who did the talking. The little acrobat seemed reticent, waxing loquacious only about the act. And every performance found her, as she had promised, watching it from the wings. Charlie grew irritated. But they would separate at the end of the week. That was one of the lucky things about vaudeville—you didn't need to mingle long with people you didn't like. They were booked for Omaha, the little acrobat for Sioux City. It would certainly be good riddance.

"May I come in?" It was Fifi Evelyn. She opened the dressing-room door vivaciously in response to Mayme's call, her slim figure in a short, trim black suit, a yellow bonnet trimmed with black cherries sitting coquettishly on her bobbed hair.

"Just wanted to tell you the news!" she cried. "We're going to Omaha too!"

"Oh, Fifi!"

"The circuit is getting up a road show for six more weeks, beginning Monday, taking nothing but feature acts from the various bills to send through the principal towns, and you are headlining, and we close the show. Our agent just wired."

"Oh, we're going to be together six more weeks—ain't that swell!"

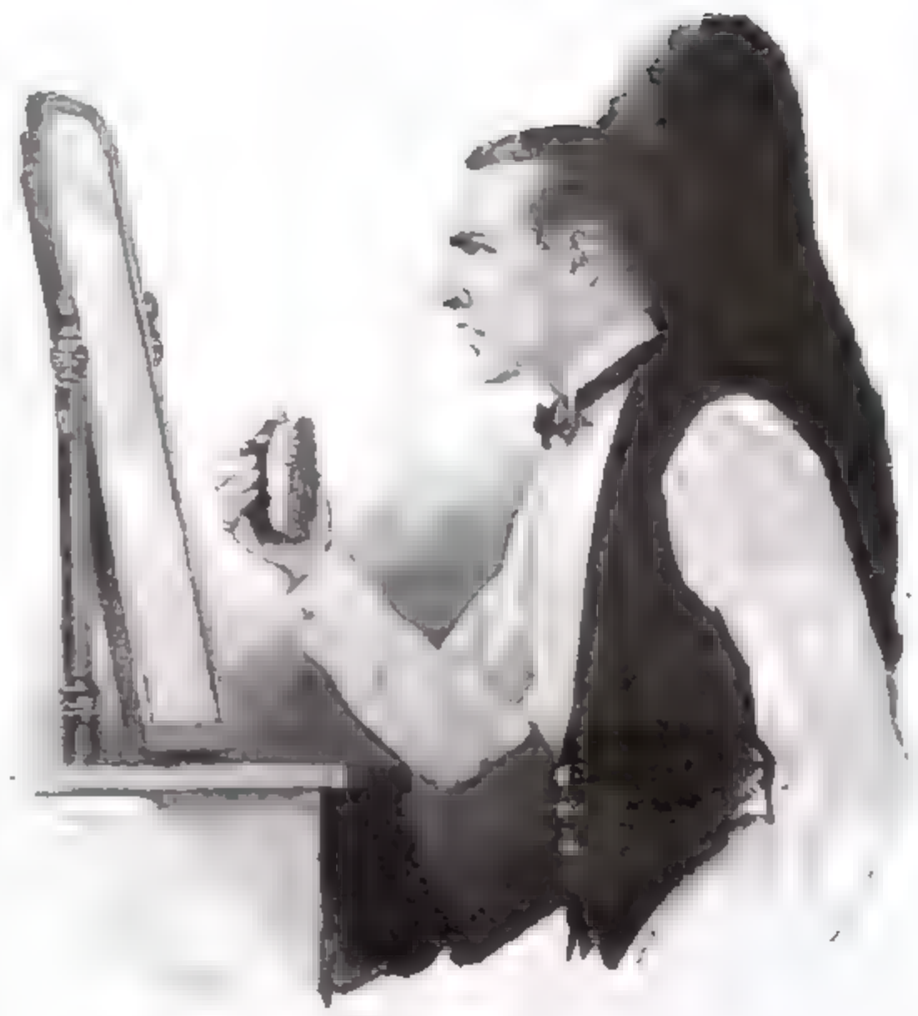
"Yes," smiled Fifi. "I don't want to miss that act."

Charlie took up a hairbrush irritably, brushing his toupee. He could feel her eyes upon his back.

"Gees, that's good." He forced a grin. "I ain't had no word."

"You'll hear today," returned Fifi. "We'll have to go into Omaha without any billing."

"My land, I see in Variety that Savoy & Brennan didn't get all their money when



Do you have to pretend that you are well?

IN work or at play—do you have to pretend a vigor that isn't yours?

Are you drifting slowly, through daily neglect, into the borderland between health and disease?

Failing strength and energy mean just this: *something* is hindering the body from performing its two vital functions. Either it is failing to build up properly the living cells which compose it, or it is not throwing off the poisons that gather in the system.

Only in recent years has it been found that the chief cause of the trouble is a *lack of certain elements in our food*

Hidden in its microscopic cells—
the very elements our bodies crave

The fresh, living cells of Fleischmann's Yeast contain a natural food, with the very elements which help the body perform these two vital functions.

Like any other plant or vegetable, yeast produces the best results when fresh and "green." Fleischmann's Yeast is the highest grade living yeast—always fresh. It is not a medicine, it is a natural food. Eaten regularly day after day it helps to "tone" up the whole system and assures regular daily elimination.

Physicians and hospitals throughout the country are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast. Men and women everywhere are finding it the key to such buoyant health and vitality as they have never known.

Eat two or three cakes a day. If you prefer get six cakes at a time. They will keep in a cool, dry place for two or three days. Begin at once to know what real health means. THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 622, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

builds health naturally and permanently

Eat it plain—or spread on crackers—or mixed with water or milk

Send today for the absorbing free booklet telling what Fleischmann's Yeast has done for others and can do for you. Use this coupon.

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY
Dept. 622
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Please send me free booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."

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Street _____

City _____ State _____

They shall not pass!

BULLETIN from the front: "At the zero hour, when the steam was turned on, the Bad Heating Imps launched a vicious attack. Banging, hissing and sputtering, they blocked the radiators with cold air. In spite of a roaring fire in the boiler, the house was cold. At the Heating Contractor's command, Watchmen were rushed to the front. They replaced the leaky, inefficient air valves on the radiators. Immediately the Imps were routed. Radiators became hot, silent and efficient. All is quiet now on this front!"

Test the Watchman on your worst radiator!

GET a No. 1 Hoffman Valve, Watchman of the Coal Pile, from your Heating Contractor, or send $2.15 to our Waterbury office for one sample valve. Put this valve on your worst radiator. When you're convinced that it has made that radiator hot, silent and coal-saving, have your Heating Contractor put No. 1 Valves on all your radiators. Then you'll never be troubled by the Bad Heating Imps again. You'll have hot, silent, economical heat; and the Hoffman Valves will pay for themselves in the coal they save.

Are the Imps attacking your house?—Call the Watchman!

FIVE *full years of satisfactory service from Hoffman Valves is guaranteed you in writing.*
"MORE HEAT FROM LESS COAL"

is a booklet that tells all about Hoffman Valves and how they increase your comfort and lower your coal bills. Write for it today.

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY CO., Inc.
Main Office and Factory, Waterbury, Conn.
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

HOFFMAN VALVES

more heat from less coal

they played their last stand. Ain't it terrible the way they act to us performers?" said Mayme. "My goodness, I wisht we was in New York to see the Avon Comedy Four at the Palace agin. If they ain't a wow every place they play!"

"They're not a bit funnier than The Wise Guy," said Fifi. "Mr. Rook, how did you think up all those things?"

There she was again.

"Oh, you just think up a little hoke, an' a bunch of wise cracks—'s easy."

"It sounds simple." Fifi laughed. "I do wish you'd write me an act too."

"Oh, sure, I will," he returned, "when I git a little time. I'm busy on one now, one about movin' pichures, an' of course——"

"Pichures—oh, that reminds me!" cried Mayme. "I seen in the Clipper Nazimova's goin' to be in Omaha in the saddest film. My, ain't them Russians gloomy! They got death allus in their minds. Well, I remember Kodowsky with the Dippy Doll Show sayin' to me when I remarks how I could just die when singin': 'Why don't you?' An' yet they're great on dancin' too—allus talking about Russian steppes."

Fifi rose.

"I must skip. I want to be ready to watch your act. 'By."

"'By, Fifi."

She hurried out. Charlie cursed savagely to himself, reaching for another cigarette. He was sick of that dame and her eternal questions, talking eternally about the act. He had had an insane desire to put his hands about her throat and choke her till she had to shut up. And now—six more weeks!

He felt depressed, too, with a queer chill at the pit of his stomach—like indigestion. He'd felt that way for days, ever since that acrobat had appeared, always talking, and watching the act, her black eyes glistening, like a hawk's, or a vulture's, waiting and watching for its prey.

Prey! He stared into the mirror. He had a hunch that trouble was coming to the act—through this woman! He had put his shoes on the make-up shelf at Louisville, and on the bill the week before had been an act that used peacock feathers!

He lit another cigarette, puffing nervously up at the whitewashed wall, moiling it in his mind. And now—six weeks. It was as though Fate was keeping them together. Fate!

He laughed, deriding his fear. Bad Luck could never swoop on him with its hideous wings. No, he was lucky, safe. All he'd got to do was quit worrying about that dame.

"My, ain't Fifi terrible refined! She comes from a fine family too," said Mayme, pinning a cotton band about her forehead and dipping into the cold cream.

Charlie took up his stick of grease paint, rubbing it over his face. They were getting ready for another frolic.

"Evelyn ain't her real name; it's only stage. She's kinda clost about herself, I've noticed, but all refined people are. They was a guy useta call on mamma, honest, he was so refined he never spoke but two words during the whole evening: 'Fine day' an' 'What'll you have?' Her mother was a school-teacher, comin' from California."

"California?" Charlie turned in his chair; his mouth hung. "Who did?"

"Well, my heavens, don't snap at me like that! Fifi, of course. Mercy, who I been talkin' about all the time anyway?"

California—the state where Mary Thorpe——

"Whereabouts in California?" He waited nervously.

"Lemme think—she did say, I guess. Frisco—no, it wasn't—she says it was only a little place with a funny name, an' a 'z' in it, or a 'l,' or something. It was two syllables, I remember, and sounded kinda sad. My goodness, you mix me all up so!"

He leaned forward tensely. "Was it—Ben Lomond?" he rasped.

"Ya-ah, that was it."

The color drained from his face; he sat staring at Mayme, his jaw sagging.

"Sure?"

"Ya-ah, that was it—Ben Lomond. I knew I'd heard it somewhere. It was her told me. My, she's a lovely girl!"

Ben Lomond—the place where Mary Thorpe had lived.

"She liked California fine if it wasn't for the climate. Give her a little snow, she says—not what you mean. Fifi's far too refined to be referring to coke; what she means is change in weather. She was out there for her health."

California—Ben Lomond—and out there for her health, like Mary Thorpe!

He got up and went out. The Bounding Charltons were on, and Fifi Evelyn, thin, dark sprite in her white satin, a streak of sparkling glitter across her forehead, perched saucily on the shoulders of the tallest Charlton, then pulled herself up suddenly into the trapeze above her head, and swung dizzily into the flies.

Charlie heard the ripple of applause, like hail on a tin roof. He turned away, grinning at this fear that had seized upon him. Even if Mary Thorpe were not dead she could not have regained sufficient strength to do the stunts this woman did in the act. No, Fifi Evelyn wasn't Mary Thorpe!

He moved restlessly toward the switchboard at the right first entrance, his mind envisioning the penalty for this thing he had done. He remembered that Variety had published an actor's forum, giving information on the theft of lines. Variety was powerful in vaudeville. They said they would take up the case of anyone who had been defrauded, and would make the offender pay.

Even if Mary Thorpe had not copyrighted the act she would be able to prove performances by programs, and thus establish her prior claim.

They would have played, by the end of the six weeks, ninety-four weeks. Ninety-four weeks at forty dollars a week, the royalty Wally said Mary Thorpe had asked, would be—he took an envelope from his pocket and figured it out—thirty-seven hundred and sixty dollars. It was nearly the total amount he had paid on his house.

But they wouldn't catch him. What was eating him? And yet—Ben Lomond! Still, Mayme may have been wrong.

He moved toward an opening formed by the side drops used by the Charlton act. Fifi would soon be off. He'd get to talking with her and see if he could find out.

Another hail of applause, and then the heavy plop of the curtain. The Bounding Charltons came through the wings panting. Fifi's lithe body was wet with perspiration.

"Isn't it warm!" she exclaimed, wrapping her cape around her as Charlie moved forward. "I'm simply baked."

"Hot work," he grinned. "Guess it's cooler out West, out on the Coast—or—California."

"It is, especially at night. Played out there?"

"Not lately I ain't. You?"

"That's where I came from. I went out there, though, for my health."

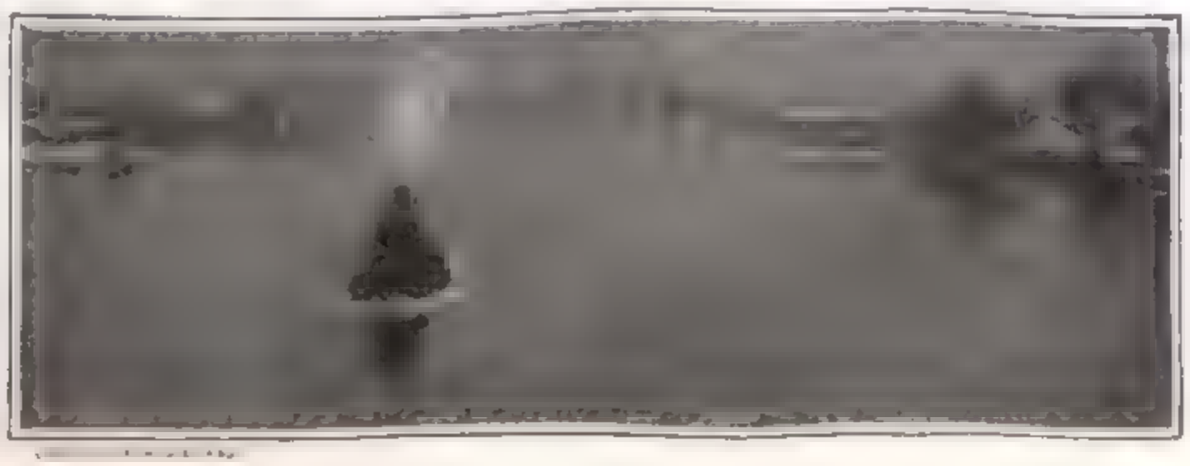
"Ya-ah? Whereabouts?" His voice sounded casual, unconcerned, but his muscles tensed, waiting for her reply.

"Las Palmas."

Las Palmas! Infinite relief surged over him. Mayme had been wrong after all. He felt swift exultation. But what if Fifi had lied? He stood grinning. There was an odd gleam in her eyes, he was sure; a faint flicker of her short upper lip above her even, white teeth.

"Gees, you don't look like nothin's the matter with you," he said.

(Continued on Page 78)



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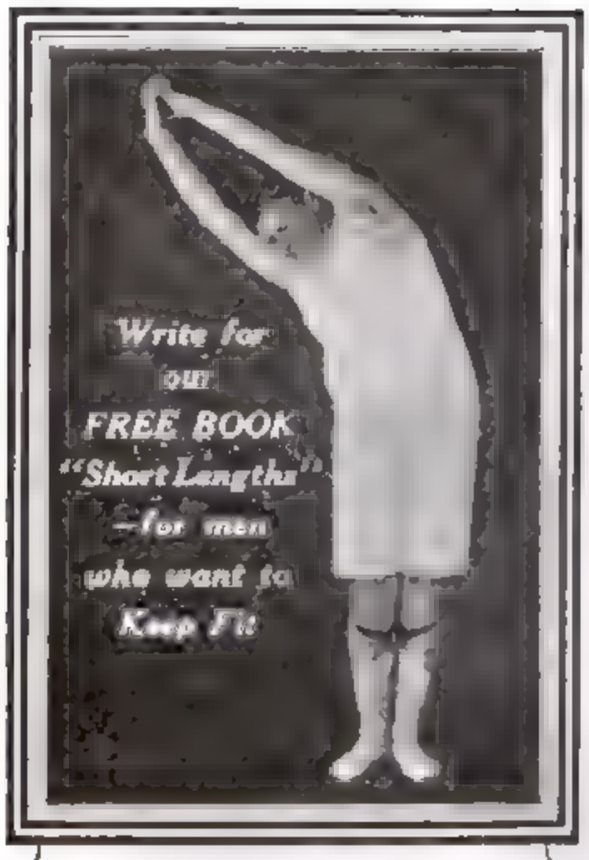

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AN AMHO PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 76

"Not now. There used to be." She laughed. "Well, three weeks are gone out of the six, aren't they? My husband keeps writing me to come home. I'll hate to leave you and Mayme and the act, though. It's so clever. Aren't you going to write me one? You said you would"

"Ya-ah. Sure, soon's I git a little time." Her husband? "What's your better half doin' since he's left the business?"

"He's a detective."

His smile seemed frozen on his face. Detective? One of those slinking rats always snooping on a guy, emissary of Bad Luck, eternally hovering, trying to catch him pull a bone, and then they had him, with that hideous steel thing and those words: "Come with me." What if, after all these years ——

"Well, I must skip. 'By." The little acrobat darted off.

He reached the dressing-room door, closing it behind him, shivering.

"That dame's husband's a dick!" he said in a barely heard whisper. Voices carry easily through dressing-room walls.

Mayme turned, aghast. "A dick? She never told me!" she gasped.

"I ast her," he shot out. He moved nervously about the room, nagged by a thousand fears. "I tell you she knows something, d'y hear? Somethin' about the act!"

"The act? How could she?"

"I been tryin' not to think it, but—she's Mary Thorpe herself—or else she's the sister!"

"Sister?" Mayme's blue eyes distended, the lines of her fat face drooped. "But she was with a dramatic act!"

"Lot of people double; that ain't nothin'. I tell you there's somethin' funny—she's got a look on her like she's wise—only she don't say nothin'! If she is Mary Thorpe, why don't she come out an' demand her property—come right out an' say 'I want my property!' An' then I'd know!" His voice rose hysterically. "Instead she's talkin' all the time, pumpin' me, smilin', like a cat playin' with a mouse—tryin' to git my goat! She's got it, I tell you—she's got it!"

He sank into a chair. The act hadn't been going well lately either. He'd been going up in his lines, at hideous moments when everything had seemed to stop in his brain, and Mayme was going on, trying to throw him his cue. He felt sickening fear, then drowningly he had grasped the line and had gone on. The audience hadn't noticed. They seldom did so long as you kept on going. That afternoon he had forgotten the stepladder bit that brought the biggest howl of the act, all the time conscious only of Fifi Evelyn standing in the wings looking at him. And she was eternally asking him to write her an act, forcing him to tell of other acts he had written; questioning him all the time.

She was trying to break him—trap him! She knew he had never written anything. And her husband—a dick!

What was eating him? Mary Thorpe was dead. But what if Fifi Evelyn was her spirit, come to revenge the girl whom he had defrauded, driving her probably to her death?

He laughed raucously, grinning uneasily at his face in the mirror, with its puttylike mask of grease paint lying in streaks. He had forgotten to blend it in.

He was foolish, he was, getting up a thing like that about that dame. Her spirit! Gees, he was getting barmy, food for the squirrel. And yet—who was Fifi Evelyn?

He sat bathed in cold fear. And now three more weeks of that icy chill in his chest, and Fifi Evelyn watching, watching—waiting for him—to confess!

He snatched at a piece of paper on the shelf, and got out a pencil with twitching fingers. He'd wire Sim Allen to book them on the Australian tour that Sim had once offered them. That was it—Australia—out of the country—safe.

The days dragged by, each a century long. Another week, a nightmare. The Interstate Colossal Road Show was playing its last triumphal week but one, when he noticed that for the first time Fifi Evelyn seemed avoiding them. What was the matter?

"Fifi's gone without saying good-by," Mayme announced. "She gave her notice a week ahead of time; going back to her husband. I hope to goodness when she's gone you'll pick up and act like you'd oughter, 'stead of snappin' my head off for everythin'!"

Freed from that woman. Charlie breathed a sigh of vast relief. It was Saturday night They were leaving in the morning for Minneapolis, their final stand, from which they would leave for New York, and, the following morning, for Australia.

"I'll certainly be glad to get rid of her too," continued Mayme venomously. "That day you tells me about her bein' the sister, I thought nothin' of it, but honest, she acted so funny before she went that I'm getting suspicious. She never come near me all this last week."

"What was the matter?" He stared at her, his fears returning in renewed force.

"I dunno. Mamma allus says first appearances gathers no moss an' has no turning, an' well I believe her when I think how I was deceived by that woman! Course she wasn't refined or anything, an' goodness knows nobody kin expect nothin' of no acrobat. Still, I don't know what got into her. She was sittin' here talkin' one day last week, when somebody called and I went out, an' when I come back an' starts packin' agin she shuts up like a clam from bein' in the middle of tellin' how she loved morgues an' public libraries, an' then after a while she goes out."

"Didn't she say anything?"

"No; only before she went out she ast was we sure goin' to Minneapolis the week after we leave here, an' I says yes. She's been funny ever since."

"Did she say where she was goin'?"

"No; she was allus kinda clost mouth. I tell you I feel kind of nervous."

Charlie bent over, locking their trunks. "C'mon, let's get out of here!" he snapped Mayme got on her hat hurriedly, and they made their way toward the stage door.

Charlie and Mayme hailed a street car and rode up Hennepin to the Palace Theater, Minneapolis, to see if there was any mail. He stood about while Mayme hung up her stage clothes in the muslin curtain she had draped over the hooks, then went out onto the stage. He'd take a smoke outside before looking up the stage carpenter to see if he'd got his scenery plot he'd mailed him. Then he'd get out his music to rehearse it with the orchestra leader.

He leaned against the doorway; and then, the cigarette falling from his open mouth, he stared in horror upon the figure approaching down the narrow alleyway that led to the stage door.

Her face set, black eyes fixed upon him with a look of indignation, was Fifi Evelyn. She was coming toward him with the quick stride of one whose limbs are supple. There was someone with her, a tall man, walking a little behind. He seemed vaguely familiar, as though Charlie had seen him before. Then something gripped Charlie like a hand about his throat as he noted a bulge in the man's hip pocket. Fifi's husband—the dick!

His limbs grew suddenly limp. Escape so near. A few days, and then safe on the boat, out of the country—and now ——

Cold sweat stood out on his forehead. He wiped it off with trembling hands, enveloped in a hideous nausea. She knew—had known all along; his hunch had been right. To lose the act, after all their triumphs—agencies once more—tramping year after year. That dread phantom with its disastrous wings—arrest.

He must call out a greeting, carry it off righteously, defiantly, ignore this sensation of irrevocableness stealing upon him.

"Workin' here, Fifi?" he called out.

His voice was husky, weak. He cleared his throat noisily.

"You thief!" Fifi cried. She was standing before him. "You give me back my property!"

"Take it easy, Mary," put in the man beside her. He moved nearer, laying his hand on her arm, then stood, sphinxlike, waiting.

Mary! He had been right, after all. Mary Thorpe! And all these weeks she had stood there—watching her own act.

He heard a sudden cry behind him. His head shot round. Mayme, her blue eyes popping out of her head, her mouth open, sagging, showing all the lines, looking guilty!

He felt a savage anger at her, giving it all away like that. He wanted to seize her, force her back violently into the hallway. He rubbed a clammy hand against his trousers, grinning at Fifi.

Then he caught drowningly at an inspiration. Of course—royalty—that was what they did. He would offer that—better anything than lose the act, their gold mine. He had figured it—ninety-six weeks at forty dollars. It would mean their house—but better anything than lose the act. Yes, he would defy them, take the bull by the horns, beat them. They couldn't prosecute a man who didn't refuse to pay. Yes, that was the way out. Bad Luck? No, it wouldn't get him yet!

He hunched his shoulders confidently, grinning at Fifi Evelyn.

"Say, listen, Mary, why the squawk?" he began easily. "I ain't tryin' to git outa nothin' Say, you got me wrong. I ain't stealin' no act. Sure I know it's yourn. I was just waitin' for you to slip us the info. When I tells you I wrote it I was only pullin' a Jim Madison, that's all. I knew all along you was Mary Thorpe, but I lost your address, an' I never gits it in my bean till you tells Mayme about livin' in Ben Lomond—an' then I was waitin' for you to come out with your moniker, slip us the dope so's I could give you the kale, that's all. I was just waitin' for you to peep!"

He stood looking at her with an expression of injured innocence. And he noted with satisfaction that her eyes grew wide, as though she were taken aback.

"When I seen ol' Wally Harrington in the act and he begs me to take it, I says. 'All right, as a favor to you, Wally, I'll play her,' so he hands me the script an' says: 'All you gotta do, Charlie, is send forty bucks each week to Mary Thorpe, Ben Lomond, California.' An' here you are gettin' hot under the collar, squawkin', when all I was waitin' for was you to give us a peep!"

Fifi Evelyn laid her hand on her hip.

"It certainly is a clever act," she said. She gave a little laugh, like the gurgle of water from a jug. "I always was crazy about writing, but I never could write anything bigger than a letter, no matter how hard I tried; all I had, I guess, was the wish. I thought you acted funny, too, but I figured it was only because you didn't like me. But I've never been in Ben Lomond. And I'm not Mary Thorpe."

Fifi Evelyn gripped her hands tightly at her side, the smile stricken from her face.

"Mary Thorpe'll be mighty glad to hear about her act. There was quite a piece in Variety last month that I guess you didn't see. It was about her trying to earn her living flat on her back. She's writing a column now for the Frisco papers from the hospital where the town had to send her two years ago, because her sister in the business died about that time. It told about Wally Harrington, too, and how the act's failure nearly broke her up. Yes, I guess she'll be glad to get her act and the money you owe her for all these weeks. I never dreamed you'd stolen the act."

Charlie's jaw hung.

"No. You see when I got back home and told my husband what I saw in Mayme's trunks he said he'd come right over. I was going to get my property and let you go on Mayme's account, but not now—not after Mary Thorpe. There it is, George, pinned on her waist."

She raised her hand, pointing at Mayme. "I saw the number, and it's got my initials on it—'M. R.' Mary Rosencranz. You see, I'm his wife. We came to get you for stealing my watch."

"You—your watch?" Charlie stammered.

"What'll it be, George?" asked Fifi Evelyn.

"Grand larceny I got a warrant for," said George. "That watch'll appraise for one seventy-five bucks easy."

"Good. George said he'd better bring a warrant in case anything happened. Well, it did. For a good long time, Mr. Rook, you'll have nothing much to take except your meals, and when you come out get another job, for the man who'll do the dirty thing you did can't find one in the show business."

The tall man moved beside him. Mayme gave a little gasping sound, like the squawk of a bird. It irritated him. He wished she'd shut up.

"Go on, George," said Fifi Evelyn.

Charlie turned in wild panic, trying to run; but a hand clutched his shoulder. His breath squeezed from his throat in a slow, whining exhalation.

Back in the hallway of the theater an electric fan whirred, like the sound of swift wings. He heard a click, and a clamp of handcuffs held his wrists. And then those fearful words came, sharply: "Come with me."

And Charlie went.

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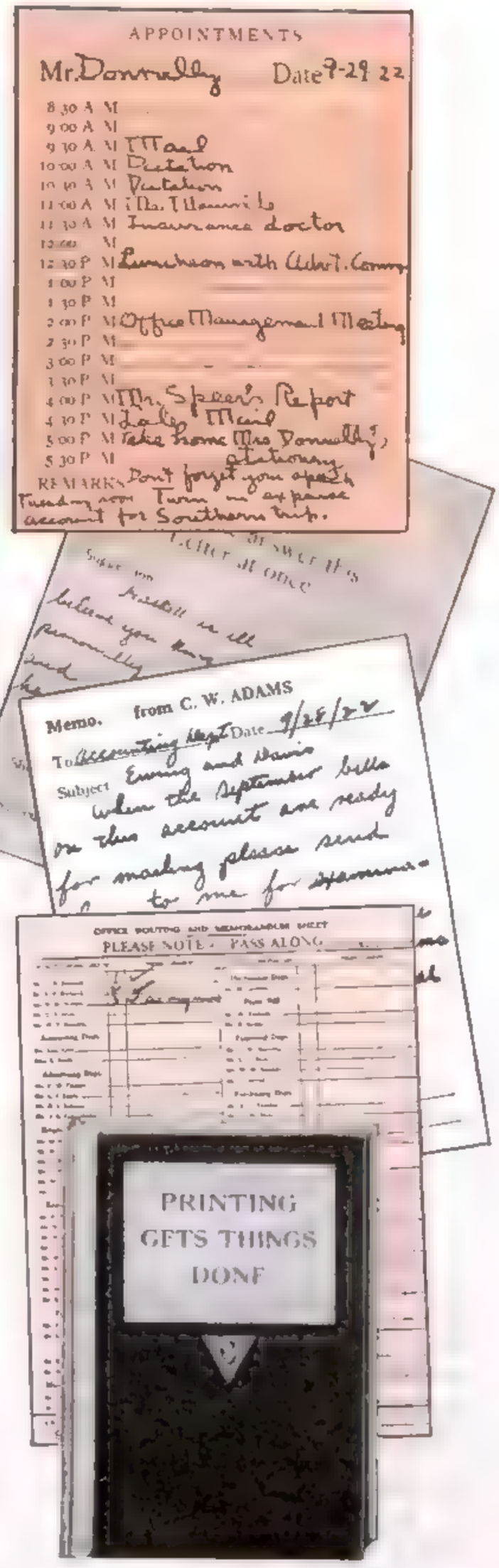
APPOINTMENTS
Mr. Donnelly Date 9-29 22
8 30 A M
9 00 A M
9 30 A M Ward
10 00 A M Dictation
10 30 A M Dictation
11 00 A M Mr. Hammill
11 30 A M Insurance doctor
12 00 M
12 30 P M Luncheon with Albert Comm
1 00 P M
1 30 P M
2 00 P M Office Management Meeting
2 30 P M
3 00 P M
3 30 P M
4 00 P M Mr. Speer's Report
4 30 P M Lady Maid
5 00 P M Take home Mrs Donnelly's
5 30 P M stationery
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Memo. from C. W. ADAMS
To Accounting Dept Date 9/28/22
Subject Evening and Davis
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AMERICA'S STANDARD SUIT FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN

KING COD

(Continued from Page 7)

The thoroughfares are mazes of crooked lanes, edged in with fences of wattle or of spruce poles, over which hang well-scrubbed hooked rugs, family washings and brown nets.

Buoys, lobster pots, kellock anchors and all manner of strange gear, for every tiniest bit of which a name exists, lie scattered everywhere. The fences are maintained to keep vagrant goats and sheep—the sheep marked with red paint to identify them as So-and-So's property -from ravaging the meager gardens. These animals wear yokes; so, too, the hens. A yoke on a hen is something of a novelty. At first I couldn't understand why the domestic fowl had sticks lashed horizontally under their wings. But the explanation—"Green stuff be's so wonnerful 'ard to raise 'ere, sir"—soon made all clear.

None of the houses boast shutters, for sunshine is always welcome. All carry ladders on their roofs, because outport fire departments are like snakes in Ireland—there aren't any.

"If a 'ouse gets on fire, sir," an ancient told me, "dem most allus burns up, anyhow, 'fore us gets dere, an' dat save we de trouble. Sometimes in winter de surf bate in, rate to de 'ouses, an' us got to board up de winders to save 'em. An' one time us 'ad a livin' starm blowed so 'ard, sir, us ahl 'ad to stay in our 'ouse to kipp un from bein' blowed away, sir; an' dat's as true as de light!"

It's a pity some painter doesn't take a summer off and go to Newfoundland. He wouldn't be in the country five minutes without wanting to set up his easel and get to work. Here he'd see a lighthouse stayed with wire cables to keep it from being blown out to sea; there a group of big-booted, canvas-jacketed men barking a sail—which is to say, boiling it with spruce in a huge kettle. Again, a woman bringing in a back load of firewood; another fetching water in two buckets with an old English neck yoke; a ruined whale factory; a fox farm with furtive, cod-fed silvers, each worth a lot of money; a jaunty constable talking with a shovel-batted Church of England clergyman; two old men toiling up a lane with a hand barrow laden with rocks; a woman making soap from "de hile off de livers, sir, an' de loy of ashes"—these and a hundred other bits would fascinate him. Perhaps he might have the good fortune to find a wedding in progress, with joy guns being fired, and fiddling and dancing under way.

Curious Place-Names

A group of fishers trying to spell out the news in the cable-dispatch book at the post office—the only newspaper—might make a capital painting. Surely a group of the tousle-headed children, playing in dories, pretending to fish and to cure the cod, would be a splendid subject. One's heart is sad at sight of these many Newfoundland children who know not the joys of real childhood. No circus, no fruit or candy, for the most of them, no school for many; why, they're little men and women rather than children! They pretend to paddle dories, drag bundles of rags in empty shoe boxes down the rocky lanes, spread out bits of fish on the rocks. Give them a big Newfoundland penny and their fortunes are made.

Beautiful children, some of these. Get them away from the fried food, tea more bitter than sin and bread that could easily be used for anchors, and give them good diet, schools, a chance in life, and what a race they'd develop! Doctor Grenfell can tell you more about this. Let's pass.

Some of these little outports and coves bear names that cry aloud to be worked into fiction. How does Deadman's Cove strike you, and Pushthrough, and Famish, and Hooping Harbor? How about Seldom-Come-By, Happy Adventure, Bareneed, Gallows Cove? The one-time French occupation still is recorded in such names as Privecœur, Langue de Cerf, Femme and Ile-aux-Morts. But Newfoundland has done some desperate deeds to French names. The Bay of Despair was once Baie d'Espoir. Who could recognize L'Anse au Diable in the modern Nancy Jawble, or L'Anse au Loup in Lansy Loo? Then there's the former Tasse de l'Argent, now Tossolo John! Amateurs of picturesque place names will enjoy Breakheart, Little Cat Arm, Hauling Point, Great Harbor Deep, Confusion Bay, Grappling Point, Winter House and Rattling Brook. Then there are Wild Bight and Sunday Cove, Leading Tickle, Great Triton, Noggin Cove, Joe Batt's Arm, Offer Wadhams, The Bat, Squib Tickle, Oarblade, Doughfig, Horse Chops, Hanging Hill, Bowline, Bay Bulls, Butterpot, Mistaken Point, Come-by-Chance, Famine, Pistolet Bay, Steering Island, Peter Snout, Jack-of-Clubs, Nameless Cove and no end of others equally thought inspiring.

When the Fleets Come In

Newfoundland is "subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand," and what it works in most is cod. By sea, by land, everywhere you find cod. The people think cod, eat cod, talk cod, breathe cod. Ministries rise and fall on cod. Practically the only subject I've ever heard the people really get mad about, in arguing, is cod. You can believe anything you want to about anything else, but you've simply got to be orthodox about cod.

The life of every outport centers in the rooms, which typically comprise a harbor, stages, salt warehouses and fish flakes either of poles or of stone, in which latter case they're called bawns. Into the harbors the fleets of codders bring their trips, with a fly at the masthead to indicate a big jag o' fish. Thither the shore fishers, bold men who stand up at their work in dories so hard tossed that half the time they're hidden from view by heavy-running seas, row their catch. On the stages or along the beaches they discharge their treasure, flinging out the fish with pitchforks in huge sliding mounds.

Over all hangs a thin fog much of the time; and through it loom ghostly sails while the putt-putt-putt of motor boats is always chattering. Here are seines hauled up on rocks, there a wreck that went ashore last winter because her crew couldn't furl the frozen sails—dumb witness to winter's

Grandmère Coming Home From Market With Her Fish-Net Bag, in St.-Pierre, Quite as if She Were Back in Normandy

When All Boston Buys

SUCCESSFUL advertising in Boston depends upon the realization that the Boston territory presents a simple but different advertising and merchandising problem. The manufacturer who realizes that Boston's population is composed of two distinct groups, clears at one leap half the obstacles to a profitable Boston campaign.

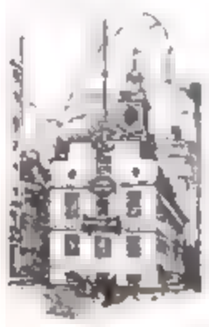
Study the Boston newspapers. You will find in them a reflection of these two groups. You will see clearly that any one of several Boston papers, similar in appearance and appeal, will satisfy one group of Boston's people and will influence its buying judgment. It also demonstrates that the Herald-Traveler, differing from these other papers in every way, exerts its influence among a different group of readers—a group that no other Boston newspaper reaches.

To reach both these groups is vital to the success of most Boston advertising campaigns. To reach the Herald-Traveler group is vital to the success of *every* worth-while product advertised in Boston.

The Herald-Traveler reaches the most important assemblage of buyers in Boston and its suburbs—a market qualified by intelligence and financial capacity to respond to the appeal of any advertiser. Herald-Traveler readers are buyers of bread as well as bonds; of necessities as well as luxuries; of merchandise as well as service. They represent the best outlets of all Boston retailers.

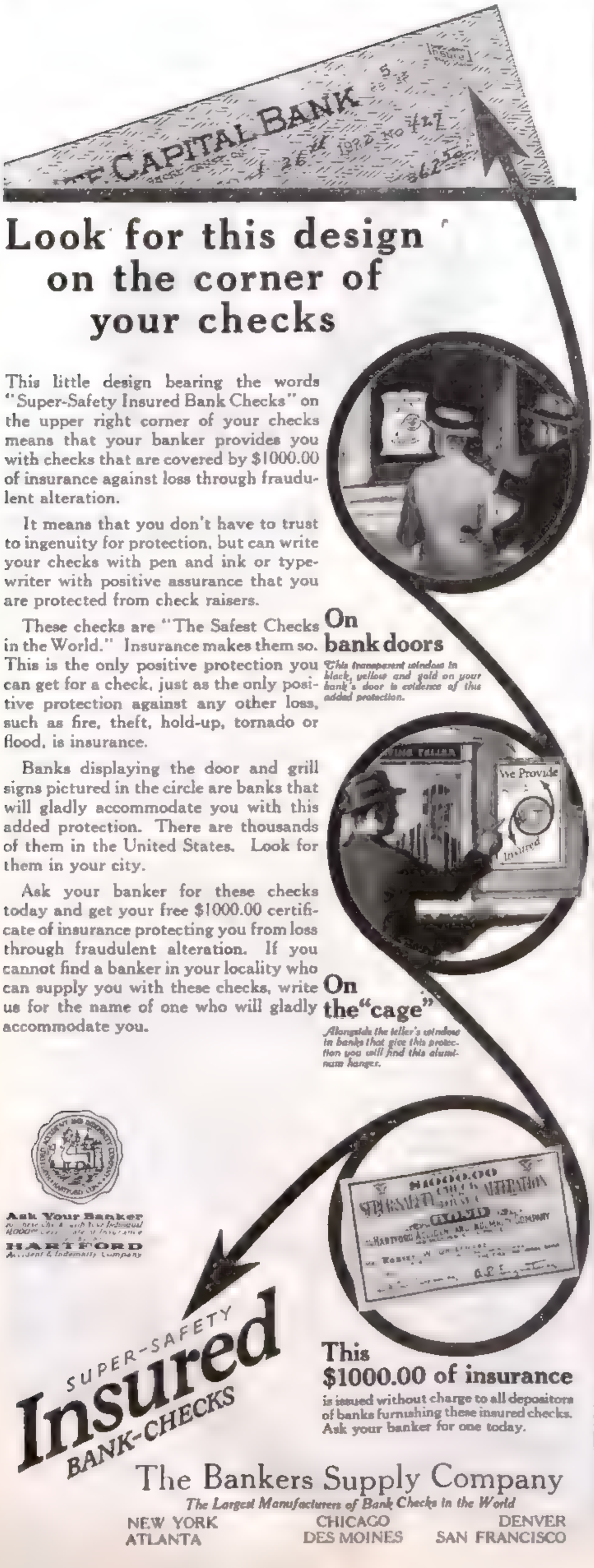
Remember that the Boston territory is a divided unit in this respect—two distinct types of newspapers are required to carry an advertising message to all Boston. Remember, too, that from Monday to Saturday the Herald-Traveler carries a greater volume of national advertising to its readers than any other Boston paper. The manufacturer whose advertising message is carried in the Herald-Traveler makes known his product to the most responsive consumers of merchandise in Boston and its suburbs.

* * * *



The Herald-Traveler maintains a unique Sales Service Department, invaluable to the manufacturer who advertises in Boston. Through this department the Herald-Traveler forms a merchandising partnership with its advertisers to make certain the success of every campaign. Complete information concerning it and other necessary information pertaining to successful advertising in Boston is contained in a booklet entitled "The Road to Boston." Requests for this booklet, on business stationery, will be honored promptly.

BOSTON HERALD-TRAVELER



Look for this design on the corner of your checks

This little design bearing the words "Super-Safety Insured Bank Checks" on the upper right corner of your checks means that your banker provides you with checks that are covered by $1000.00 of insurance against loss through fraudulent alteration.

It means that you don't have to trust to ingenuity for protection, but can write your checks with pen and ink or typewriter with positive assurance that you are protected from check raisers.

These checks are "The Safest Checks in the World." Insurance makes them so. This is the only positive protection you can get for a check, just as the only positive protection against any other loss, such as fire, theft, hold-up, tornado or flood, is insurance.

Banks displaying the door and grill signs pictured in the circle are banks that will gladly accommodate you with this added protection. There are thousands of them in the United States. Look for them in your city.

Ask your banker for these checks today and get your free $1000.00 certificate of insurance protecting you from loss through fraudulent alteration. If you cannot find a banker in your locality who can supply you with these checks, write us for the name of one who will gladly accommodate you.

On bank doors

This transparent window in black, yellow and gold on your bank's door is evidence of this added protection.

On the "cage"

Alongside the teller's window in banks that give this protection you will find this aluminum hanger.

This $1000.00 of insurance

is issued without charge to all depositors of banks furnishing these insured checks. Ask your banker for one today.

Ask Your Banker

HARTFORD
Accident & Indemnity Company

SUPER-SAFETY
Insured
BANK-CHECKS

The Bankers Supply Company

The Largest Manufacturers of Bank Checks in the World

NEW YORK CHICAGO DENVER
ATLANTA DES MOINES SAN FRANCISCO

rigor. At wharves schooners in from Cape Breton or Spain are discharging coal or salt with a roar and rattle of gasoline winches. Huge piles of salt gleam in sheds. Barrels of well-ripened cod-liver oil mingle their perfume with the sweet breeze from the high barrens. Smells of molasses and tar blend in; and spruce boughs, piled up for dunnage, add their own aroma. Then, too, you can scent tubs of bait, including wrinkles—which is to say, periwinkles—and cocks an' 'ens—another kind of shellfish. Huge fellows are rolling drums of gasoline. Others are counting the fish. The baa-ing of sheep sounds strangely out of place in all this sea doing, for fish is really the only appropriate thing here.

You will look far before you find a scene more needful to be painted than, say, a crew of these lusty, hip-booted men rowing their trip in from a schooner to the beach, forking it into enormous boxes right in the surf, where others stand and wash the catch with rough-mittened hands, then throw it into waiting, two-wheeled carts backed down to the water's edge. Away rattle the carts up the beach, pulled by small stocky horses with French straw collars. Sea air rings with laughing and song as the washers roll out some chantey such as:

We'll sell our salt cod fer 'lasses an' rum,
Oh, you Rio!
An' get back 'fore Thanksgivin's come,
We're bound fer de Rio Grand!
We'll call at de Funks an' full 'er wid eggs,
Oh, you Rio!
Den de skipper'll broach one o' dem little kegs,
Fer we're bound fer de Rio Grand!
An' away, you Rio,
Ho, you Rio!
We're bound fer de Rio Grand!

This matter of rum is more than academic in such a climate.

"Putt a little rum in y'r water, sir," a hairy livyere once asserted to me, "an' ye'll never be sick. Sev'ral spoonfuls in a glass o' water, y'see. Dat is, wid a little water in y'r rum ye can step it pretty cozy. Yes, sir, take a darn o' good pure rum, an' don't bahder wid no water at ahl—dat'm what'll kape ye fine an' hearty. Ain't no better medicine, sir!"

Inasmuch as most of the outports have to drink rainwater perhaps the old man was right, at that. It may be that rum will cut the oil. I remember one place where the cook was an estimable Eskimo lady, whose idea of luxury was oil. But why dwell on what's all over and done?

"Calibogus is good fer ye, too," my livyere continued. "Dat'm spruce beer, rum an' 'lassy, mixed. An' if ye can't get rum I'll tell ye how to make un. Ye take half a gallon o' barley, a turnip an' a gallon o' 'lassy, bile 'em ahl togedder an' den bury 'em."

He didn't say how long this ambrosia was to stay buried. Personally I think about a hundred years certainly ought to be enough.

Denatured Alcohol

Many a quaint bit I garnered from this hirsute Ancient Mariner. He told me of a codder on the Banks who tried to keep a bottle of whisky all for himself by mixing a little kerosene with it. When this didn't work he added a mouse. The mouse prevailed. After that "nobody bahdered wi' he." Efficiency, eh?

They're a saving lot. Cod's tongues and heads are considered delicate eating. "Dere'm three sep'rate kinds o' meat in de 'id, sir, an' de lickin' o' de bones is wonnerful fine!" But I didn't try it, to see. They're careful of property too. Down at Gaultois is a little beacon that runs out on a track, and is hauled up by day, under cover. When this was first installed the keeper insisted on dragging it up every stormy night too. He "didn't see de force o' lavin' un out to get dirty!" However, I'm off my subject, which is strong waters.

"Dem good fer ye, sir," my mentor insisted. "But I was wonnerful low-minded one time," he added, "after I'd drinked six bottles of hile, liniment an' 'lassy, mixed, an' dat were de best o' 'lassy too. Didn't set good on me stummick, some way. An' one time I was to a dance at Salvage Bay, us mixed up liniment, hile, sirup an' Floridy water in a jug; an' dat med a drink fair beyand ahl too. But one of our fellers had too many hickies of it, an' he run an' jumped off de stage an' was drownded in de Floridy-water horrors. A quart or two at de outside, sir, dat'm enough fer any man!"

You can't land in Newfoundland without running plunk into King Cod. And this is reasonable, because three-quarters of the island's exports are fishery products, and of these products codfish forms something like 90 per cent. On innumerable flakes it gleams bone white, slowly curing to feed millions. The process is far from short or simple. From the time King Cod comes in green, until he's the familiar article of commerce, three to three and a half months elapse. Just the curing on the flakes alone takes six weeks; and every morning the fish must be spread, turned, then at night piled up again.

Every process, from heading and splitting, to packing down in the slub, then the carrying of the water horse to the flakes; every bit of gear, implement, stick or stone has its own peculiar name—words enough, and all strange to us, to make a dictionary in themselves. For instance, a yaffle is a bunch of from five to eight dried cod. Yaffling is bunching them. Two or three yaffles make a faggot, and so on, forever. It's far too exhaustive for us here.

Morning after morning the outport women and girls—even very little girls—their rough shoes clacking down the stony lanes littered with seine-cork fragments, their sunbonnets neatly tied, stream to the flakes. There they commence the long day's toil of making up the fish, of carrying it on dredge barrows, spreading and turning it, while on the stages the headers and splitters are busily at work with heading palms on hands, with sharp knives never still. Truly, in the outports woman's work is never done.

High Prices and Low Earnings

The usual burden for two women is a quintal—one hundred and twelve pounds. Two men usually carry twice that; barrow it, as they say. All day long, "de len'th o' de summer," they labor, walking with complete nonchalance over the dried fish. Bent double they work. How American backs would ache! But these hardy folk don't seem to mind it at all. At night they stack up the fish and tarpaulin the piles.

There's always a sorting, weighing and hauling away of fish to waiting schooners. The weighing is done on huge primitive scales. With us salt cod is just that and nothing more. With the Newfoundlanders there's an accurate classification. Beside the leggies, which are fish too small to split, there are large and small merchantable, large and small Madeira, large and small West Indies, and cullage, or broken fish. Drumfish are cod packed in four-quintal casks. Let this go as an outline of the business.

Household work and the rearing of big families aren't enough for the indefatigable outport women. In a land where everything is "so wonnerful dear" and there are so many mouths to feed they must take their places beside their men. The sixty or seventy cents a day they can earn on the flakes is a big item in a country where fish is always going lower, flour always soaring. Once it used to be "a quintal of fish for a barrel of flour," but those happy days are forever past. No end of families, despite the most desperate labor, are always "fallin' back"—that is to say, going more and more into debt, with their summer's catch or work mortgaged in advance to the planters and merchants—who can read and write, and who keep the accounts!

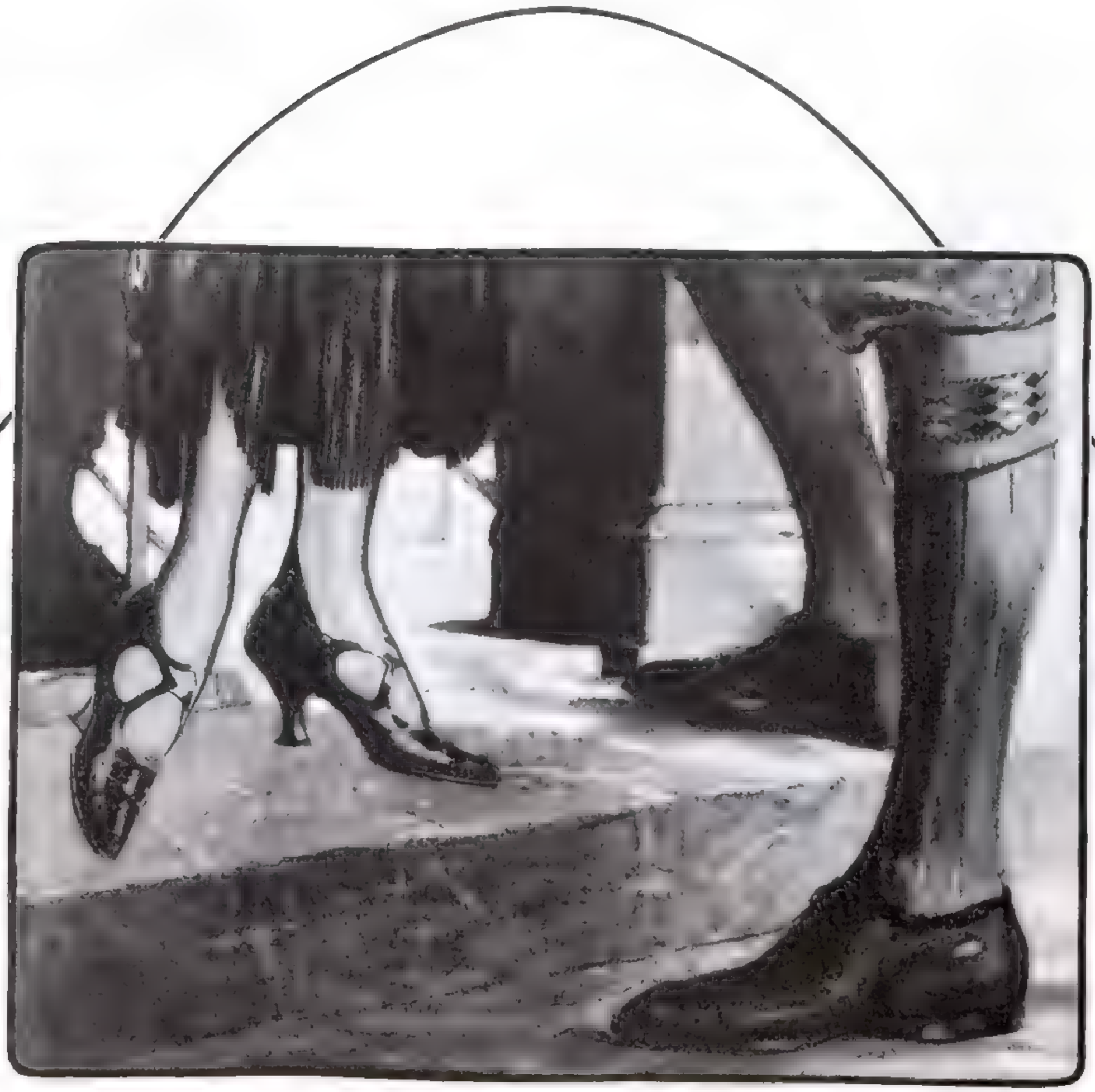
This credit system of "givin' out produce," as it's called, together with the lack of a free, compulsory, public-school system, is the one great curse of Newfoundland.

"But," as Sam Walter Foss says—"but I am not ordained to preach."

It's cod or starvation for Newfoundland. Barring a few semifertile spots and its forests the country must live by the sea or perish. There's ravishing scenery, but people can't eat scenery. One has to have something of a bank account to admire lovely misty mountains, dour cliffs fringed with leaping tongues of foam, reefs bursting white with surf, the sun rising blood-red through lavender vapors.

Large areas of the country, amid pale horizons under gray skies and driven fog, are just rocks, skinned over with a spongy tundra of moss where only partridge berries and baked-apple berries grow, where only caribou and ptarmigan thrive. The forests lie in the interior, away from the coast strip that contains most of the inhabitants. No trees can survive along the littoral, save stunted tangles of conifers that spread,

(Continued on Page 85)



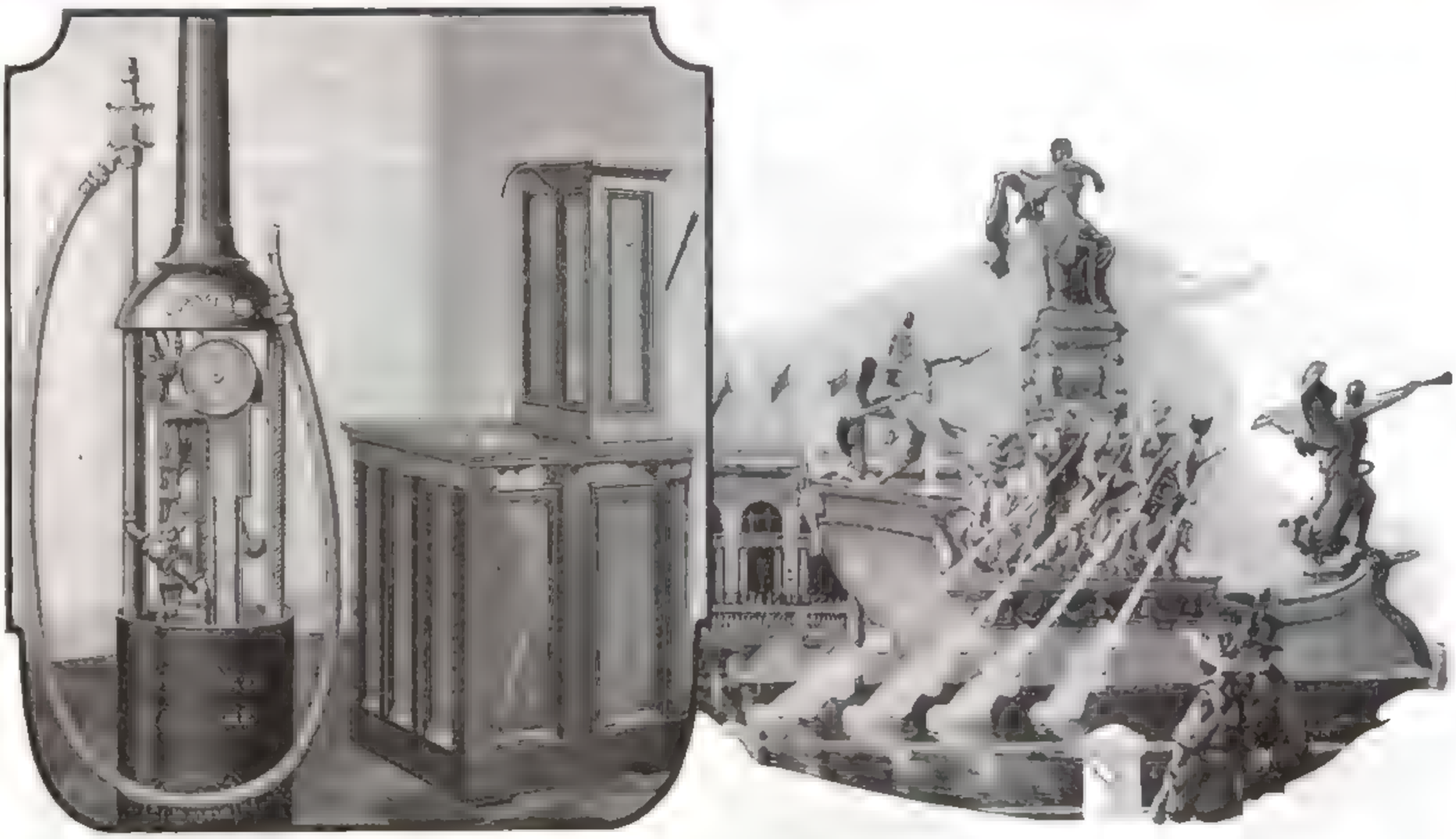
In sheerest silk or softest wool;
Back to the fireside or out over the Autumn Hills—

Men and women who wear "Onyx" Hosiery always have stockings suited to the moment. Besides "Onyx *Pointex*"—the fashionable hose with tapering heel reenforcement—there are many plain and fancy patterns for women. For men there are golf hose and sox of every material and design. "Onyx" dress sox are famous wherever evening dress is the rule. Then there are children's "Onyx"—gay little sox for chubby little legs.

"Onyx" Hosiery

Emery & Beers Company, Inc. *Wholesale Distributors* *New York*

Wayne



Leadership for Three Decades

At the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893, the first successful cog rack and pinion pump for the handling of gasoline and oil was awarded the coveted Grand Prize by the exposition judges. Though clumsy in appearance, it was dependable, and accurate to the drop.

Designed and built by the founders of the Wayne Tank & Pump Company, this original model went from the Chicago Fair into everyday use, operating faithfully for twenty-four years without an adjustment and without repairs. As serviceable as ever, it is now on exhibition in the Wayne plant along with the most advanced of present day pumps.

At retail gasoline stations, garages, and other places today, our new air-power-driven pump—the graceful, modern descendant of the old Adam of gasoline pumps—is meeting with the unqualified approval of expert judges of measuring pumps.

And just as Wayne led thirty years ago in the production of the cog rack and pinion gasoline and oil pump, so Wayne leads today in the premier character and quality of its pumps and storage tanks, and of the air compressors and water softening systems which bear its name.

Wayne Tank & Pump Company, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Canadian Tank & Pump Co. Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Division Offices in: Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Kansas City, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Warehouses in: Philadelphia and San Francisco.

An International Organization With Sales and Service Offices Everywhere

WAYNE MAKES

Measuring Pumps

Storage Tanks
(From 20 to 20,000 gals.)

Air Compressors

Oil Burning Systems, Furnaces and Forges

Oil Filtration Systems

AND

Wayne Rapid-Rate Water Softening Systems
(Borrowman Patents)

REG. U. S.
Wayne
TRADE MARK

HONEST MEASURE PUMPS

(Continued from Page 82)

matlike, upon the moss. No corn or grain will ripen; there are few cattle; fruits are practically nonexistent. Only root crops mature, and even these so scantily that most of the potatoes have to be imported. Newfoundland must serve King Cod.

In many outports there isn't even earth enough for a cemetery. The coffins have to be laid on the rocks and covered with earth brought in dories from some fortunate place that can spare a little. I was told that at some outports like Cape La Hune it's quite the thing to fetch a basket of earth with you to a funeral, just as we send flowers.

"Dem does dat, too, at Placentia Bay," a codder informed me. "Folks has to go get earth to bury de dead. De graveyard'm part under water at high tide, so dem has deir funerals at low tide."

Gravestones soon sag and fall; and that's a pity, because the outport stones are sometimes rather elaborate, with gilt letters, lots of homemade poetry, and the stonecutter's name always added, by way of advertisement. A shrewd folk, despite their simplicity!

One will often see clothespoles set up by being thrust into a barrel full of rocks. None of the houses have cellars. Such cellars as there are, to keep potatoes in, have to be built on the surface. They're made of stone, like little houses; sodded over and furnished with a stove and chimney. The best grass grows on them; goats graze freely on the cellars. Everything seems topsy-turvy in these latitudes. Why, you even see livyeres making hay in dories. A doryload of hay scooting up a fiord arouses even the most jaded traveler's interest.

On a coasting steamer I met an old woman who had never seen ice cream and could hardly be induced to try it. It's primitive. Yet for all that, the people's hearts are as big as all outdoors. Such as they have, they give you freely.

One day in a tiny outport I wanted a lobster. I went to a livyere's poverty-stricken tilt. A tarred net hung over the fence of vir—fir—poles. A few cod lay on the flake. The house, of two rooms, had a rusted stove, a couple of chairs and two boxes for seats. Not even the usual scrubbed sailcloth lay on the floor. Not a picture hung against the walls; no comforts existed.

On the sway-backed table stood three dehandled mugs of switchel—much-boiled tea—a plate of coarse bread and a bowl of molasses. There was no fish and brewis, no pork and duff, not even a potato. Yet ——

"Sure, an' I'll give ye a lobbester, sir," smiled the ragged livyere, while his wife and children looked silently at me, the outlander. "An' us got a wunnerful fine garden too. Ye'd like some lettuce, mabbe?"

Newfoundland Proverbs

He showed me the garden. Pitiful garden, in a hollow of the cliff, with perhaps a dozen starved heads of lettuce. He pulled two for me, and from a shed fetched a lobster that would have created a riot on Broadway.

"Pay me fer 'em, is it?" he demanded. "Not at ahl! Go 'way wid y'r bad 'id, sir, an' don't be nonsinse! Why, us got an awful dose o' lobbester. Take 'em, sir, an' kindly welcome. I'm proud to 'ave an Amerikin take 'em!"

Much urged, he set twenty cents as a maximum fee. The half dollar I insisted on handing over left him submerged in confusion

"'Tis too much, sir. 'Tis too wonnerful much!"

But as he had no change I had all the best of the argument. Any wonder that people like these can have the eyeteeth cheated out of them by those who so desire?

Yet now and then there's a sharp rogue among the livyeres. They're not all angels yet, by any means. I know one outport man, a budding capitalist, who bought some lean pigs, fed them on a strong salt diet, and then let them drink all they wanted just before a buyer came.

"Dem pigs, sir, dem fulled deyselfs rate up to de ears wid water. De buyer said to me, when he seen 'em: 'Ain't dem wonnerful fat pigs, dough? How you ever feed 'em up, like dat?'

"'Good corn an' mash,' I told un, an' him paid me good fer 'em, sir. Ain't dat business, now? Ain't dat wonnerful good business?"

Every nation crystallizes its wisdom in proverbs. Newfoundland has developed some apt ones. "Plow and reap, but never sow," is how the codders view their work. "An empty stage, an empty stomach," "The more fog, the more fish," "Slave in summer, sleep in winter," and "Empty craft always loom high"—all contain sound philosophy. Here are a few more, omitting dialect forms:

"A fisherman is one rogue, a merchant is many."

"The older the crab, the tougher his claws."

"The planter's eye spreads the water horse"—that is, when the boss is around there's no loafing.

"A fish in a punt is worth two in the water."

"Fish in the punt, pork in the pot."

"Spare the salt and spoil the scrod."

"When the rum's in the kag the tongue doesn't wag."

"The biggest fish was lost at the gunwale."

"If you lose your grapnel in the spring you'll find it in the fall"—on the merchant's ledger, of course!

"Moonlight dries no mittens."

"There's no splicing splinters."

"With God on the lookout it's easy to steer."

"It's by fishing, not by wishing."

"Baccy and rum make things hum."

"Nofty was forty when he lost the pork"—that is, never be sure of anything. Don't count your chickens

"A full cupboard warms the winter."

"The tiller stick forward and the grapnel aft." What could indicate more complete confusion?

"When the fish eat we all eat."

"The sea is made of mothers' tears."

Native Superstitions

Some odd turn of thought makes the livyeres use diminutives. "Breeze" is a gale. "Paddles" are oars; and a schooner is often a "skiff." A two-masted vessel is a "punt;" a cable is a "string," and a heavy steel hawser becomes a "wire." The wickedest kind of weather is only "dirt," while the finest is but "civil." A man sick abed is only "puckerin'" or "turned over."

And yet, when they cut loose, they can draw the long bow with the best; as when I heard a tarry outport man affirming: "Yes, sir, dere'm clifts in Europe makes ourn look like nothin'. What'm a clift like dis one, only twelve hundred feet high? I seen 'em on de Mediterranean, seventeen hundred thousand feet high!"

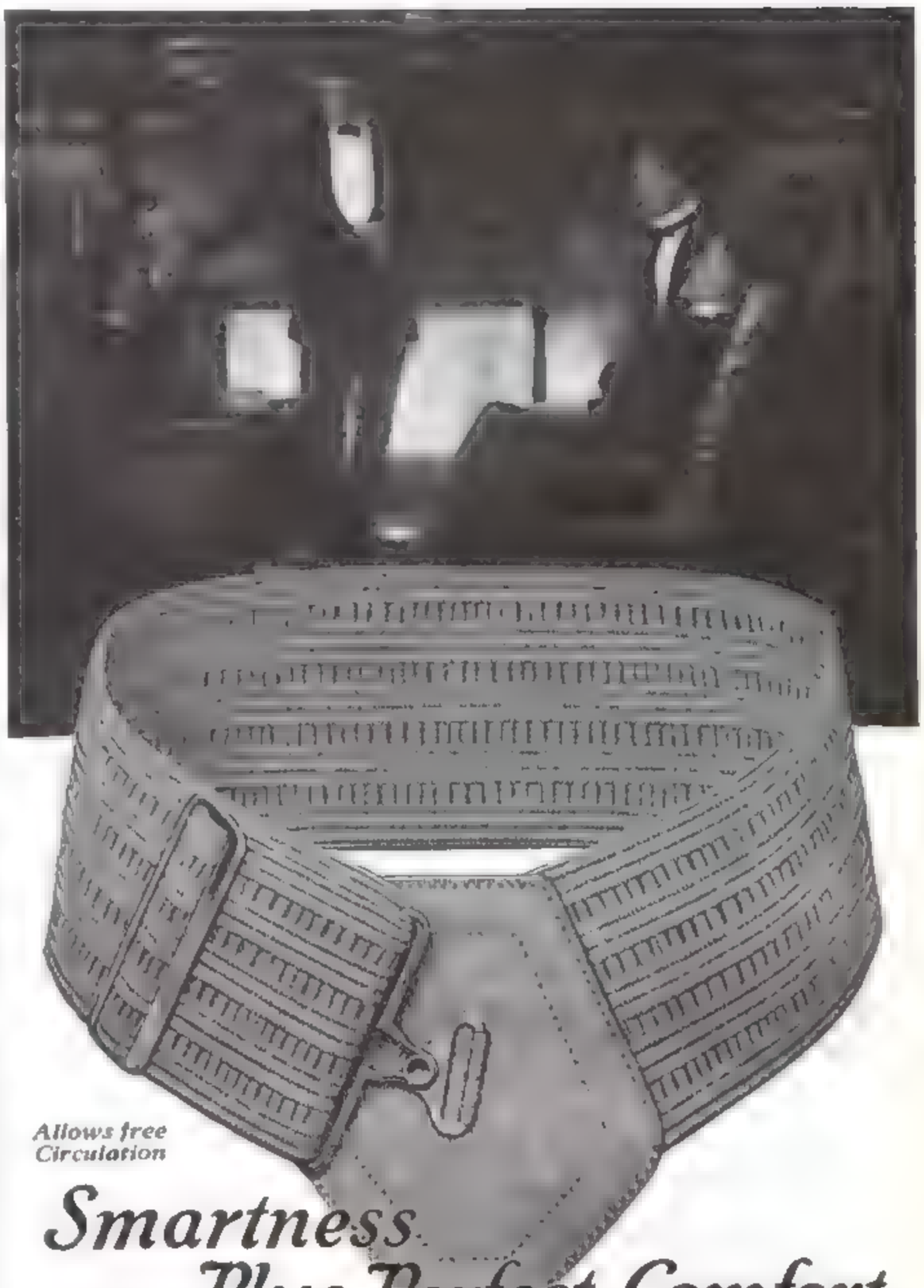
"That comes to about three hundred miles," I objected.

"Don't matter, sir; I seen 'em wid me own eyes, an' 'tis sow!"

You have to watch your step, in the Land of King Cod, or you'll do or say something that will certainly blight your career. You'll find more taboos per square inch in Newfoundland than in any other country I've ever visited. Luck is everywhere, and it's mostly bad. I could fill a book with Newfoundland superstitions and then have enough left for an article or two.

If you don't want to be jinked you mustn't kill a weasel, pick birch for brooms in May, rock an empty chair or sit in a room with two lamps burning. If you refuse to give a man a drink from a well you'll die. That might happen, one must admit, if the man was bigger than you! A bird or a bee in the house means death or a message of death. Be very careful not to whistle on the water or turn your boat counter-sunwise when leaving the wharf. A boiling kettle and the setting sun are things taboo to watch or talk about. After a burial the pick and shovel must be laid crosswise on the grave; also a man must be kept in the bows of a vessel during a storm to cross the waves. It's bad luck to hear a hen crow—bad for the hen, at all events, because she must immediately be killed.

If a livyere's wife wants to keep him from sailing a voyage, nothing is simpler. All she has to do is catch a black cat and put it under a kettle; then her man simply can't go. Salt in a house keeps it prosperous, but a cut onion will draw disease from far and near. There is no end of eerie places where goblins are to be shunned. Fetches, or spirits, are annoyingly familiar, especially at sea. Bread, called "comp'ny bread," in your pocket, will keep the fairies away. I've tried this one, and I knows it works too.



Allows free Circulation

Smartness Plus Perfect Comfort

The garter that gives perfect support for hosiery—that insures neat, trim ankles—yet is always comfortable—

—that's Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Web.

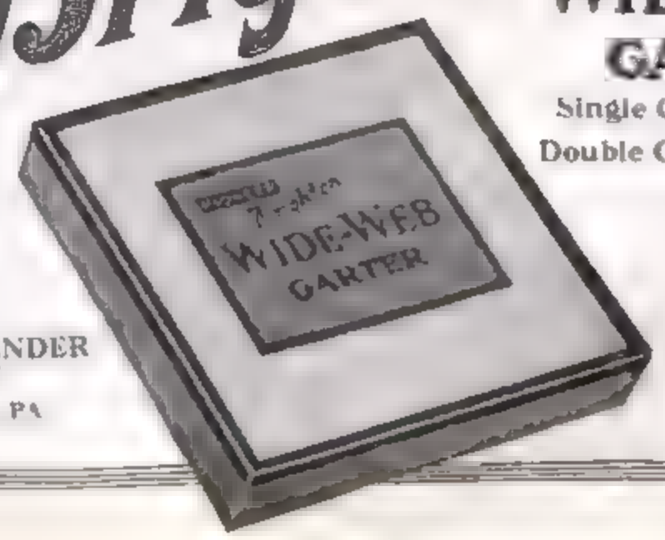
The width of the soft, pliable web combines with the weave to give an absolute hold without tightness. There is no tension—no binding.

Adjust Pioneer-Brightons to your idea of comfort at the start and they'll stay comfortable from first to last. Look for them in the smart blue and orange box.

PIONEER Brighton WIDE-WEB GARTER

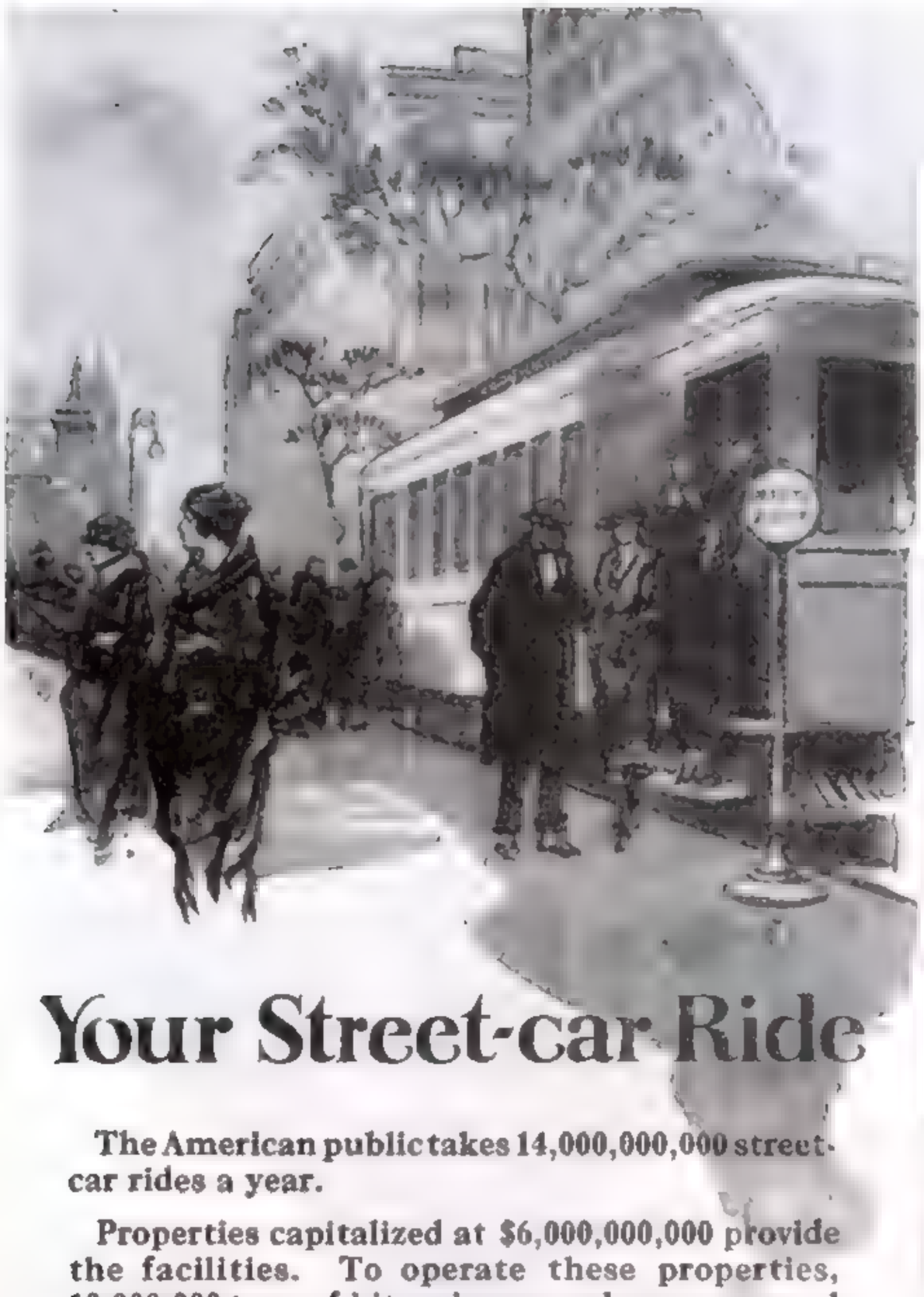
Single Grip—35c. and up

Double Grip—50c. and up



PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PA

For 45 years manufacturers of
Pioneer Suspenders
Pioneer Belts
Pioneer-Brighton Garters



Your Street-car Ride

The American public takes 14,000,000,000 street-car rides a year.

Properties capitalized at $6,000,000,000 provide the facilities. To operate these properties, 10,000,000 tons of bituminous coal are consumed each year.

Keeping down fuel costs is a vital problem for the management of an electric railway. To keep down fuel costs it is necessary that the electric railway power plant obtain bituminous coal of just the right quality and use it to obtain the largest possible power return per dollar.

Large sales of Consolidation Coal to the most efficient electric railways are made possible not only by the high heat content of our fuel but by our reputation for shipping only clean coal from which all possible non-combustible material has been eliminated.

Industrial executives who are concerned about fuel economy are invited to communicate with us.

THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Munson Building - New York City

FIRST NAT'L BANK BLDG.,	*Detroit, Mich.*	UNION TRUST BLDG.,	*Washington, D. C.*
137 MARKET STREET,	*Portsmouth, N. H.*	FISHER BLDG.,	*Chicago, Illinois*
CONTINENTAL BLDG.,	*Baltimore, Md.*	UNION CENTRAL BLDG.,	*Cincinnati, Ohio*
STATE MUTUAL BLDG.,	*Boston, Mass.*	FIRST NAT'L BANK BLDG.,	*Roanoke, Va.*
LAND TITLE BLDG.,	*Philadelphia, Pa.*	KIRBY BLDG.,	*Cleveland, Ohio*
Sales Agents	NORTH WESTERN FUEL CO., MERCHANTS NAT'L BANK BLDG.,		*St. Paul, Minn.*
	EMPIRE COAL COMPANY LTD., SHAUGHNESSY BLDG.,		*Montreal, Quebec*
	MILWAUKEE WESTERN FUEL COMPANY,		*Milwaukee, Wis.*

Speaking about diseases, though, why worry? Cures are both cheap and easy. Have you got a toothache? You can cure it in no time with pebbles taken from a new-made grave. A potato in your pocket will prevent rheumatism; while if you're afflicted with warts, just wrap some pebbles in a cotton rag, throw them away and trust to luck that somebody will pick them up. The minute he does—good-by warts! Or if you prefer, you can rub the warts with bacon rind and feed the rind to unsuspecting pussy, and presto, the warts are gone. The first snow falling in May will infallibly cure sore eyes. Lumbago is really a cinch. Just lie down on your tummy and let a woman named Mary step on your back, and it's all over in a minute.

With all these and no end of other cures entirely gratis, an outport doctor has a lot to compete with, plus, of course, unbelievable stress-o'-weather hardships. The marine adventures of a doctor in the Kingdom of Cod would fill books. One doctor told me he preferred winter, as then he could skate round the coast—sometimes as much as forty or fifty miles—to see his patients. Another, with a weak heart, once came near dying in a motor boat battling through a tempest to visit a sick man.

"Please, doctor dear, wait till us gets ye there!" his guides entreated. "Please don't die till ye sees our friend an' tells we what to do fer un—then ye can die ahl ye wants to. But till us gets ye there, please don't die!"

Having the doctor is a treat, a real social distinction among the livyeres; it confers unusual prestige. Some of the codders have strong ambitions to employ him. Sometimes several families will club together and hire one, especially if they can arrange to have the stork visit them at approximately the same time.

I remember the gravestone of one man at Balleorum: "Died of old age, 67 Years." But mostly the sea takes the menfolk. That is, if they don't happen to put too much varnish or wood alcohol into their potations, or get hold of the wrong medicine.

Medicine, you understand, is just medicine up there.

"My woman's puckerin'," I heard an old fellow complain to a storekeeper one day. "Her ain't rightly sick, but her got a droll 'id. Got any medicine fer she?"

"What kind o' medicine her need, Abram?"

"Oh, jest medicine."

"Settlin' powders, mabbe?"

"I ain't knowin' to dat. Jest medicine."

The storekeeper gave him a bottle—the first that came to hand—and away he went, his sea boots clattering over the rocks, down to his dory.

And everybody, no doubt including his woman, was quite content.

A Morsel of France

Far from content are the French codders in St.-Pierre and the Miquelons, whose story is so intimately inwoven with that of Newfoundland that C-o-d spells St.-Pierre and Miquelon too. France may be a republic; but the St.-Pierre-Miquelon people still serve King Cod.

The reason for their discontent is that La Côte, as they call Newfoundland, has all but ruined them with the Bait Act. And thereby hangs the very last chapter of the once tremendous French colonial empire in North America.

Few Americans—all too few tourists, especially—realize that almost at our very doors, only a day's steaming from Cape Breton, lies an actual bit of France. My fortnight at St.-Pierre, and all through the Miquelons, comprised days as truly French as if I'd crossed the Atlantic. For there, just off the mouth of Fortune Bay, Newfoundland, the old French life still goes on. The people speak no patois, as in Canada. No; the realest of real French is their mother tongue; and all the habits, customs, ways of France still live.

A whole book wouldn't tell you what you can see in the Miquelons. Cod, yes; cod everywhere. But that's only a very little part of what catches the eye. Let's dispose of the cod first, however. By hand line, bankers, beam trawlers, the Miquelons live on cod. Since Newfoundland passed the Bait Act the colony has dwindled. Now no more Newfoundland herring can be sold for bait. This Bait Act has also hit our American fisheries rather severely. The Lunenberg fishers, too, have suffered. One hears many stories of illicit bait buying, of seizures of schooners, heavy fines, even of pitched battles between Newfoundland and foreign fishermen. England, France and the United States keep patrol vessels on the Banks for medical help and to maintain the peace. This subject alone would make a good story. The Miquelons, these days, have to depend on capelin, squid and periwinkles; and so the fisheries have declined. Still, it's all French. And every year out from St.-Malo, St.-Brieuc, Paimpol, Plouezec and other Channel ports come the very same types of men—big booted, whiskered, with striped jerseys and plenty of good red wine—that Pierre Loti has immortalized in his Iceland Fisherman. Oh, there's romance with a big, big R in the Miquelons.

Go to St.-Pierre on the wheezy old Pre Patria from North Sydney, and you will see strange sights. My own arrival was by a motor boat from La Côte. The men who brought me over those thirty miles of open sea said they were going for cattle; but as their outbound freight consisted of some barrels of empty bottles I had me doots. A gale came on; we just got through by the skin of our teeth, and that was wet, too; but we arrived. A little matter like getting drowned is a mere nothing, up there.

Village Life

If you visit St.-Pierre you will find a high, rocky, black island, treeless and mossy, ringed with surf and loud with sea birds; and in a nook of this island a city that might have been bodily lifted from the Norman coast. There you will behold a water front and harbor, rough-cobbled winding streets, half-timbered and plastered houses with high gables, with slate roofs, with outward-hinged and flower-filled windows, that certainly must have been whisked on Suleiman's carpet right from France.

Land at the Quai de la Roncière, and you will see ancient men sitting on the hugest of anchors, in pale and foggy sunlight, mumbling over the colony's departed grandeur; Breton boys wheeling barrowloads of salt to warehouses, where local black-eyed belles in huge sabots are toiling; crimson-sashed Basques driving oxen that haul wains with vast solid wooden wheels; great black dogs in harness, trotting with bakers' carts. If a hard round loaf or two falls into the mud, what matter? All the driver does is pick the bread up, wipe it on his blue smock and toss it into the cart again.

You will see gorgeous gendarmes in the exact uniforms of Paris; a government house with the tricolor bravely floating in that chill northern air—a strange exotic for those regions!—sailors and fishermen with clipped bulletheads, purple socks and rough sabots, singing, dancing, playing the accordion in cafés that look like cutthroat dives, but are really so law-abiding that they all close at eight o' the evening. Here wiseacres cluster about the cable-office bulletins that are their only newspaper; there a rusty battery of four guns points toward Newfoundland; yonder, aged grandmothers hobble on crooked canes, going to mass, with ancestral shawls about bent shoulders.

Much of St.-Pierre's life clusters about the Place de la Cathédrale, the religious processions in which street altars are still set up, the huge white church where from blackened beams hang models of ships—ex-votos of gratitude, absolutely in the best French tradition. The one big day, of course, is July fourteenth, when St.-Pierre parades, has military band concerts, rifle practice and flag waving, and captures the Bastille all over again. On one such occasion a bold gunner tried to fire one of the four cannons; but something went wrong and the gunner had to be fished out of the harbor, in pieces. It was all fishing, however; nobody took it amiss.

The war hit St.-Pierre hard. Sixty-five of her sons are listed in the cathedral among the "*Morts ou Disparus*," a fearful percentage out of a population of some five thousand. Still, the place is gay. There's something infinitely pathetic, to me, in the brave French spirit still persisting, despite ruin and death. "The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders." Up on the *mornes*, or hills, back of the town, you see the ruins of a vast barrack that once held regiments of red-trousered soldiers. Now the roof has fallen in and empty windows stare out to sea; but the people still carry on. Perhaps a third of the houses are empty, crumbling; the French spirit survives. On the *graves*,

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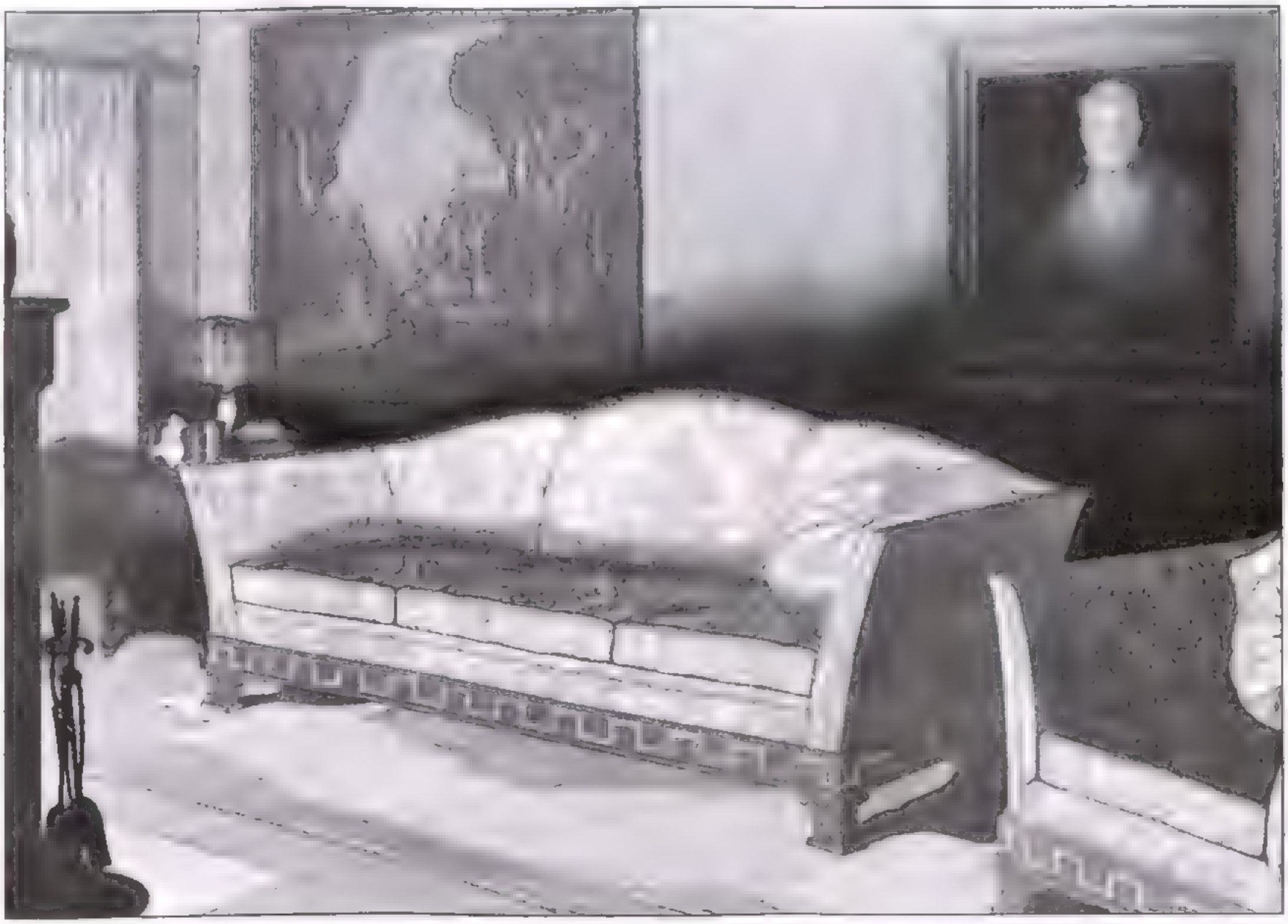

Now, It Has Fashion's Approval

Many Refinements in Design Make the Davenport Bed a Correct and Desirable Piece of Furniture

Serves by Day and by Night

RECENT years have witnessed a remarkable evolution of the Davenport Bed. Today it possesses every quality of other good furniture—appearance, comfort, durability and usefulness. And there are prices to suit every purse.

The modern Davenport Beds, offered by eighty-three manufacturers through dealers everywhere, are deserving of the acceptance given them. Every authentic style of furniture can be matched in Davenport Beds for living room, bedroom, sun parlor, library, den—wherever you would place a davenport.

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The Davenport Bed, shown above, arranged for night. There are other types—long and short models—of equally good appearance and utility

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Send for our handsome brochure. It shows a great variety of modern Davenport Beds in a wide choice of styles, woods and covering materials.

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"First shoes I ever had that really fit!"

SPOKEN by a man who is wearing his first pair of Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes:

"Comfortable? Say, it's a wonder some shoe manufacturer didn't think of this long ago. Fit? I should shout they do. Made to fit a real foot—not a wooden dummy. It's the first time I ever had a pair of shoes that really fit. Look how smart, too. Mighty good-looking and stylish."

And he isn't a bit more enthusiastic than you will be when you wear your first pair of Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes. Here's why:

Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes are fashioned to *the actual shape of the human foot.* Like a glove fits the hand, the Arnold Glove-Grip Shoe follows the lines of the foot. It fits snugly in the instep and *supports* the arch. When you lace a Glove-Grip Shoe, you *lift up* the arch instead of pushing it down. This feature is patented and is exclusive in Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes.

Glove-Grip Shoes are made for women as well as men, in styles to meet the most exacting tastes. They are as smart-looking as they are comfortable.

If your dealer does not sell Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes, we will send you the name of one who does, together with an attractive booklet of the newest styles for men and women.

M. N. ARNOLD SHOE COMPANY
North Abington, Massachusetts

ARNOLD
GLOVE-GRIP SHOES

Men's Oxford
The Avalon

(Continued from Page 86)

or fish flakes, but little cod is now drying. St.-Pierre still drinks its wine and sings.

Dominating the port the *Vierge de la Falaise* stands to give her blessing to all such as have business upon the great waters. Higher still, an enormous, storm-blackened *Calvaire*, or crucifix, looms against the sky line. You can laugh at St.-Pierre, and you can ponder. It's all unspeakably strange. Too bad the world has passed it by!

If you want to see life in the raw go aboard a French beam trawler for a run to the Banks. Astonishingly picturesque vessels, those, with tremendous brown nets slung up into the rigging, with names that stir the imagination—names like Stella Maris, Sacha d'Arcachon or Maroc. A hard life aboard such, messieurs. But the Bretons and Normans think nothing of it. To them it's all a lark; heaving the net, dragging it along the sea floor—thereby hauling up everything and destroying the fish-feeding ground too; at which destruction the dory fishers curse roundly, with all kinds of "*saligauds!*" and "sacred pigs!" Then, up with the net! A slash of the knife on the binding rope, and down on deck, from the mast-slung net, cascades King Cod by the thousand. A veritable cloudburst of cod! A sight you never can forget.

They live untidy lives, these trawling Frenchmen. They feast from unwashed pannikins as they sit on hatches. They hew thick slices from dirty loaves, sop up greasy stews.

But their red wine, at all events, is good. You must never drink the dregs. No; the last drops of every tin cupful must always be tossed away, preferably into the sea. Some lingering, propitiatory sacrifice to Neptune?

In the foggy Miquelons you will hear brave tales of heroism. At Grand Miquelon a vast dune extends across what was once a ship channel. Some vessels still try, in nights of fog or tempest, to sail the ancient way; so the sands are ribbed and whitened with ships' skeletons and dead men's bones.

Where Courage is Commonplace

There's just one real farm in the Miquelons, La Ferme de la Chapelle. There, nestled down among the dunes, an ancient French house, salt grayed and gale buffeted, clings to massive foundations. The daughter of that farm holds a medal of honor from the French Government—a tricolor ribbon, with oak leaves, monsieur—for having, single-handed, saved the lives of four English sailors in a terrible December storm. That story would fill pages; but we've no time for it now. Hardy women in the Miquelons, as well as men!

Throughout the whole Kingdom of Cod heroism passes unnoted that with us would ring in print and bring Carnegie medals. "God send ahl wrecks safe!" the Newfoundlanders pray, with the silent addition of "To we!" But when there's life to save, these livyeres are incomparably heroic. Born in salt water up to their necks, as the saying is, they make little of a courageous deed.

When the Sea Slipper struck a reef off the Labrador in a tremendous October blow some years back, a Newfoundland codder named William Jackman swam off to the wreck eleven times through ravening surf and each time brought back a man. Then, with a rope around his waist, he made the trip sixteen times more!

"Dere'm a woman aburd o' dat one yet," one of the rescued told him.

"I'll get she, den," Jackman answered simply, and once more plunged into the surf.

He reached the wreck again, smashed in a cabin door with an ax, dragged the woman out and swam with her to shore. Twenty-five persons in all he brought from the wreck. It takes all of a man for such deeds.

Then there was George Harvey, who lived with his family on a rocky island east of Cape Ray. When the Dispatch struck on a ledge three miles from his tilt he launched a skiff with a crew of his twelve-year-old daughter, his seventeen-year-old son and a Newfoundland dog. High seas kept him from reaching the wreck. He threw the dog overboard. It swam to the wreck, and the sailors tossed it a line. With this line the dog swam back to the skiff. Harvey carried the line ashore, rigged a cradle and saved every life—twenty men in all. A few years later he saved twenty-five men from the wreck of the Rankin.

When the Water Witch drove ashore at Cape St. Francis, in a place aptly called The Horrid Gulch—an inferno of a chasm with rock walls two hundred feet high—a codder named Alfred Moores had himself lowered by a rope, and was hauled up time after time holding a sailor, till he had rescued thirteen. The others, including four women, were drowned only because the wreck was smashed into firewood before Moores could finish his work.

Perry's Bold Exploit

The Perry exploit is still remembered as unusual, even in that land of astonishing heroism. In 1907 the steamer Tolesby went ashore in a gale at The Drook, near St.-Shott's, under a sheer cliff of three hundred feet. The twenty-seven men aboard her made up their minds to die. A crowd came out from St.-Shott's, among them Perry.

"Gi's a coil o' rope, b'ys," said he, "an' I'll get 'em! Look alive now!"

They lowered him into the surf. He swam to the wreck, and one by one tied the sailors to the rope. Every man was saved. Perry himself was the last one to be hauled up the sheer black cliff, against which the insane surf was leaping. He'd no sooner been dragged up than the Tolesby broke in two and plunged back into the churned sea.

Reward? I think not. Deeds like Perry's are all in the day's work. At most they furnish material for a come-all-ye.

That's how I think of those who live and labor in the Land of King Cod. Newfoundland has its rich men and its cultured ones aplenty. I am not writing of these. I am writing, thinking of the livyeres, the obscure, patient, tireless ones who live and labor by the cold and fog-bound Atlantic: the poverty-bitten, humble, heroic, cheerful, truly pious and indomitable men who gamble with death for life, and who all too often lose.

Unless you know these men you cannot know the soul of the North.

To know them, not as tourists do, by a casual glance, but to see their labors and their homes, their lives of endless ingenuity, daring and fortitude; to go shipmates with them, learn their dry humor and quaint philosophy, their superstitions, dialects, outlooks on life, their creed of simple duty simply done—this is to know men!

There's vastly more to be written about Newfoundland and the Miquelons. I've hardly more than skimmed the subject. But even so, if you have formed some notion of the wonderland and heroland of the Kingdom of King Cod I am content.

ESTABLISHED BIRD'S NEPONSET PRODUCTS IN 1795

Bird's Rugs

PICTURE to yourself how nice and comfortable and always clean-looking that living room would be with one of these bright, beautifully colored Bird's Neponset Rugs—

Or that bedroom, hallway, kitchen, bathroom, with other of the new Bird's Neponset patterns for Fall on the floors of them!

Wonderful floor covering values, these. Quickly cleanable. Mothproof. No end of wear to them. In standard rug sizes, at prices ranging from $7.75 to $17.25.

See these Bird's Neponset felt-base printed rugs, floor coverings and rug borders. The new Fall patterns are at your dealer's.

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Look for this mark when buying floor coverings. It is your guarantee of satisfaction or your money back.

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Two shades of blue form the background for this unusual rug. The figures and border are of cream, blue, tan, old rose and black.

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PISTON RINGS
PISTONS
PINS

These three vital units determine your power and economy

It's probably wear or inaccurate fit in the piston rings, pistons and pins which is responsible for the loss of power and waste of gas in your car. Power and economy really depend upon these three vital units.

All that many motors need to restore their maximum power and economy is McQuay-Norris Piston Rings. There is one to fit every pocketbook, but car owners who think more of permanent economy and satisfaction than of initial cost find that the combination of Vari-Flow Rings for power and Supercyl Rings to prevent oil troubles is their best investment. All McQuay-Norris Piston Rings are made of Electric Metal.

If the cylinders of your motor need reboring or regrinding, you want a set of McQuay-Norris *Wainwright* Pistons and Pins as well as McQuay-Norris Rings. They are handled by the same repairmen, service stocks and jobbers.

Your motor can be made practically as good as new for a fraction of the cost of a new car if its three vital units are replaced with McQuay-Norris Products. Write our Dept. "B" for Free Booklet, "To Have and to Hold Power," which explains the whole subject of motor wear and its correction.

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Canadian Factory—McQuay-Norris Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

McQuay-Norris *Wainwright* Pistons and Pins—gray iron pistons as light in weight as safety permits—specially designed for replacements—available in standard sizes and over-sizes—also in semi-finished form 75-thousandths over-size—pins of special hardened steel, ground to exceptional accuracy.

Pistons and Pins of quality

Vari-Flow—an exclusive two-piece design, preventing loss of gas and compression. Gives equal pressure at all points on cylinder walls. For all piston grooves except top, which should have Supercyl. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

$1.25

In Canada, $1.50

Supercyl—Keeps lubricating oil out of combustion chamber. Collects excess oil on each down stroke of piston and empties on each up stroke, which ordinary grooved rings cannot do. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

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JIFFY-GRIP—a one-piece ring. Non-butting joint, which can be fitted closer than ordinary step cut—velvet finish—quick seating. "Seats in a jiffy." To keep them clean and free from rust, each ring is packed in an individual glassine envelope. Price per ring—

50c

In Canada, 50c

Snap Rings—of the highest grade. Raised above the average by McQuay-Norris manufacturing methods. Their use insures all the satisfaction possible for you to get from a plain snap ring. They are packed twelve rings to the carton and rolled in waxed paper

And Snap Rings of the highest grade

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THE DRAWBACK

Continued from Page 13

had mentioned, and you could hire plenty of translators back in New York. He might just as well save that split in the profits too. He didn't need these people—not a bit.

"It sounds good," he repeated regretfully. "But I wouldn't want to touch it. I don't want any fuss with the United States post office—not me!"

Laura Clifford met his eyes squarely. He had an absurd feeling that she could read his thoughts. But she evidently didn't, for she laughed good-humoredly.

"That doesn't need to worry you any," she said. "You wouldn't have to show in the thing at all. It would be up to father and me, and if things did break wrong I guess they wouldn't look very much beyond us. They haven't quite forgotten Jim Clifford up there."

Gretzel meditated, balancing the alternatives. It was true enough that the game would be far safer if he handled it through these two. Even if the post-office people caught them red-handed there'd be nothing against Sid Gretzel. On the other hand —— He thought regretfully of steamer fares and incidentals and of a divided profit. It occurred to him that he could escape that last unpleasantness easily enough. Back in New York he'd have a whip over them. They'd have to take whatever he allowed, and be glad to get it.

Clifford was talking excitedly, in Spanish. His daughter stopped him.

"Speak English, father." She flashed a smile at Gretzel. "You musn't mind our dropping into Spanish sometimes, we've got so used to it down here. Father was just saying that we mustn't urge you. He thinks he's done harm enough in his day, without leading an Ellersville boy into this sort of thing."

Gretzel rose to the faint challenge in her look.

"I generally lead myself where I want to go," he said. "We'll talk this scheme over on the steamer. How soon can you start? I'm going to take a shot at it with you."

He comforted himself against a disturbing calculation of the expenses by a reflection that Jim Clifford's girl was good to look at, and that she'd naturally feel friendly to the man whose money took her out of this. On the way down to the coast he began calling her Laura. She didn't seem to mind it.

II

"MAYBE it's a low bid, but twelve hundred dollars is real money, Clifford. So far I been putting up for you without a thing to show for it, but before I blow in a roll like this I got to have some protection."

Gretzel surveyed the office approvingly. It had been selected, with a thrift for which his vigorous suggestion was responsible, from the least desirable vacancies of a building well removed from the high-rent district and so venerable that it had not even been wired for electricity. The gaslight revealed that the same economy had governed its equipment. There were three chairs and a desk and table, described by the vender as secondhand under the liberal trade sense of the phrase. And there had been no undue extravagance, either, in outfitting Jim Clifford and his daughter. The inevitable pang with which Gretzel parted with money had been slightly soothed by his certainty that none of it had been wasted.

He had been circumspect, too, in the matter of his visits. Clifford and the girl worked late on the compilation and translation of the catalogue. It was pretty safe for the silent partner to drop in at nine or so, after the other tenants had gone and the janitor had locked up for the night. So far there was nothing whatever to connect Sidney B. Gretzel, dealer in leaf tobacco, with the inconspicuous pair who were starting a little mail-order business in the tumble-down Katzner Building. This circumstance, to be sure, had its pleasing aspects; but Gretzel's instincts rebelled at the unbusinesslike absence of any documentary proof of his claim on the profits.

If Clifford chose to double-cross him he was helpless, except that he could secure a profitless revenge by informing the police that Clifford was again within reach, a course which would at once put an end to any possibility of profit from their enterprise. He held a whip, to be sure, but he could not wield it without hitting himself in the supersensitive region of the pocket. It was time, before he advanced the cash to pay for the catalogue, to regularize his position; and, at considerable cost in meditation, he had arrived at a means of accomplishing this without rousing Clifford's suspicions or giving offense to him or his daughter.

"That's one of the drawbacks of any crooked game, Gretzel." Clifford grinned faintly. "You've got to trust other crooks. The law won't do you any good."

Gretzel shook his head impatiently.

"I been trusting you, I guess, Clifford. You're into me right now for nine hundred dollars, and I haven't even got a note, have I? I trust you, sure. But suppose you die, or suppose you have to beat it again, where do I get off? The lease here is in your name, and the bank account and the box at the post office. I couldn't touch a thing without authority from you. That's all I want."

He laid a typewritten sheet on the table. He had spent a good deal of thought on its composition. Laura, reading it over her father's shoulder, looked up with a short laugh.

"Why, this says that you're the sole owner and proprietor of the business; that father is only your manager, with no interest in or claim on the profits!"

Gretzel smiled and nodded.

"Sure, Laura, just like that! If anything would happen to your father we wouldn't want to go monkeying with the courts to give us the right to take control, would we? This way, if anybody asks a question, we're all right."

Jim Clifford studied the document silently. Gretzel saw that he was frowning, and guessed the reason easily enough. He elected to put it into words himself.

"If it was a straight business you'd be a fool to sign that, of course. I could throw you out on your neck any time I felt like it. But the way it is, how could I? Any time you got sore on me, all you'd have to do would be to phone the post office. We got to trust each other, Clifford, like you said yourself, or it's all off."

There was a brief silence. Gretzel saw the other two exchange glances. The girl spoke:

"That's true enough. But why not let me hold the authority? That would keep you out of it and protect us against ——"

"Fine, if you were over twenty-one!" Gretzel grinned amiably. "As it is, Laura, it's got to be in my name. I been over it a good many times, and either I get this much protection or I quit. Take it or leave it."

"We'll take it," she decided instantly. "Sign it, father. We've got to trust him. And, besides, we're protected. If he doesn't treat us right we can always tip them off at the post office."

"But"—Clifford's white brows arched and his voice was almost plaintive—"but, Laura, we ——"

"Oh, don't argue, father! We've got to do what he wants, haven't we? Sign it, and let's get to work. We've got three pages to copy before we quit."

Clifford studied her a moment. Then, as if convinced, he wrote his name below the typescript. Laura witnessed the signature without waiting for Gretzel to suggest it. He eyed her as he stowed the document in an inner pocket. Class, he told himself, even dressed in the cheap clothes his thrifty advances had provided. There was rather more warmth in her smile, too, than he generally found there. Satisfaction expanded and glowed in him, brought him to the edge of generosity

"Let's celebrate," he said; "take a night off and go to a movie or something."

She shook her head, but he liked her smile better than ever.

"No. It's safer for you not to be seen with us. In a game like this there's always a chance that things will break wrong. You'd better keep absolutely out of it."

He knew that it was sound counsel—sounder than she thought it, perhaps, but he would have liked to disregard it. Ever since they had landed his suggestions of inexpensive amusement had met the same reminder. Tonight, somehow, he found a special and pleasing significance in the tone and look; they seemed to imply that she was even more alert in her regard for his safety than he was, and that she regretted the need for that caution too. He moistened his lips. One of these days, when they'd cashed in on this play, and if old Clifford was out of the way ——

It occurred to him pleasantly that there would be no trouble about that. Once he was through using Clifford an anonymous hint to the police would dispose of him. Meanwhile Gretzel could wait; he could always manufacture patience, at a price, and the price this time promised to be pretty high.

Nevertheless he chafed at the delay while the Cliffords corrected endless proofs of catalogue pages and addressed wrappers to the names on the sucker lists which Clifford bought from a dealer in such convenient merchandise—lists of guaranteed remitters, he explained to Gretzel when the latter protested at their cost.

"Better to pay a little more and not waste good printing and postage on dead ones," he said. "Every name on these lists stands for a willing spender—mostly patent-medicine buyers, of course, but a good percentage of just plain suckers who've fallen for courses in hypnotism and electric belts and such; people who believe what they see in print and give up real coin to prove it."

Gretzel grumbled but surrendered. It was slower than he had expected, and once or twice, impatience overcoming thrift, he even suggested hiring more help to address the wrappers.

"Slow and safe," counseled Clifford. "The fewer people know what we're doing the better for us. We'll get along all right, Laura and I."

There was a dispute, too, in the matter of prices. Gretzel wanted to fix them below even those of the big catalogue houses. The more inviting the bargain, he argued, the larger and quicker the response. Again, between them, they persuaded him.

"We might as well get all we can while we're at it," urged the girl. "These figures are away below what they'd have to pay at their local stores, and if we put them too low it's bound to look suspicious. We've talked it over from every angle, father and I. Suppose somebody down at the post office happens to look over a catalogue while they're going out. If we've quoted our figures too cheap the chances are they'll come up to look us over."

"Oh, all right," Gretzel yielded sulkily. "Just the same, I'd like to see some of this money I'm spending come back. Why don't you mail to the nearest countries first? You haven't even started addressing the lists for Mexico and Cuba and Central America. We'd get quick action from those places, and it'll take months to hear from Bolivia and Peru, maybe."

Laura Clifford shook her head indulgently.

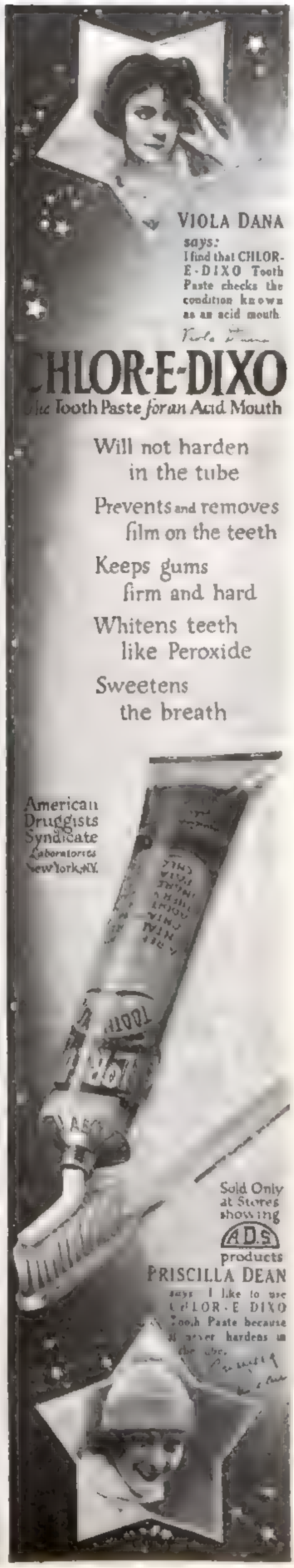
"It's a good thing you didn't try to do this alone! Don't you see that while we're waiting for returns from those far-away points we'll have plenty of time to cover the nearer places? We've got to leave them to the last, or we'll never get a chance at the others. This thing is only good for a matter of months, once we start—a year at the outside."

Gretzel's respect for her shrewdness deepened before such proofs of it, and he discovered, at the same time, a mounting dislike for Clifford, a fretting impatience for the time when he could put into execution that benevolent intention concerning his elimination. There were moments when he resented the older man's restraining presence so keenly that he was almost tempted to run the risk of getting rid of him at once.

Laura was a lot smarter, he told himself; they could handle this thing perfectly without Clifford, and, by letting the state lodge and feed him, reduce by half the outgo for personal expenses. Only the fear that Clifford's arrest would invite attention to the gloomy little office in the Katzner Building held Gretzel back.

The torment of waiting for the first of the catalogues to yield their harvest was aggravated by the pain of fresh advances for postage on the later mailings, by a distressing doubt of the scheme itself. Suppose the greasers wouldn't buy after all. Suppose those lists were phony. Suppose —— He risked coming to the office by day now and then, seeking reassurance against these imaginings.

He had almost decided to abandon the scheme altogether, when he found the two Cliffords deep in a pile of yellow return envelopes, a sheaf of drafts and money orders and frayed banknotes between them.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The Senator

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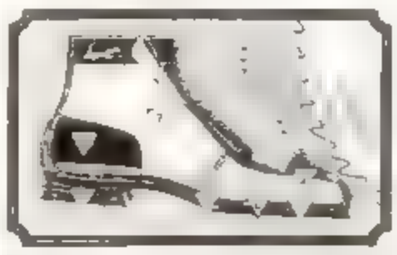

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1. Soles of heavy full-grain oak.
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5. Longer heels to give arch support.
6. Insole retains shape, never humpy.
7. A contour that supports the feet like a doctor's bandage.

Edmonds FOOT-FITTER

They faced him, both oddly silent, as he closed the door and turned the latch.

"How—how much?" he demanded.

"Two hundred-odd, so far." Clifford's voice was tight with suppressed excitement. "We haven't opened more than half of it, at a guess."

"And it's all West Coast mail," said the girl quietly. "Just one mail, and only from Chile and Bolivia and Peru—nothing from Ecuador yet."

Gretzel reached for the pile of remittances, ran over them. He pulled a chair to the table and helped with what was left of the winnowing process. There was nearly four hundred dollars in sight when they finished.

Gretzel deftly separated the few bills from the pile and pushed the drafts and money orders across to Clifford.

"Indorse 'em," he commanded, "and then go out and cash 'em. We'll split every day."

Clifford hesitated. Gretzel saw his eyes consult the girl's. The sight of the money broke down the remnants of his self-restraint.

"Didn't you get me? I told you to go get the cash—we can't split that stuff."

"He can't cash the drafts," said the girl gently. "They'll have to go through the bank, and we carry such a small balance that we can't draw against uncollected deposits."

"Then deposit 'em," snapped Gretzel, "and cash the money orders. I'll wait right here till you get back."

Again Clifford hesitated, with a glance at his daughter. She nodded.

"That's all right, father."

Clifford leaned forward, his eyes oddly wistful.

"Look here, Gretzel, let's play this out straight. There's a good third of that money that would be profit if we shipped the goods. We can ——"

Gretzel made a laughing noise, but there was no mirth in it.

"I was waiting for something like that! You've lost your nerve, Clifford. You'd waste four hundred good bucks sending a lot of junk out to a bunch of spiggoties that'll be surprised half to death to get it. But I wouldn't—and what I say goes, see? I'm running this from now on. Get that!"

"It'd pay mighty well, played square," persisted Clifford, "and you don't know as much about graft as I do, Gretzel. It's a good game, but you don't want to forget the drawbacks."

"You do as you're told and cut out the debate," said Gretzel. "I'll do the talking after this."

"Laura and I have something to say about it, I guess." Clifford's face darkened, and Gretzel remembered suddenly that he had once been afraid of this same old man. "It's half ours, this business."

Gretzel laughed.

"Oh, all right! You can spend your half filling those orders if you feel like it. I got something better to do with mine. Go ahead and get today's cash. I want to get downtown."

Clifford glanced at the girl for a moment. Gretzel saw her nod. He leaned back in his chair while Clifford methodically indorsed the strips of colored paper. The girl had better sense than her father; he'd get along all right with her. He crossed the room to light a cigar at the gas jet, kept burning all day against the darkness of the air-shaft window. He watched Clifford's departure with a stab of satisfaction. It was the first time he'd been alone with Laura. She had begun addressing post cards, printed in imitation typescript. He looked on for a few minutes, content to wait until Clifford was well on his way. Then he began diplomatically.

"What's that for, Laura?"

She did not look up.

"Just a notice saying we've received the order and are shipping the goods. It'll keep them pacified for a while—give us that much more time."

He chuckled admiringly.

"Great head, Laura. I knew all along who doped out this stunt. The old man didn't do it; he was for playing it on the level, right from the beginning. You didn't fool me, down there in Tenango. I knew that was the first time he'd heard about this 100 per cent variation."

She lifted her shoulders, still without looking up. He watched her pen for a minute or two.

"The old man's nerve is gone, I guess. It's up to you and me to handle this, Laura. He's all through."

"It takes it out of a person, living in the tropics." She kept on steadily at the cards.

"It didn't take it out of you," he declared warmly.

"I'm young," she said. He fancied that she smiled, as if the compliment pleased her.

"I'll say so!" He chuckled. "And then some! I guess you know where you stand with me, all right. The first time I laid eyes on you down there ——"

"Don't! You made me spoil that one." She crumpled a card. "I can't work if you keep talking."

"Don't work then. It'll wait." He came around the edge of the table. "This is the first time the old boy's given us a chance to talk, girlie ——"

He dropped his hand on her shoulder. The touch seemed to release a spring, so instantly was she on her feet, facing him. Her face reassured him; she wasn't angry; there was even a very faint smile at the corners of her mouth. It made her look more like her father than he had noticed till now. He lifted his hand again and took two unwilling steps backward as her open palm struck him.

"I wouldn't do that again," she said.

He was not in the least deceived by the even, almost friendly tone. He knew, now, precisely where he stood with Laura Clifford.

"Feel that way, eh?" He stroked the bruised cheek and jowl. "All right, Laura, just as you say."

She did not answer, already at work again on the pile of cards. He smoked in silence till Clifford came back.

"Let's see the coin, Clifford."

He reached for the little sheaf of bills and counted them, compared the penciled memorandum of the day's receipts with the bank's deposit slip.

"That looks all right," he said cheerfully. "I'll be in tomorrow."

He stuffed the bills into his pocket. Clifford stared.

"Hold on, Gretzel! What about our half?"

"Your half!" Gretzel was amused. "That's good! You're working for me, and you owe me about a thousand bucks that I advanced to get you out of hock. Where d'you get that half stuff?"

Clifford's face did not change. Again Gretzel observed the misleading hint of a smile. Instinctively he stepped back.

"Don't make a worse sucker out of yourself than you are already, Clifford. I got a statement signed by both of you that the whole business belongs to me—even supposing you could afford to go to law about it. And what's more, if I don't like the way you act, all I got to do is call up police headquarters."

He threw up his arm at the menace of that quiet face. The girl cried out sharply in Spanish, and Clifford stopped in midstride. Gretzel lowered his arm cautiously.

"I don't know what she's handing you, Clifford, but if she's telling you to quit beefing it's a good tip. As long as you two handle this plant to suit me we'll get along fine. I'll come in once a day for the coin and every Saturday I'll slip you a little something to live on. If you try to hold out on me I'll send you up the river for that Amesbury job and you'll draw a stretch in Atlanta, if you get out, for this one. Act sensible, Clifford."

"You ——"

Clifford's voice came between set teeth. Again Laura intervened.

"Don't, father! What's the good? Don't you see that he's got us? We've got to take what he gives us."

"That's right," Gretzel nodded approvingly. "And how much I give you would depend"—he paused for emphasis—"would depend on how I like the way you say thanks."

He turned to Clifford.

"Give me the key to the post-office box. I'll go round there with you, once a day, and watch you get the mail, so you won't try to hold out on me."

Clifford seemed on the edge of revolt, but again Laura spoke to him in Spanish. He surrendered the key and Gretzel went out, almost consoled for the stinging ache in his cheek and the pleasing illusions it dispelled.

III

HE CALLED for Clifford regularly every morning for the next two weeks and went with him to the postal substation around the corner, giving him the key before they left the office and taking it back as soon as they returned. He was very

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One master button at the chest controls the situation fittingly. Indeed perfectly. This suit is knitted to fit instead of being held to a semblance of shape by a row of unnecessary buttons.

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HATCH ONE BUTTON UNION SUITS for men and boys are made in various qualities and weights of fine combed cotton and soft warm wool to suit every person and purse. A handsome illustrated catalogue describing all the lines that we make will be sent free on request.

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ALBANY, NEW YORK

UNION SUIT

If Walla Walla says so, it must be so

No law of limitations blocks justice in this case

All the way from Walla Walla comes a communication that we believe holds some interest for the general smoking public. At least, it gave us a thrill which we want to pass on if possible.

Walla Walla County
County Attorney's Office
Walla Walla, Washington

Larus & Brother Co., Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

If a gentleman owes a debt he pays it, or, lacking the ability to do so, he at least admits that he owes it.

For many years I have been indebted to you, and up to the present time have made no acknowledgment; counting from the time that the obligation was first incurred it has long since been outlawed, but then it has been a continuing obligation, and the statute of limitations does not run against a debt of honor.

I was past fifty when I first knew the assuaging balm of the great god Nicotine and for a year or two I floundered around among all sorts of brands of tobacco before I found the right one and settled down. Now when my friends ask for a pipeful I hand over my pouch and they say "Edgeworth?" and I grin and say "uh-huh."

As I write, a pipeful of Edgeworth is going up in smoke, and for that reason I feel a little more kindly towards my fellow man.

With best wishes, I am

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) A. J. Guhs.

As you see, it isn't so much that another smoker has found that Edgeworth just suits his taste as it is that this veteran prosecuting attorney 'way out in Walla Walla should postpone duties to his State, his family, and his private affairs to sit down and write us a note of appreciation.

We liked his letter and are proud of the tobacco that inspired him to write it. Almost every mail brings us grateful letters from Edgeworth smokers—uncalled for, unsolicited, and unexpected.

Perhaps it is too much for us to believe that Edgeworth smokers as a whole are generous, big-hearted fellows who never miss an opportunity to boost their fellow men. Perhaps it isn't.

At any rate, if you aren't an Edgeworth smoker, we want to put you in a position to qualify as one. We should like to send you free samples—generous helpings of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Just jot your name and address down on a postal and we will send the samples immediately. If you will also include the name and address of your tobacco dealer, we shall appreciate your courtesy.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome tin humidors, and also in various handy in-between sizes.

For the free samples address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

careful to avoid any appearance of walking with Clifford on these excursions, following him at a distance of two or three paces; and, in the post office itself, standing only near enough to make sure that all the mail went into the leather bag.

He was a little disappointed to find only occasional avalanches of remittances like the first one, but he had gathered enough knowledge of the business to understand that steamer-borne mails must be expected in spurts and gushes, as the vessels arrived, rather than in the even stream of domestic posts. He regularly pocketed each day's receipts and checked up on the bank deposits, compelling Clifford to withdraw these day by day as soon as the bank had collected them. On Saturday he felt prosperous enough to indulge in something approaching liberality, and gave Clifford fifty dollars instead of the twenty-five which had been the weekly allowance thus far.

"Couldn't you even say thanks for a 100 per cent raise in your wages, Clifford?"

He rather resented the silence in which Clifford pocketed the bills. There was a look about him, since the show-down, that disturbed Gretzel a little. You couldn't tell how a fellow like that would act if you got him sore enough. It was good business to slip him a bit extra out of the winnings.

With Laura he got on better. She had evidently decided to make the best of the situation, and treated him very much as if nothing had happened to interfere with their previous footing of businesslike friendliness. He began to reconsider his opinion of her. She was a smart girl; she knew enough to stand in with the boy that cracked the whip. Perhaps after he was through with Clifford and no longer in fear of drawing attention to the business he could smooth things over with her. With Clifford safe in the pen, she wouldn't be fussy about her friends. And Clifford wouldn't dare to squeal if he was made to understand that her comfort hinged on his keeping a shut mouth. The future looked pleasing enough to Gretzel as he dressed on the Monday morning of the third week. He was humming cheerfully as he shaved, and the jangle of his telephone failed utterly to forewarn him. He knew Laura Clifford's voice at once.

"Father's gone!" she told him without preliminary. "He hasn't been here since last night—his bed isn't touched!"

Gretzel was only mildly annoyed. If Clifford had disappeared he and Laura could manage very well without him.

"Oh, he'll show up soon enough. Don't worry, girlie. He couldn't go far."

"He had the fifty you gave him on Saturday, and twenty or so left over from last week. And he's been getting queer lately—frightened, I mean. He's afraid something'll break wrong at the office."

"Wait—don't talk any more over the phone!" Gretzel cut in sharply. "Meet me at the office."

"But you don't see what it means!" Her voice rose a tone. "If he's gone we can't get our registered mail or sign for the money orders! We can't even get what's in the bank!"

"Don't say any more," said Gretzel. "Wait till I get down to the office. We'll fix it up all right, even if he don't show up. Leave it to me!"

He rang off, frowning. Of course he could prove his ownership of the business easily enough, thanks to his sagacity in forcing that statement out of Clifford, but he hated to risk connecting his name with the thing. He swallowed a cup of coffee and rode down to his own office, thinking hard. He could let the money on deposit in the bank stay where it was—it was only two or three hundred at most—and open a new account in another one in Laura's name. He would have to show the statement, to be sure, at the postal substation, but only to warrant his giving Laura authority to sign for registered mail and indorse money orders. They weren't very careful about such things at the branch stations. It could probably be handled without letting his name go down on their records at all. Anyway, it had to be done.

He took Clifford's acknowledgment from the safe and went back to find Laura. She was taking it calmly, he saw with relief. He might have counted on her to be sensible about it.

"I'm not much worried about him," she said at once. "He can take care of himself very well. But I don't see how we're going to manage things here. We can't sign checks or money orders or ——"

"I told you I'd fix that all right," he said. "It's a cold day when I get left, girlie. You forgot how I made him sign a paper that says it's my business, I guess. Comes in handy now, eh?"

He patted his pocket happily and explained his plan for the future conduct of the firm.

"Of course, with you I'd be more lib'ral, Laura, than what I was with him. We could agree all right, I guess, eh?"

She lighted the gas before she answered: "I don't think we'll have any trouble, Mr. Gretzel."

"Make it Sid," he urged. "Go on, girlie."

There was a double knock on the ancient door; a knock which, to Gretzel's ear, seemed cocksure and insolent, demanding admittance rather than asking it. And, without waiting for permission, the person beyond the door turned the handle and came in, a large, serious young man with a remarkably prominent chin and an alert, cold eye.

"I'm trying to locate the owner of this outfit," he announced.

Mr. Gretzel observed that he had closed the door behind him and that he stood with his back firmly against it. He tried to speak, but it was Laura who answered, while he was still moistening his lips.

"My father's the—the manager," she said evenly. "He's not here now, but ——"

"If your father's Jim Clifford I know where he is, all right. We've had him down at headquarters since last night."

He moved the lapel of his coat, revealing to Gretzel's agonized eye a small silvery badge.

"You mean that he's—he's arrested?"

Even in his distress Gretzel admired Laura's tone. Surprise, grief, protest—all in a sentence.

"You might call it that," said the young man cheerfully. "We asked him down to tell us about this mail-order game you've been running. The department's interested—strikes us you been cashing a good many money orders for an outfit that never ships any goods."

Gretzel sat very still, holding his breath. It occurred to him that the folded paper in his pocket might, if discovered, prove needlessly convincing. His mind cleared. He mustn't be searched, with that paper on him.

The girl's voice jarred rudely across his intent meditations.

"My father has nothing to do with it. He's just—just a sort of office boy for Mr. Gretzel, the owner—that man right there! He and I are only hired here. Mr. Gretzel comes in every day and takes away the money—all of it!"

Gretzel struggled for breath under the interested inspection of the visitor.

"It's a lie!" he squeaked. "She made it up! I ain't got a thing to do with it—only I loaned this feller Clifford some money to come up from Honduras."

"He's got a paper in his pocket that proves he's the owner!" The girl pointed. "Ask him to show you what he carries in there!"

Mr. Gretzel had thought to some purpose. He was ready for this. With an indulgent gesture he pulled the incriminating document from his coat and rose as if to carry it over to the impassive gentleman at the door. But as he passed the gas bracket he lifted the paper quickly to the jet and, as the flame curled along its edges, flicked it through the window into the air shaft.

The young man, however, did not move from the door, as Gretzel had hoped he might. He merely nodded as if in admiration.

"Snappy work," he said. "If that was all the evidence there was you win, Mr.—did you say the name was Gretzel?" He narrowed his eyes. "Not Sidney Gretzel, Leaf Tobacco, 60 Fremont?"

Gretzel, comforted by the sudden respect in the tone, nodded eagerly. The other man laughed.

"I thought I recognized you when I came in. I was going to ask you to come down and talk to the chief with me, but that won't be necessary now I know who you are. We'll let you know if we need your evidence, Mr. Gretzel."

He stood out of the way, and Gretzel, endeavoring not to hurry, skipped past him into the hall. He began to breathe without discomfort by the time he reached his office, but, everything considered, he concluded that it was about time to undertake another little business trip to—say,

The hidden treasure in your boy

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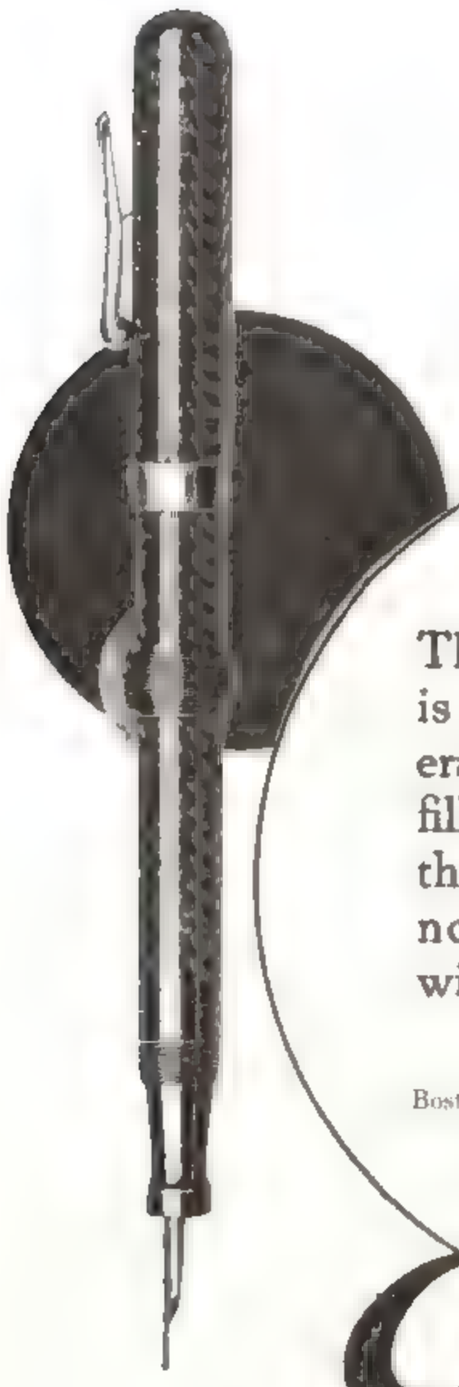

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Honduras. He caught a fruit steamer that sailed at noon, and did not begin to calculate his net loss until a steward assured him that they were well beyond the three-mile limit.

Then, of course, he regretted that he had allowed his fears to stampede him into a needless flight. He would have been perfectly safe if he had stayed. It would be his word against Clifford's, and Clifford was a known crook, while Sidney Gretzel—he remembered, with a mild satisfaction, that the mere name had been enough to make that post-office detective let him go.

He came back on the same steamer, but the newspapers, if they had even noticed the Clifford affair, had lost interest in it long before he landed; and a lingering recollection that the large young man with the formidable chin had seen him destroy that paper restrained him from making inquiries of the authorities. He told himself that he was well out of it, even at a cost of eighteen sixty net, not counting the late excursion to Honduras and back. It was six months later that he succumbed to curiosity as he passed the old Katzner Building and sought information, carelessly, of the janitor.

"Who? Clifford?" The janitor reflected. "They moved somewheres." He consulted a grimy memorandum book. "That's right—they're over on East Fifteenth now." He mentioned the number. Gretzel thanked him.

He decided to risk a little further investigation. Probably the janitor had mixed them up with somebody else. He frowned at the painted legend on the door of the third-floor loft. There was something wrong about this. He went in, still scowling. The front of the loft had been partitioned off for an office, and as Gretzel stood in the doorway Jim Clifford came in from the big room at the back. Gretzel felt his jaw sagging. Clifford greeted him cheerfully

"Why, hello, Gretzel! Been meaning to hunt you up. They told me you'd gone back to Honduras when I went down to your office. Sit down."

"Why, ain't you in the pen?"

Gretzel found his tongue with a mighty effort. Clifford lifted his brows.

"What for? That old Amesbury business? Oh, I straightened that out long ago. That's why I was broke down there. Took just about all I had to square it. I'd be down there yet if you hadn't happened along, but that was because I couldn't raise the steamer fares. Told you that the first time I saw you. Forgotten?"

"You made me think you had to keep under cover," said Gretzel. "You maybe didn't say so, but you ——"

"Oh, yes. That was Laura's idea. She said it seemed to give you more confidence in us to think I was still under indictment, so we let you believe it. But there's nothing against me—hasn't been for seven or eight years."

Gretzel assimilated the information slowly.

"But the business? You're running it yet?"

"Why not? After you pulled out we had our own way, of course, and you know I always did want to run it on the square. It was hard sledding, to fill those orders that had come in before you quit, but we managed it by putting back all the profits till we caught up. We're doing a nice business now—very nice, Gretzel."

Gretzel's mind refused to leave its groove.

"But you were pinched," he charged. "You were in jail when—when ——"

He stopped as the remembered half smile flickered at the corners of Clifford's mouth. A faint, unwelcome light intruded on his brain.

"Oh, yes, you mean that time when you burned that paper!" Clifford spoke dryly. "No, I wasn't pinched, Gretzel. That was just—just a misunderstanding."

Again, while Gretzel groped helplessly for speech, the thin smile came and went.

"You made us play it your way, Gretzel, right from the start. You wouldn't put up a penny for an honest business, so we had to let you look at the crooked side of it. You wouldn't have trusted me for a minute if you hadn't believed I'd go to the pen any time you tipped the police, so we had to let you believe that too. You tried to hog it all by refusing to advance the money for the catalogues till I signed that paper you burned. If you hadn't squeezed that out of me we'd have run the business honestly in spite of you and split the profits with you fifty-fifty, but as long as you held that over our heads we couldn't run it on the square. You could have gone into court and taken it away from us."

His face hardened.

"You took every cent that came in those first two weeks and you meant to go right on taking it all. I'm pretty sure you meant to frame me to the police when you were ready to quit too. I ought to fire you what you're out, but I'm going to give it to you—not because you deserve it, but because I'll feel better without it. You've got eighteen sixty coming."

He wrote a check and drew up a formal receipt in full. Gretzel, meditating an appeal on sentimental grounds, decided to save his breath. Clifford was a fool to give him a cent, the way things stood. He signed the receipt and took the check dolefully. Clifford seemed to regain the frosty, ironic good humor in which the interview had begun.

"I tried to tell you that there were a lot of drawbacks to the crooked game, Gretzel. I played it long enough to know. The biggest one is the way almost anybody can shake down a crook."

There was a step behind them, and Gretzel turned quickly, forlornly hoping for a final glimpse of Laura. He stared instead at the cheerfully formidable countenance of a large young man with a remarkably prominent jaw.

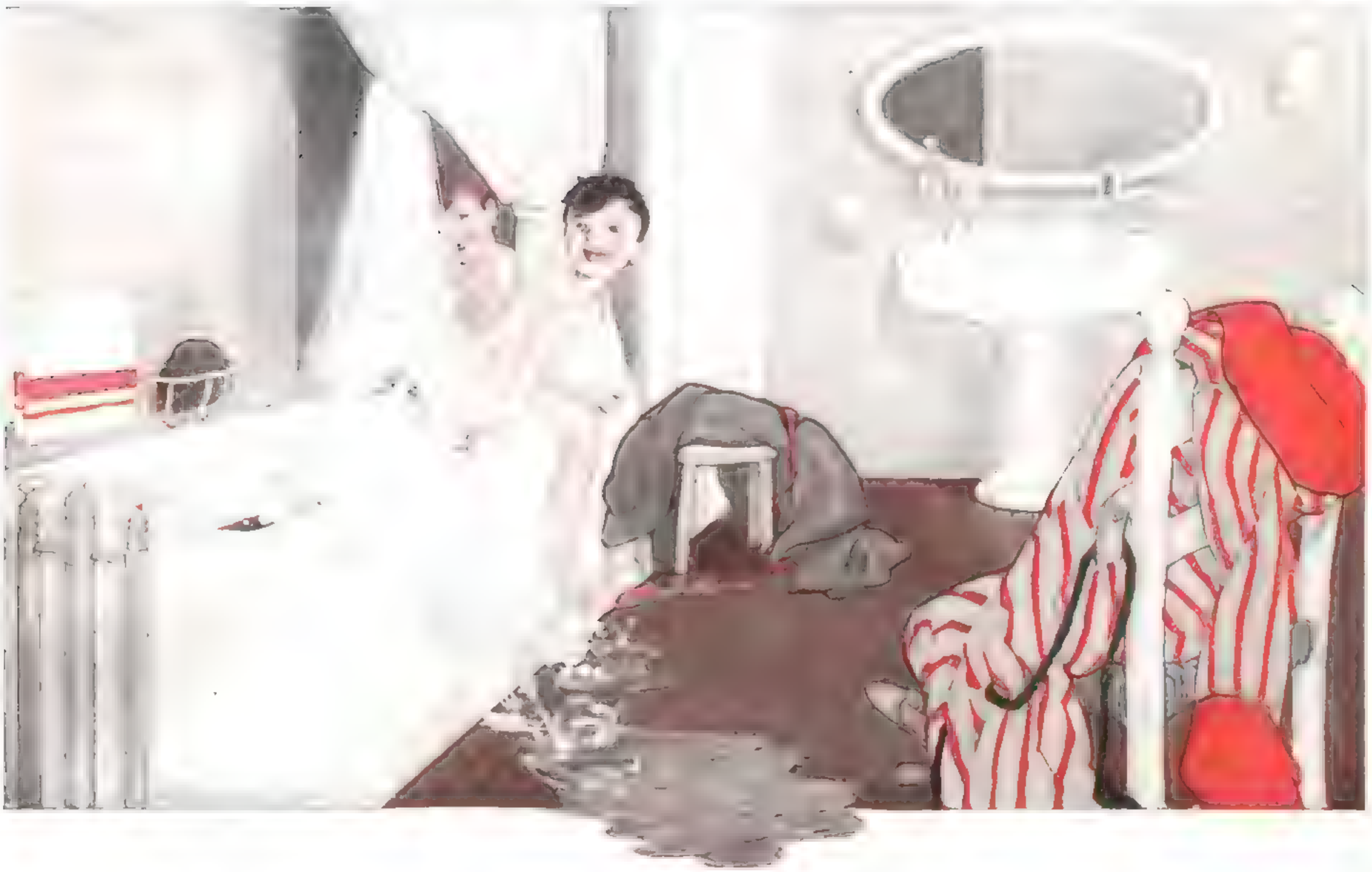
Clifford's voice seemed to come from very far away:

"You've met Gretzel, haven't you, Bill? I was just telling him that the big trouble with being a crook is that anybody can shake you down."

The large young man laughed comfortably.

"You don't have to tell him that," he said heartily. "He's seen it done—done by a girl and a friend of hers with a chicken-inspector badge under his coat! Haven't you, Gretzel?"

Looking East From Signal Mountain, Chattanooga, Tenn.



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THE WINNING HORSE

(Continued from Page 10)

private, either, for that matter." Whereupon he came to it again. "*Ad astra per aspera,*" he told himself, and mopped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"I don't suppose there's any way I can get it fixed for you," he said, his mind reverting to his clumsy work with the slipper.

"Oh, that's all right," she said again. "I'm only too glad that it didn't throw me."

"It will make you walk lame, though, I'm afraid."

While he was speaking, the thought came to him that those around him might think that he was forcing his conversation upon her—and a girl of that sort too! Somewhere, dimly from out of his reading, came a strictly nonclassical phrase: "He picked up a girl." After a moment's reflection he made it worse: "He picked up a girl at the race track." His lip curled in self-condemnation. "I'll sit here a little while longer and then I'll go," thought he.

He didn't speak to her again. All around people were chatting, laughing, calling to one another, hurrying down into the paddock and back. To excuse himself Elbert drew out his notebook and wrote down "Mary Mag.," the latter apparently being an abbreviation of something, and after a moment's thought he added "The pity of it!" and quickly put the book back in his pocket.

By that time the silence between them had become one of those formidable affairs which seem to make more noise than speech. And so far as Mary Mag.'s were concerned, had he not been given a great lesson to follow?

"I think I had better speak to her before I go," he said to himself; and searching his mind for a topic he happened to think of that remarkable horse which would have beaten the others even if she had been obliged to hop backwards on one leg.

"I suppose that Lady Angelica won the race?" he said.

"I hardly think so," she told him, and comparing her program with the numbers that had been set up on the other side of the track she added: "No; she didn't even show." She opened her bag then and took out a vanity case. "Seems to me," she said, mumbling a little because she was powdering her nose and didn't want to get the puff into her mouth, "that just before I nearly fell Lady Angelica was trailing the field."

His first thought was undoubtedly a bit of his Aunt Cordelia. "Utterly shameless," he told himself; but never having seen a girl powder her nose before he was too interested to frown. "And yet," he thought, "there's something nice about her. Something—well—reclaimable. She must have fallen—oh, I don't know—gradually, somehow."

Which brought to his mind another of those great jewels on the hand of time.

"Not at one bound is sin attained," he hurriedly jotted down in his book, "but step by step in unsuspected ease."

As he put the book back in his pocket he caught a smile from the girl by his side—one of those smiles which seem to say, "Do you know—I rather think I like you."

Elbert arose, frowning uncertainly without, but deeply disturbed within.

"I think I'll go down again," he said, "and—and see what's going on."

"I'll save your seat," she told him.

"You'll save it a long time," thought he.

V

ELBERT'S first idea was to start back home—but he didn't. For one thing, he was student enough to know that he was a long way yet from having mastered his subject; and for another thing, those two forbears of his who had died with their collars on probably had something to do with it. They may not have left much gold in their purses, those two, but at least there had always been plenty of grit in their craws, enough for themselves and ample to spare for those who followed after.

"No use running away," he told himself as he reached the paddock. "I don't have to see that girl again, and I ought to find out something about the betting."

It was the betting, he understood, which was the bane of racing; and in the same dim manner, inspired by some forgotten book he had probably read as a boy in the days when he had still hoped to be an engineer, he had half expected to see a long line of bookmakers standing on stools, fat jowled and begemmed, each with a blackboard behind him, a clerk by his side, and a satchel full of money strapped over his shoulder.

But was there anything of this? No matter which way Elbert turned, he couldn't see the least indication of it.

"Pardon me," he said at last to a wise-looking young man who had paused to light a cigarette, "but is there any betting going on?"

The wise-looking young man looked sadly reminiscent.

"You betcher sweet life there is," said he.

"Where are they doing it then?"

The young man nodded toward the paddock.

"Right in here," he said. "That's where they take it away from you."

Again Elbert raised himself on the tips of his toes, but all that he could see was a few thousand masculine straw hats doing a slow whirlpool act; and as for blackboards, or men on stools, or satchels full of money, there wasn't a single sign.

"How do they do it?" he asked; and bashfully, rather appealingly, he added, "You see, I've never been here before."

There is nothing which young wisdom likes more than an appeal to its senescence, and the wise-looking young man frowned with satisfied importance.

"Well, now, I'll tell you," said he. "First you have to know the bookie, see? Most anybody'll lead you to a bookie. Then you have your money ready in a sealed envelope with your name on it. And you slip him the envelope—see?—on the quiet, so the cops won't see you. Then when you want to make a bet you get the odds from the bookie, and write on a piece of paper the horse you are betting on, the odds, how much you're betting, and your name. Then you slip that to him—on the quiet, see?—the same as you did your money."

Elbert thoughtfully nodded. Out came his little notebook.

"And now, which are the bookies?" he asked. "How can you tell them when you see them?"

At the sight of the book, however, young wisdom suddenly seemed to remember the name of the metal that is sometimes said to stand for silence.

"'Scuse me," he said, "there goes the bugle," and hastily lost himself in the crowd.

"Breakg. the law," wrote Elbert. "Law bulwark life, lib., happ. Therefore what does it mean in end if we keep constant. breakg. it down? Russia. Bolshev. Anarchy."

Again the bugle blew—a sound with an unguessed power for quickening the pulse and stirring the breast of man; and once more raising himself on his toes Elbert saw the horses for the next race being led past the grand stand by a rider in a scarlet coat and buckskin breeches. There was a touch of pageantry in this that pleased Uncle Phineas' nephew, and from some of the remarks he heard around him he gathered that this next race was to be the famous Griswold Handicap, which had occupied so much space in last night's paper. "The Morpeth Brothers' sensation of the season"—"the truest-hearted gelding that ever champed a bit"—"one of the most tempestuous whirlwinds of speed that has ever been shod by a blacksmith"—they were all before him now.

Excitement is a catching thing—a sort of mental measles from which few people are immune; and as the paddock thinned, its occupants hurrying to find seats in the grand stand, Elbert caught another glimpse of the procession on the track—Thoroughbred horses that seemed to have the pride of birth within them, spirited, beautiful, lean-legged creatures with coats that gleamed as though they had been varnished, and nostrils that reminded him of the horse which pawed the earth and sniffed the battle from afar. In the saddles the jockeys were dressed in varicolored silks, a custom possibly handed down from the time when each knight rode his own brave charger and wore the colors of his lady so that later she might the more quickly see whether her lord had lived or died.

"At least I might as well see it, now that I'm here," thought Elbert.

But too many had thought the same. He was still looking for a seat, working his way up and down the aisles and yet trying to keep away from the scene of his late adventure, when all at once he found himself near the girl in white again—caught the beckoning wave of her hand.

"You see, I saved it for you," she said, moving her coat out of the seat next to her. "But I almost had to fight for it once!"

Again Elbert hesitated, but what could he do? This seat that she had almost had to fight for—was he to walk past it now with his nose in the air?

"Did you bet on it?" she eagerly asked as he sat down by her.

"Hardly," said Elbert with a wry smile. She misconstrued him.

"I don't blame you, at the odds they quote," she said. "Of course it's always nice to have a bet on, but I'm saving all mine for the last race." It was her turn to smile then, although there was something serious in her eyes too. "Instead of a lot of trickling little bets spread all over the afternoon," she said, "I'd rather have one grand slam—all at once!"

She was like that, he told himself. Yes; and she would have fought for his seat, too, if necessary. You could see it in the shape of her chin, her mouth, the line of resolution that now and then arched her brows. And yet for all that ——

Elbert left the thought unfinished. Another reflection, more in keeping with his business of the afternoon, suddenly crowded it out.

This race that was about to be run—couldn't he draw a parallel from it? Take the entries, for instance. Instead of giving them such names as Wilday May, Sarcasm, Queen Bess, Barbizon, he would call them Greed, Passion, Falsehood, Superstition—the whole confounded crew that had devilled man from time immemorial; but among them, generally unhonored and unsung, was another entry, Probity—good old Probity—that may have been dammed by Sinners, but was certainly sired by Grace.

Then there was the start. He would get a thought out of that too. Across the track, looking small in the distance, the entries for the handicap were now facing the barrier, all apparently on even terms, one horse looking as good as another. But it wasn't the start that won the race; it was the finish that counted. It was the winning post that everybody had to keep in mind.

Still staring across the track he caught a sudden movement, and simultaneously that excited stir and murmur ran over the stands. "They're off!"

Good! They were off! Greed, Passion, Falsehood and all the rest of them! But Elbert was going to back Probity to win the race.

Wait a bit! He had another idea.

What about the tipsters' sheets, the records of past performances? Couldn't he work those in too? How many races had Greed won, for instance? How many had Falsehood got to her credit? But, oh, look at Probity's past performances—the magnificent, well-nigh unbroken record of her victories!

The horses were rounding the corner by then, and it looked like anybody's race.

"See what Brickhoff did then?" cried the man in front of Elbert to his neighbor. "Tricky work, eh? I tell you, the boy's clever!"

There was a note of exultation in his voice which made Elbert look sternly down upon him for a moment.

"Tricky work will avail them nothing," he felt like saying; and rising to his feet with the others he watched the oncoming contenders rushing forward, straining every nerve and sinew, breaking their hearts to win.

Encouraging roars arose.

"Come on, Queen Bess!" "Come on, you Little Dorrit!" "Barbizon! Barbizon!"

The wave of excitement swept around Elbert and raised him, too—raised him, perhaps, higher than any of the others—him who was watching a race far greater than theirs.

"Come on, you Probity! Come on, you Probity!" he cried within himself.

For the first time, then, he glimpsed a hint of the compelling power that had drawn these forty thousand people to pay their three dollars and eighty-five cents to get up on their hind legs and shout themselves blue. They came to see a thundering, fighting group of contending forces

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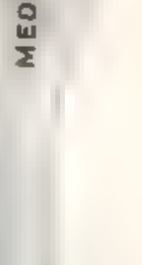

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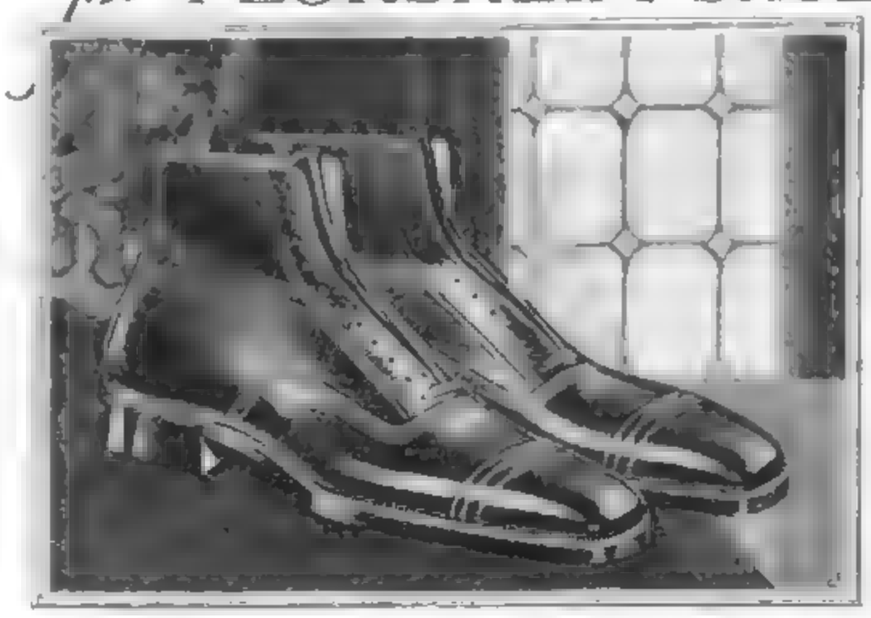

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rushing on to an uncertain conclusion. Well, wasn't that life itself, except that life was vastly more exciting, incomparably more important to everyone concerned?

"Life, a race—that's the thing I've to give them," he rejoiced to himself. "Something moving—something epic—something that will stir their blood, the way it's being stirred now!"

The horses thundered nearer, leaping, tearing, reaching out with their front legs for incredible distances of track, and the next moment flinging it back of them with their hind legs as though they despised it, necks and tails nearly horizontal, ears well-nigh flat against their heads. Among the leaders was a chestnut with a white star on her forehead, her jockey dressed in white silk, with blue sash and cap. It might have been the star on her forehead, or it might have been the white silk. Whatever it was, Elbert suddenly identified this horse as his imaginary Probity.

"Come on, you Bess!" "Come on, you Horologe!" "Barbizon! Barbizon!"

And again within himself Elbert cried, "Probity! Probity! Come on, you Probity!"

As though she heard his silent cry the starred chestnut, gamely reaching forward for more track and still more track, pulled herself forward until she was second the leader a black stallion whose jockey's colors were scarlet and gold.

"The world, the flesh and the devil!" thought Elbert, springing up on his seat, and for the next few minutes he certainly became almost as crazy as those around him.

"Barbizon! Barbizon!"

Barbizon was evidently the name of the big black.

"Probity! Probity!" shouted Elbert, gently at first, but when he perceived that his voice was unheard in the general clamor he put the loud pedal on. "Probity! Probity! Come on, you Probity! Probity's going to win!"

Ten yards, five yards from the finish they were neck and neck—the chestnut and the black—and then, drawing from some unsuspected fount of power and suddenly leaping forward as though she would annihilate distance and make a fool of time, the chestnut hurled herself past the winning post a good quarter length in the lead, and Elbert's eyes shone as though he had just had his first peep through the veil.

"She may be dammed by Sinners, but she's sired by Grace," he grandly told himself as he sat down.

By the chest of him you might have thought that he owned her.

"Which horse were you calling Probity?" asked the girl by his side, turning to him with a puzzled smile.

Elbert's feeling of exaltation was still too strong to allow him to feel foolish.

"The one that won," he said, smiling because he had puzzled her. "Probity—it always wins."

The winning horses were being walked back to the judge's stand, and she looked at the number on the chestnut's saddle.

"But that isn't Probity," she told him, showing him the program. "See? That's Camille."

There was something in her voice that made him glance at her attentively, and for the first time he looked deeply into her eyes.

"Imagine you fastening a name like that on poor Camille!" she breathed.

VI

IT IS hard—or at least there are times when it's hard—to hurt innocence. Elbert had never read Dumas' masterpiece, and so Mary Mag.'s remark sank without a trace. But the way she looked at him—that was something else; and studying the subject as he knew well how to study any subject, it wasn't long before he arrived at the conclusion that although he had seen many a thousand daughters of Eve that afternoon he hadn't seen one who was more attractive than the one who sat by his side and had just looked so deeply into his eyes.

"Funny," he said, with a sense of uneasiness that wasn't so strong as it might have been, "but I hadn't noticed it before. That's probably where they get their power from—little things that really shouldn't count. Yes, and they do have power," he thoughtfully nodded to himself, his eye, abstracted, fixed now upon the jewels that adorned the hand of time. "Cleopatra—see what she did to Antony. And Charles I would probably never have been beheaded if it hadn't been for the Spanish Infanta. And then there was Charles II—see what Nell Gwyn and the rest of the scarlet women did to him—and probably changed the whole history of modern times. And Henry VIII. And Marie Antoinette. And Catharine de' Medici. Yes, sir, I can begin to see now that Uncle Phineas was right. And if there's such a power for evil in the world it ought to be taken into consideration like any other evil, and studied, and attended to."

And yet a moment later when he glanced a little more closely at the girl by his side she didn't look particularly diabolical. She was writing on her program, and so his scrutiny went unchallenged.

"Little things which really shouldn't count a bit," he repeated to himself. "The world, of course, ought to be ruled by justice, and truth, and things like that. And yet—for ages past ——"

Perhaps the pearliness of her complexion was one of those little things. Where she wasn't powdered or rouged—underneath her chin, for instance—she was soft as velvet, white as milk.

Her chin was keen; her nose—a bossy, small affair—seemed to hint at adventures and joyous romances. But her eyes didn't. Her eyes, though large and clear and the color of forget-me-nots, seemed to have lately looked upon trouble and brooded on the uncertain face of woe.

"That may be it," thought Elbert. "You begin to wonder what their history has been—and then—before you are aware of it ——"

She interrupted him, having finished marking her program.

"Were you here yesterday?" she asked.

He told her that this was his first time.

"I think that's wonderful," said she, and looked at him with a sort of envy.

"You come often?" asked Elbert.

"Too often," she sighed.

"I'm sorry," he said in a gentle voice.

She glanced at him rather sharply then, but that soon passed.

"I wonder if you would do something for me," she said at last.

"If it's anything I can ——"

"You see that bookmaker down there—next to the man in the check suit?"

"I can see a man in a check suit."

"Well, can you see the man he's talking to? The stout man with the brown band on his hat?"

Elbert placed him then.

"That's the one!" she said. "And now, if it wouldn't be too much trouble, I wish you'd go down there for me and ask him what odds he's quoting on Temptation."

"Temptation?" repeated Elbert, staring at her, hardly believing his ears.

She pointed to the name on the program: "718, Temptation; br. f., wt. 103."

"The last race," she said. "This is the horse I'm going to plunge on."

"Temptation!" muttered Elbert to himself as he made his way down the steps. "She's going to bet on Temptation to win. Funny? Funny's no name for it! And here am I ——"

He paused, looked at the crush below, and for the moment a feeling of despair passed over him—despair that things like these, so deeply rooted, so unbelievably ramified, could ever be pulled up and thrown away—a feeling, almost, that to wipe out sin would be to wipe out the human race. But it was only for a moment. Other evils had been stopped—slavery, for instance, and lotteries, and pool rooms—and everyone knew that the world was better off without them. And who had stopped them? Men like him and the line who had gone before him, always backing Probity to win the long race.

Down in the paddock he joined the milling mob and presently found himself by the side of the bookie with the brown band on his hat.

"What odds are you quoting on Temptation?" he asked.

"Thirty to one," growled the other, almost beneath his breath.

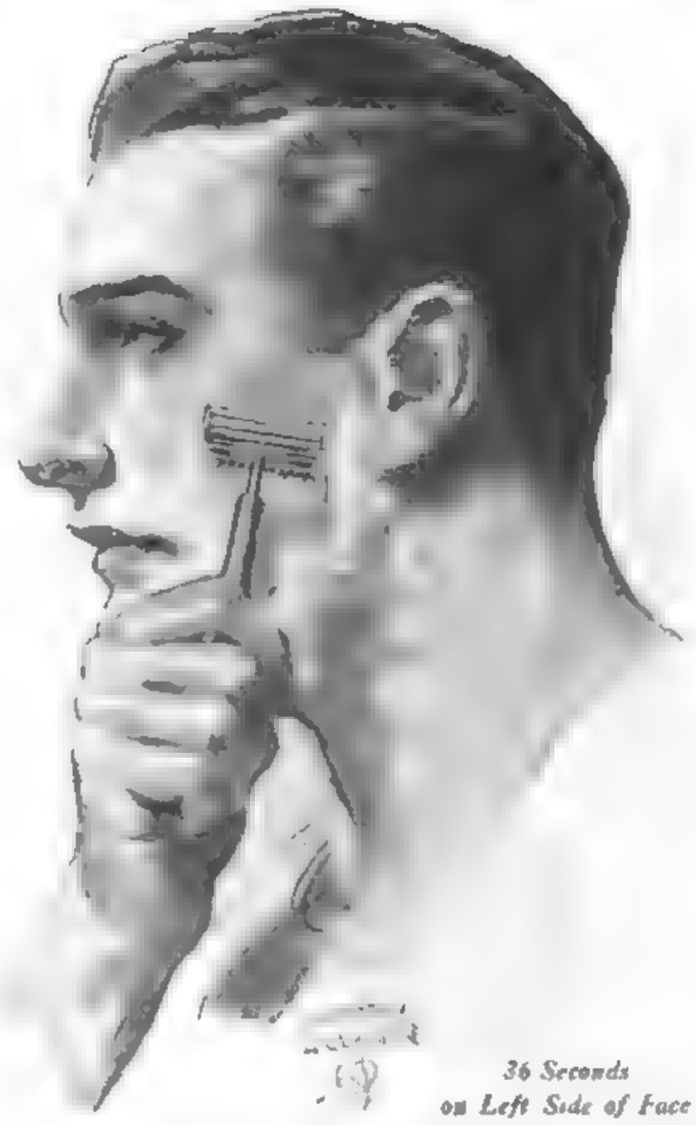
Elbert watched him for a few seconds, fat and sly, a scar across his cheek, his watchful little eyes set deeply in his head and constantly glancing this way and that as though in fear that at any moment the hand of authority might be placed upon his shoulder, and the voice of authority say "Come!"

Another idea came to Elbert, and hurriedly opening his notebook he jotted down: "Furtiveness of sin. Openness of good. Which best choice?"

(Continued on Page 100)

10 Seconds Stropping

32 Seconds on Right Side of Face



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from sheep that thrive in the snow

(Continued from Page 98)

"Oh, but I'm glad I came!" he told himself with a satisfied look at the richness of the entries that had gone before; and milling his way through the mob again, he returned to the grand stand.

"Thirty to one," repeated the girl when he told her. "I thought it would be something like that. That's great."

Her face, he noticed, had suddenly become flushed beyond the rouge; and when she put her hand in her beaded bag he saw that it trembled a little.

"And now I wonder if you'll do something else for me," she almost whispered.

"If you'll tell me what it is ——"

Instead of telling him she drew five twenty-dollar bills from her bag and put them in a small envelope. This she sealed, and Elbert watching her curiously saw her write upon the envelope: "Temptation. $3000 to $100. Elsie M. Bowman."

"If you will take this down to the bookie, please," she said—"to the same one who quoted you the odds."

For the third time that afternoon Elbert hesitated. And the more he hesitated the less he liked it. "Not at one bound is sin attained, but step by step in unsuspected ease." And yet—surely there was no wrong in what he was doing. He was merely acquiring information from the enemy—the same as Nathan Hale had done—that great soul who regretted that he had but one life to give to his country. Someone had to do such things, and if it was all right for Hale —

He took the envelope.

"And ask him, please, what are the odds on Stella M," she said.

The odds, he learned, were three to one.

"Imagine!" said Miss Bowman when he told her this. "Temptation, I think, is a lot the better horse." She stared across the track for a time, her eyes unseeing, and then suddenly turning she impulsively placed her hand on Elbert's arm.

"If you only knew how much this means to me!" she said.

Elbert was still a bit uppish from having had to carry the envelope.

"I hope you'll win," said he.

All at once there was something about her that wasn't far from being desperate.

"Temptation's got to win!" she said. "If he doesn't ——"

She made a gesture and quickly thrust her hand into her bag, as though to assure herself that something was there. There are some pantomimes more expressive than speech, and Elbert found himself growing very thoughtful.

"And suppose Temptation doesn't win, what then?" he asked himself.

He glanced down at her program to see how many other horses were in the race. There were eleven. Not much chance for a thirty-to-one shot.

"Step by step"—yes. But Elbert had no wish to be there if a tragic bound was about to be taken.

"I think I'll have to be going now," he said, half rising.

"No; please don't go," she said. "You know I shall need someone to go down and get the money. You—you're sure you gave my envelope to the man I pointed out to you?"

He saw it coming—knew that it was inevitable.

"Didn't you see me?" he asked.

"No; I lost you in the crowd."

At the end of the paddock a bugle blew.

"They're coming," she breathed.

Her voice trembled a little. Her eyes were bright as though with fever.

VII

IT SOMETIMES happens—in racing as in everything else. The talented ones receive it between the chin and the shoulders; the wise are made to look foolish; the prophets to tear their hair. Technically, of course, in the last race that day the favorite should have won; and if the favorite failed, the second choice ought to have been the first to pass the winning post. But as a matter of fact the race was won by Temptation, the most despised entry in the field, a horse so humorously regarded by the layers of odds that they offered thirty dollars to gain one, and thought no more about it.

"I'm glad you won," said Elbert when the frenzy was over and they stepped down off their seats.

She was radiant, her eyes no longer appearing to have lately looked on trouble and brooded on the uncertain face of woe. It was evident that some great weight had been lifted from her mind—some straddle-legged Old Man of the Sea had been pitched headfirst from her shoulders.

"And now if you don't mind going and getting the money," she said. "I'll go down as far as the rail with you."

It didn't strike him till later how much she was trusting him; although if you had been there to see him that day—young, earnest, spiritual—you would have trusted him quite as much.

"But will he pay me?" he asked.

"Yes; you asked him the odds and gave him the money. If he should raise any question about it just tell him I'm standing up at the rail, and I'll nod my head 'Yes.'"

So down went Elbert and in less than a minute he knew how truthfully Lady Angelica's champion had spoken earlier in the afternoon when he had said, "If you once lose a bookie in this crowd they're hard to find again."

At last he thought he had him—a fat man with a brown band around his hat, who was evidently paying off bets.

"Pardon me," said Elbert, "but have you Miss Bowman's money ready?"

"Miss Bowman? No," wheezed Porcus. "She didn't bet with me."

"But I gave you the money myself," said Elbert, "and there she is now—up at the rail."

They both looked up, and the girl at the rail vigorously nodded "Yes!"

"I guess Jake Schwartz is the man you want," wheezed Porcus. "Had a scar on his face, didn't he?"

"Yes," said Elbert, noticing for the first time that this man to whom he was talking was unmarked.

"Thought so. Me—my name's Rosen. Wait; I'll give you my card."

He drew out a wallet and gave Elbert a circular instead—How to Pick the Winners.

"Name and address is on the last page," he said. "Glad to have your business in the future."

Elbert hurried away, looking for Scar Face. The paddock thinned and was easier to search; but go where he would he couldn't find the man for whom he was looking. He glanced up at the rail, uncertain whether to go and ask Miss Bowman for fresh instructions, and the moment he looked she beckoned with an imperious wave of her hand.

"He isn't there," said Elbert as soon as he reached her.

She stepped back as though he had slapped her face.

"But I saw him," she protested, swallowing hard before she spoke. "You both looked up at me, and I nodded that it was all right."

"No," said Elbert earnestly, "that was another man."

"But I tell you I saw him!" she repeated, her brows going together, her voice rising a little. "I saw you both together just as plainly as I see you now. And I saw him pay you too."

"You couldn't very well have seen that ——" began Elbert, and then he stopped.

Yes, from the rail it must have looked exactly as though he were being paid. Porcus had produced a wallet and had given him something out of it. Before he spoke poor Elbert knew how feeble it would sound.

"He wasn't paying me," he said. "He was giving me something else—a circular. Wait; I'll show it to you." He felt in his outside coat pockets, and then in his breast pocket. "I—I must have dropped it," he confessed at last.

Obviously it didn't satisfy her. Thinking it over later Elbert told himself with a groan that if the situation had been reversed it wouldn't have satisfied him.

"I want my three thousand dollars!" she slowly told him, speaking with that distinctness which generally goes before a storm. "Thirty-one hundred dollars it is altogether, with the hundred I bet. Now do you hear me? I tell you I want my money, and I'm going to have it!"

"But I tell you he wasn't there," repeated Elbert, miserably enough.

She looked around her and drew a deep breath. "She's going to scream," he thought in a panic.

There were still plenty of people in the stands, waiting for the crowds to work their way through the exits; and in the paddock, now almost deserted, two policemen were idly swinging their clubs and looking as though they wanted employment. One scream, Elbert knew, and there

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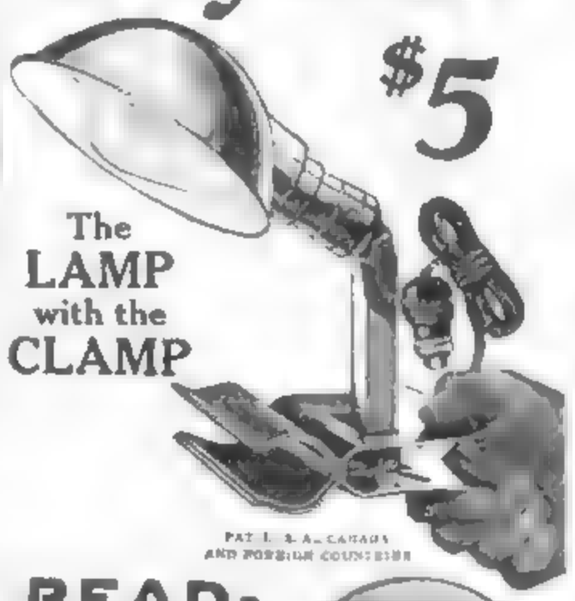

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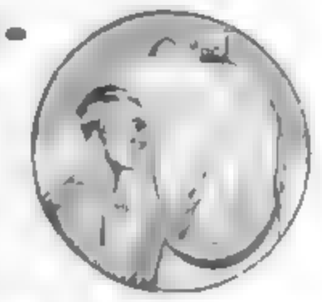

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would be a scene that he would remember as long as he lived—a scream that would write a period to his career and open a new sentence that would leave him damned in the sight of the world as long as he might stay in it.

"Don't! Don't!" he pleaded, his whole soul looking out of his eyes and pleading too. "Please don't make a noise. You must believe me! You must!"

"Believe you? When I saw you with my own eyes?"

"But you must believe me!" He told her who he was, gave her one of his cards, showed her a letter addressed to him, a receipt for books which happened to be in his pocket. "So you see," he earnestly concluded, "I couldn't I simply couldn't take money that didn't belong to me. I couldn't—I simply couldn't stand here and lie to you!"

They were both breathing fast.

"But if you are who you say you are," she said, "then what are you doing here?"

He explained that as well as he could, though she would probably have put more faith in it if she could have seen and heard Uncle Phineas the night before.

"The worst of it is," he objected at last, "all the time we are talking here that man is getting farther away. While I was hunting for him somebody told me that most of the bookmakers settled their bets just outside the gate. Suppose I go and look for him there?"

There was deadly purpose in her voice. "I'll go with you," she said.

They went to the gate together, but they couldn't find any bookie, fat, sly and with a scar across his cheek. Once as they looked she said, "We must find him!" with the accent on the auxiliary, and again, "We've simply got to find him! You've no idea how much that money means to me!"

"Oh, we'll find him," said Elbert, and feeling that he was saying the first sensible thing that he had said for a long time he added, "A man who is marked like that, you know, is going to be hard to lose."

But they didn't find him, not even when Elbert went around describing him, nor when they went to the station and searched the crowds there.

"Do you know where he lives?" asked Elbert, when she had grown so tired that she could no longer hide it that she was walking lame.

She knew Mr. Schwartz's name, it seemed, but not his address. "Except that he lives in New York somewhere," she said. "I know that much."

"And he may be here again at the track tomorrow; don't you think?"

"He may be," she said, not far from tears, "but I know what he's going to say when I see him."

"What will he say?"

"He'll say he paid you."

"He will not!"

Touched, perhaps, by the breakdown in her spirit he drew from his pocket the letter and the receipted bill for books.

"Here," he said. "You keep these till I see you again. When have you got to have this money?"

"Tonight," she told him. "Before half past ten."

"Five hours," he thought—he who didn't know New York much better than a Mussulman. And aloud, speaking for the first time with authority, thanks to that grit in his craw which his ancestors had so bountifully provided, he went on, "Now look here. I'm going back to New York and look for him. What are you going to do?"

She gave him a look that had something frightened and something beseeching in it.

"I'm going home," she said.

"All right. Now if you'll give me your address ——"

After a moment's indecision she took a card case from her bag and listlessly handed him a stylish bit of cardboard. The name was already known to him, but the address wasn't, and the moment his eyes fell upon it they opened until they were nearly as round as little full moons.

"Sedgwood, Long Island," he read.

Time, with her hand outstretched, has a gem upon this finger too. There is no armor strong enough to ward the sword of fate.

VIII

ON HIS way back to New York, Elbert had a stroke of luck. He saw the other fat bookie, the one whom he had mistaken for the missing layer of odds.

"I beg your pardon," said Elbert, "but perhaps you remember me."

The other was evidently in an affable spirit, and if you had been there you might have guessed that he had enjoyed a prosperous day—that the lovers of horseflesh had seen many an envelope slip into his pocket, envelopes filled with money which the gay and cosmopolitan crowd might just as well have kissed farewell before they sealed the flaps.

"Remember you? Sure," said he. "Didja find Jake?"

"Not yet." And launching a forlorn hope he tried to look as unconcerned as possible and continued, "Do you happen to know where he lives?"

"I don't know where he lives, no. But I can tell you where you'll probably find him"

Elbert hardly dared to breathe.

"At Schimmer's," continued the other. "Generally eats there. Got an interest in the business, so they tell me—the lucky stiff"

"Schimmer's?" repeated Elbert. "Is that is that in New York?"

"Sure is. Never been there?"

Elbert started to say "Hardly!" with his eyebrows up. Instead he put them down and said "No."

"You got something coming then. You know where the old Café Concourse used to be?"

No; Elbert didn't know where it was. This was, he told Porcus, his first visit to New York.

"All right," said the other, his affability growing until he looked quite moist. "Then I'll tell you the best way to get there. All you have to do is to get in the first taxi that comes along, and tell the guy to drive you to Schimmer's. He'll know."

Porcus was right. As soon as Elbert reached New York he took the first taxi in the stand and said "Schimmer's!"

The guy knew.

It was a large rambling restaurant—the ground floor of a number of buildings connected with archways through the party walls. These floors were on different levels, so that sometimes you went up a few steps and sometimes down a few steps; but wherever you went the mournful strains of a saxophone orchestra followed you, and a captain of waiters in evening dress preceded you—a captain with the shoulders of a Zbyszko and, in Elbert's case, a face like the iron countenance of General von Kluck—say, just before he had found himself late at a certain famous engagement on the Marne.

"You are expecting someone?" asked the general, stopping at a little table marked "Reserved" and making an inviting gesture with the thumb and finger of his right hand.

"Yes," hesitated Elbert. "I'm expecting Mr. Jake Schwartz."

The general stopped massaging his finger with his thumb.

"Oh, of course, if you are a friend of Mr. Schwartz's," said he, and with the skill of a conjurer he whisked off the "Reserved" sign and drew out one of the chairs for Elbert. "He generally eats here about this time."

As long as he lives Elbert will probably never forget his visit to Schimmer's. His table was near a small space that had been cleared for dancing. "Not much room there," he thought, but he soon perceived that they didn't need much room—the way they danced at Schimmer's. It wasn't long after this when he saw his first drunken girl. They got her out quietly, with that finished manner which comes only from practice—a poor, helpless, pathetic little thing who couldn't have been much older than eighteen—and as she passed his table, supported on one side by her escort and on the other by a waiter, her glance happened to fall on Elbert for a moment, and whether or not she was maudlin in her cups, there were certainly tears in her eyes.

Elbert arose, indignation rising hot within him, but another party was coming up the steps at that moment from the floor below—one of those slow-moving groups who choose their tables with more care than some women use in choosing their husbands; and by the time he could get past them the girl was gone.

"A nice business!" he frowningly told himself as he returned to his seat of observation; and looking around him again he began to feel some more of that sand in his craw which his forbears had so liberally provided.

"Probity hasn't got many backers here," he grimly thought, and looking around him

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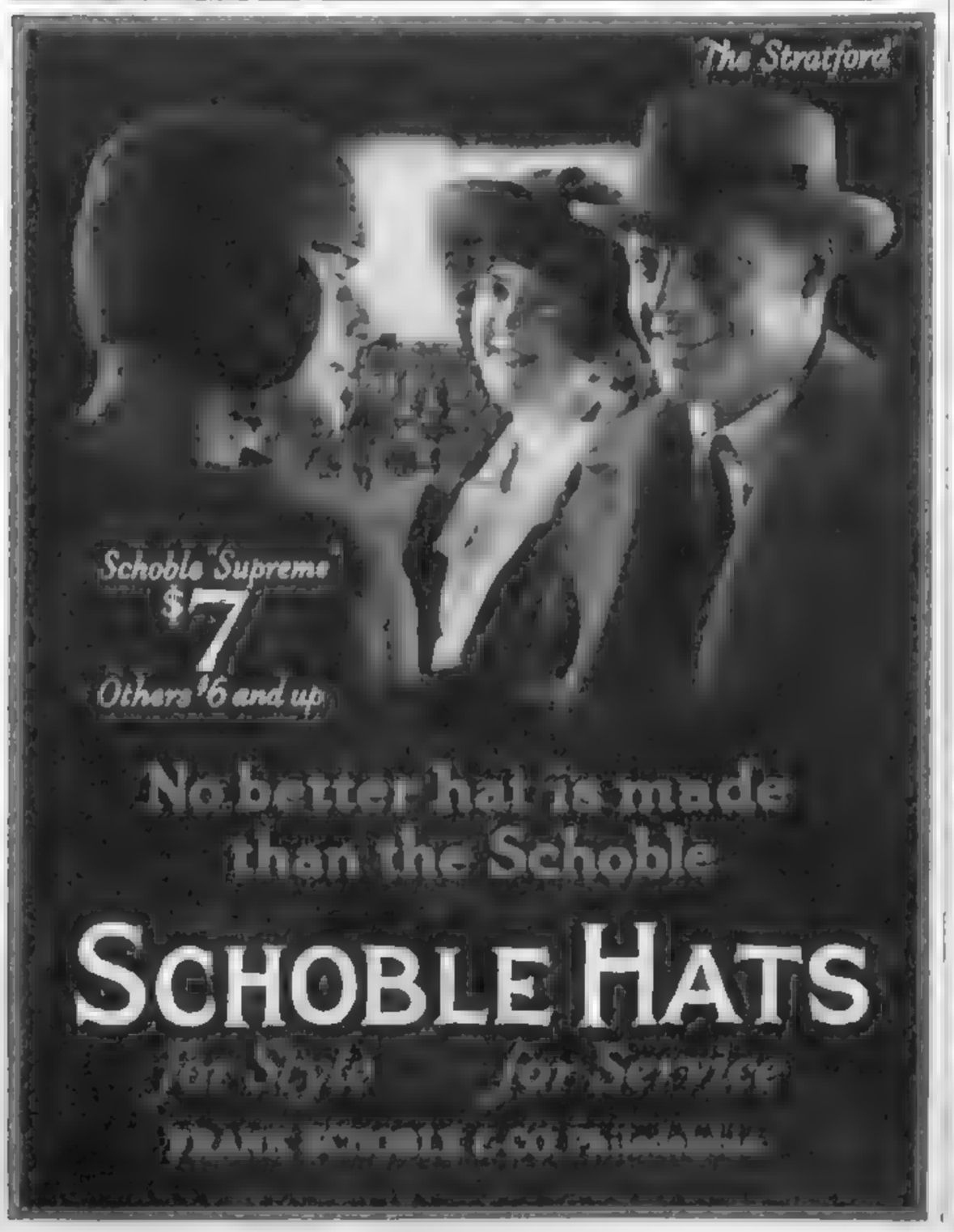


at the sad varieties of sin that filled the different levels—the sad dancers and drinkers—men who seemed to be finding question marks in the bottoms of their demitasses—girls who had evidently been picked for their looks and might easily have become the wives of real men and the mothers of heroes—the more he saw the more fervently he thanked God that he hadn't become an engineer, the more clearly he saw that it was men such as he who helped to keep the world straight, old dominies and young ones, many of them working for wages that would be scorned by the hod carriers—good men, great men, able men, ridiculed on the stage by almost any half-baked mummer who just had wit enough to paint his nose red, the butt of the movies, the goat of the age.

"But leave us out, and what have you got?" he proudly thought.

He didn't have to look far for his answer, but he found it more complete than he had hoped. Near the doorway, talking to General von Kluck, was Jake Schwartz—fat, sly and with a purple scar across his cheek.

■

WHEN Uncle Phineas returned from Maine a fortnight later, breezing into his apartment one evening at half past seven, he found Elbert dressing to go out.

"Had my dinner on the train," said Uncle Phineas briskly as soon as their greetings were over. "Don't let me keep you."

Elbert returned to his hairbrushes.

"Oh, how did you make out at Sedgwood?" asked Uncle Phineas, pretending that he had only just thought of it.

"Fine, thank you," said Elbert.

"Land the job?"

"Yes. Starting in on the first of the month."

Uncle Phineas stared, not so much at the news as at the change in his nephew's manner. Gone was his diffidence, his reserve; and in place of them was the air of a man who had grown spurs like a fighting cock and had lately learned how to use them.

"You didn't give 'em metaphysics, then?" said Uncle Phineas, after he had taken this in.

"No, sir; I gave 'em racing. Things like that. Backed old Probity to win and she took me along with her."

Uncle Phineas looked puzzled, as well he might, but he had one clew. "Sounds as though you went to the track—the way I told you."

"I did."

"What did you think of it?"

"Bad influence, uncle—the betting." Elbert began choosing a necktie. "I know a man, for instance, quite prominent, who used to follow the races. Owned horses, or something like that. And when his daughter grew up she started with cards. Bridge, I think it was. Fell in with a bad lot, and once, when her folks were in Europe, she lost nearly three thousand dollars after she had promised not to play any more. Three thousand dollars, mind you; and she simply had to go out somewhere and get the money. If she hadn't—"

"Did she get it?"

"Only by accident. But I think it cured her."

He selected a blue-silk tie with dark red spots.

"I hope you won't mind it, uncle, but I've been using your ties," he said. "Only thing you've got that fits me."

Uncle and nephew exchanged a grin.

"Going out to dinner?" asked Uncle Phineas.

"No; I'm running out to Sedgwood." He had the grace to blush a little then. "I'm calling on a very dear friend of mine—Miss Bowman."

"What Bowman's that?"

"Her name's Elsie."

"Eben Bowman's daughter?"

"Yes."

Uncle Phineas whistled. If a clairvoyant had been there she might presently have turned and told you "This stout old gentleman with the red face, he nearly said 'Fools for luck'—nearly, but not quite."

Elbert put on his coat and hat, and started for the door.

"Oh, I meant to have told you," he said. "There's a clipping on your desk."

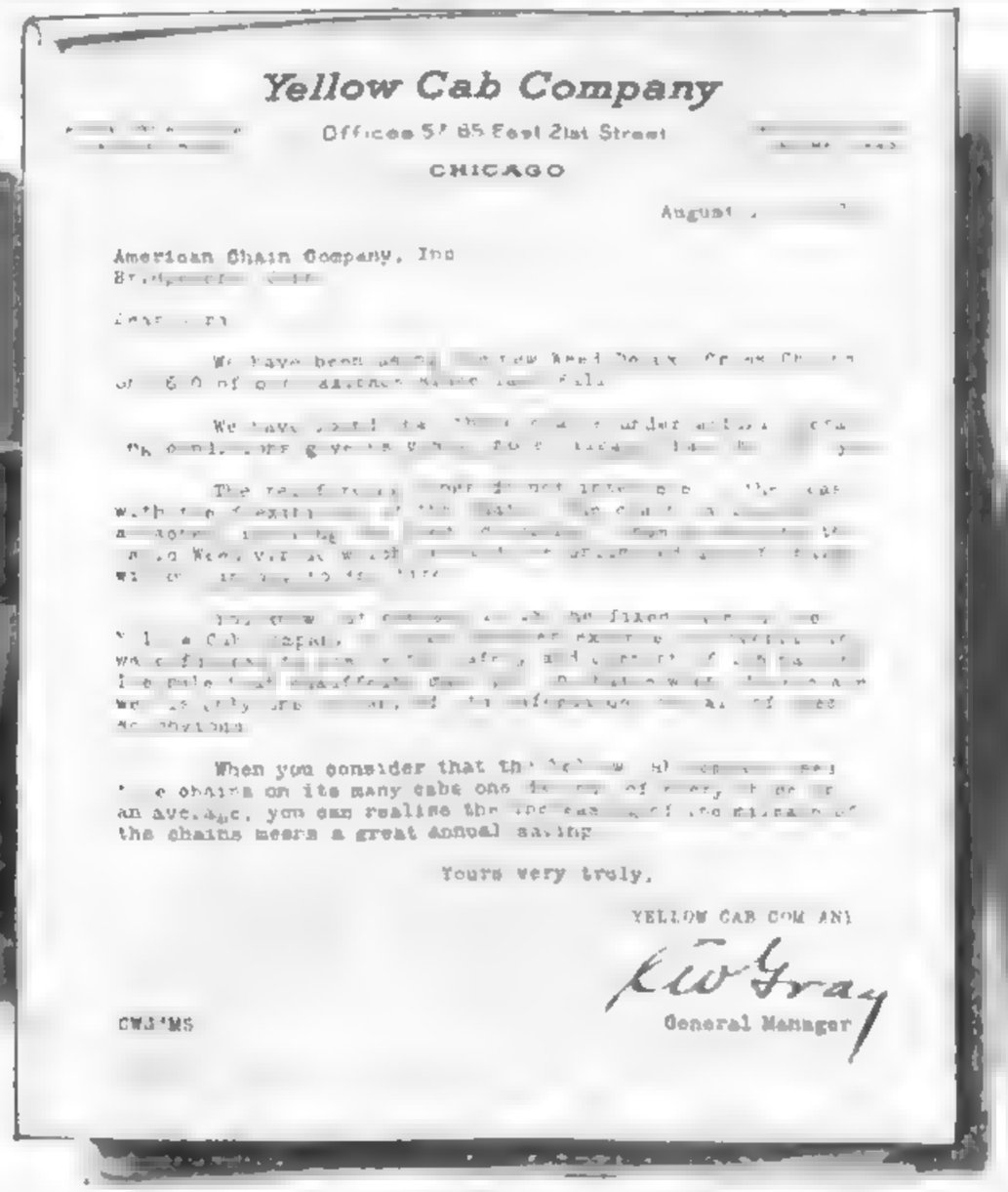
"A clipping?"

"Yes. The night after you left, as I came out of a restaurant downtown where I had been collecting some money for a friend, a man followed me out and tried to hit me with a piece of leather filled with lead. I took it away from him, and I'm afraid I must have been in a bit of a temper, for I gave him a very nasty rap with it. It's in the clipping—'Fighting Parson Scores Knockout'—something like that."

He squared his shoulders as the door closed behind him. "Fighting Parson"—there was a ring in the phrase that struck a deep chord in him.

Ad astra per aspera.

It's hard to beat those jewels on the outstretched hand of time.



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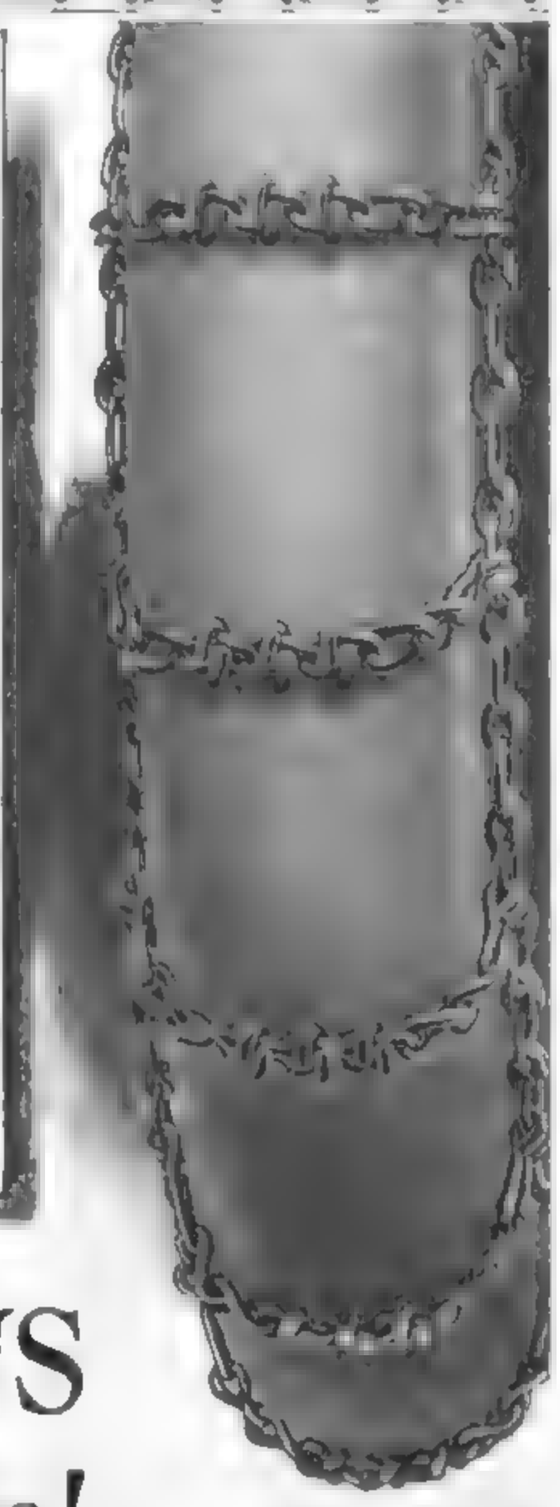

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One of the Yellow Cab Company's most important safety rules requires that its drivers put on tire chains whenever streets are wet or otherwise skiddy. Records show that Weed Chains are used on Yellow Cabs at least one day out of every three during all four seasons of the year. It takes the drivers only a moment to adjust and attach the only effective safeguard against skidding, the chief cause of dangerous accidents. The Yellow Cab Company of Chicago is the largest individual user of tire chains in the world. It insists upon the best for its patrons.

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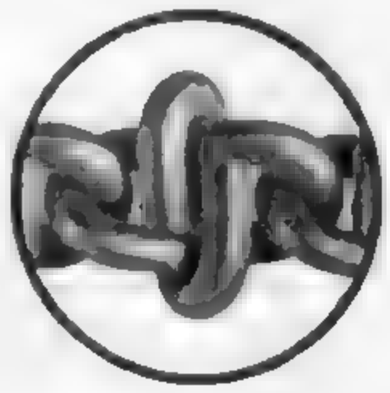
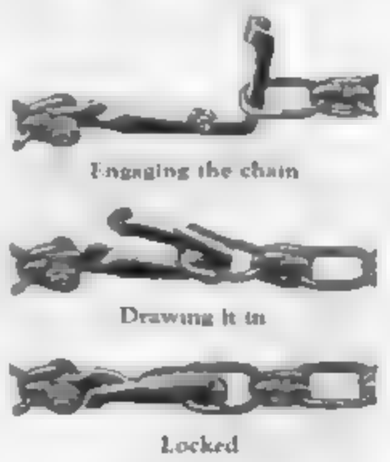
This test on taxicabs confirms laboratory and road tests, and the experience of individual users.

A Reinforcing Link encircles each main cross chain link, as shown below



The new Connecting Hook—how it functions



Ask your dealer to let you examine the Weed De Luxe Tire Chains. Note especially how each Reinforcing Link gives a four-point road contact—four points instead of the usual two—double strength just where it is needed. These Reinforcing Links superimposed on the main cross chain links increase traction, eliminate kinking, prevent breaking from excessive strains, allow the main cross chain links to be hardened to a much greater depth, and more than double the mileage.

Try the easy action of the new Connecting Hook. It draws the side chains together with little effort, is securely locked with the pressure of your thumb and remains locked under all conditions, whether the chains are loose or tight.

Buy a set of these long-wearing, money-saving, easily attached Weed De Luxe Tire Chains. Get maximum traction and protection from skidding at a much lower cost per mile.

Look for the name "Weed" on the red enameled Lever Locking Connecting Hooks and on the hooks of the brass plated Cross Chains. Weed De Luxe Chains come packed in a Blue-Gray Bag, plainly marked with the size of cord and fabric tires they will fit. The size is also stamped on the Lever Locking Connecting Hooks

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IRISH SPORTSMEN

(Continued from Page 17

hostess sees that it does; so we walked over to a stately old country house about half a mile away, which had been deserted by the former owners, who had emigrated to New Zealand. It was said that this house had contained some of the finest mantelpieces in Ireland, masterpieces of the famous Adam, but we saw only the places where they had been, as the marauders had broken in and removed them bodily. Ireland is full of collectors nowadays.

And coming up from the station earlier in the day I met a man sitting by the roadside buried deep in a well-thumbed copy of Virgil, and we dropped into easy conversation, because I recognized in him, although garbed as a peasant farmer, the true type of the Irish scholar. I told him where I was going and asked him if he knew the people. "Yes," said he, "I know them well; about as well as I could know anybody."

He did not volunteer further information on this point, but as we walked along I learned that he was one of the original Sinn Feiners and in fact held high office in that order. And he spoke freely, but I can't say hopefully, about the future of Ireland. He seemed to think that Arthur Griffith was the one strong man that they would all have to look to, and speaking of present conditions he smiled sadly as he said, "We got rid of the English Black and Tans, but, faith, we have our own Black and Tans now."

He told me his name, and when I mentioned it to my hostess she said, "Oh, yes, I know John; he's a fine man. Why, when he was on the run from the Black and Tans I hid him in this house for two weeks. You know they would never think of coming here to look for him."

"But I don't understand ——" I began.

"Of course people wouldn't," interrupted my hostess; "but John was a neighbor."

A member of the famous and aristocratic Kildare Street Club in Dublin happened to be present, and he told how the powers had quartered the refugees from Belfast in the clubhouse, to the exclusion of the members; and a lady spoke of how returning home one afternoon she found a squad of unwashed ragamuffins camping in her drawing-room; they had brought their bedding and cooking utensils with them. It sounded like the methods adopted by the Russian Reds.

Perhaps this is a manifestation of a new "idealism" that is eventually going to "save" Ireland, and perhaps on the other hand it will open up gaps in the old friendly feeling that will never be bridged again. But if Ireland is anything it is eminently a country of tradition and sentiment. If you take these away it is pretty hard to imagine what results will be brought about in the final accounting.

True Hospitality

But it was at the Irish Derby, down at the historic Curragh of Kildare, that I had a most glorious day. I was fortunate enough to be taken there under the chaperonage of Mr. William O'Donohoe, a sportsman of the truest Irish type.

I discovered that one of the first things an Irish gentleman does when he is your host at the races is to introduce you to his favorite bookmaker. No man in the world takes better care of his guests at a sporting event than the high-type Irishman. He wants you to feel comfortable, above all things. So, with the kindly solicitude of a man who premises, perhaps, that you might run out of ready money in the course of the proceedings, he arranges it so that, in case of unforeseen happening, your credit will be practically unlimited—which is fair enough according to any sportsman's standard, besides being a very delicate attention that is thoroughly appreciated even if not taken advantage of.

At the Curragh of Kildare they run the horses the right way of the track, as we do in this country, and a good view can be had of the Irish classic from post to finish. Moreover, there is the intimately personal touch about it that gives both the spectacle and the day's entertainment an entirely different atmosphere from that of a visit to the courses on the other side of the Channel. Here nearly everybody knows everybody else. It would take more than a miraculous memory to be able to recall the names, let alone the faces, of the multitude to whom one is introduced. And, above all, you cannot bring yourself to believe that many of these people in everyday life have grave differences regarding those things which are agitating, not to say threatening, the very future of Ireland at the present moment. This was almost immediately before the civil war broke out.

The free state, or national, troops were on hand to preserve order and keep the course clear, but scattered plentifully through the crowd you could notice young men in the semimilitary uniforms of the republican, or irregular, troops.

To the visitor it would appear that some kind of friction would be engendered, because below the clubhouse lawn and outside the inclosure the crowd just fairly swarmed onto the track proper and it was necessary for the troops to get them back of the rail before the races could proceed.

One could not help noticing, also, the good-natured manner in which this was accomplished. I don't know that it could have been done better by any body of men in the world. I did not hear a rude word spoken or see any jostling or resort to force.

"Aw, get back, boys! Don't ye know we can't start the races until ye do?" entreated a young soldier with the burr of Tipperary on his tongue. "Now, boys, get back! Sure ye kin see just as well—in fact better—from the slope of the hill. It's for the good of the sport, boys. Now I know ye'll get back!"

An Ancient Custom

And so, responding to an appeal more potent than anything else, the crowd moved back and cleared the course in as orderly a manner as even the most critical stickler in the science of handling crowds could ask for.

I spoke to my good friend O'Donohoe about this, but he appeared to treat it as a matter of course.

"Oh, no," said he, "there isn't the slightest danger that there will be any trouble here today. A stranger would hardly credit what a pride we take in the Irish Derby. The people you see here have a limitless love for the horse. We meet like friendly neighbors who come out to enjoy a holiday, and I'm glad it's so. Our love of racing and kindred outdoor pastimes is one of our biggest anchors."

I thoroughly agree with Mr. O'Donohoe, but when you talk about the race horse and the Irishman "love" is too mild a word. It's really nothing short of adoration, and so I am proud to record it.

And then there's the pretty personal touch. You hear the clarion notes of the bugle calling the horses to the post, and the crowds edge close to the rail because they must see the big feature. Almost immediately you notice the first horse coming through the paddock gate. That's the signal for a wild outburst of applause.

You see, it's an ancient custom at the Irish Derby for the owners to lead their own horses out in the parade, and most of them do it. First comes Spike Island, ridden by George Archibald, the American jockey, who piloted him when he won the Two Thousand Guineas, and he is arrayed in the yellow and dark blue racing livery of Maj. Giles Loder, who owned the winner of the 1918 event.

Next comes Lord Kenmare's chocolate and light blue sash and cap. Here is Major Cape leading Valiant; Lord Lascelles' Mountessarat, ridden by H. Jones, the King's jockey, followed by Miss Cowhy's Highlandmore, the only candidate owned by a lady.

And so they come, making a right brilliant spectacle, because nineteen of the best Irish three-year-olds are going to start.

As Archibald passes along the rail it heartens one up a little to hear the friendly comment on this good rider, and there is many a good word for the famous American jockey who did the first missionary work on this side of the water. Notably the name of Tod Sloan was mentioned.

"He was the greatest rider we ever saw in this country," said a man who was standing close to me, "and he revolutionized racing all over the world. I never thought he was treated fairly by the English Jockey Club and you can't make me believe he ever did anything dishonest in

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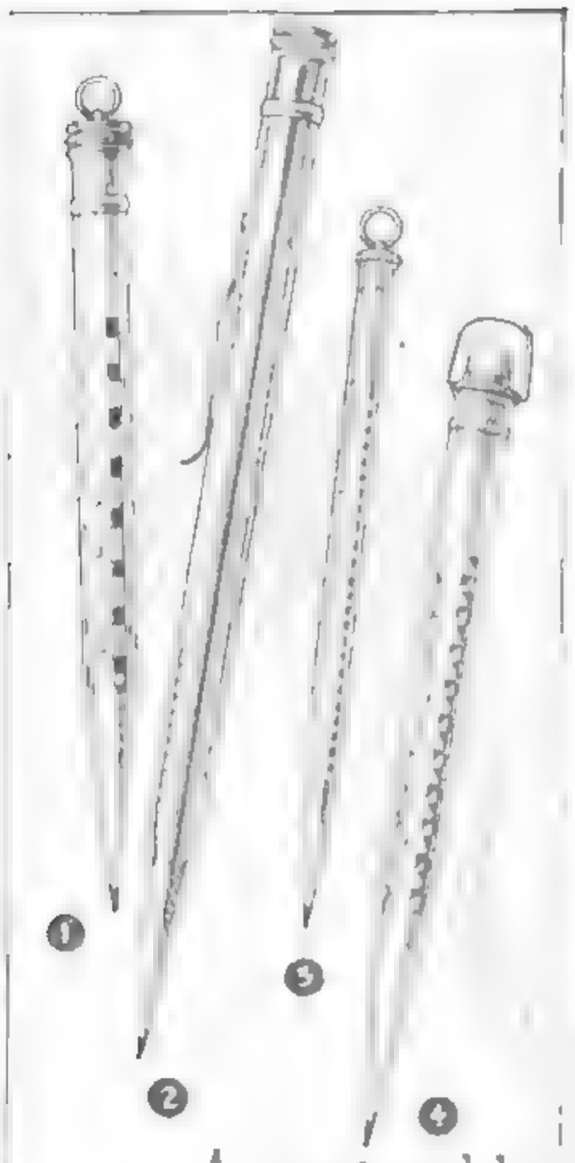

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his races, no matter what his private life may have been." All of which was good to hear.

Of the crowd, they told me that it was an off year and that only a few people were present, but you should have seen those few. They spread all over the lawn and grand stand and were packed so closely that I began to wonder what they would have done if they had had what they call a real crowd.

Of the race itself, it was as pretty a spectacle as one would like to see. The horses ran pretty well bunched until fairly straightened out for home. Then, of course, there was the usual trailing out, and at the finish Spike Island drew away, winning easily and proving himself, as I thought, to be much the best horse.

Of course there were the usual side lights to the race that one finds on almost every course in the world. For instance, you always find a man who knows what horse will win after the numbers are hung up, and he was right there at the Curragh just the same as if it had been Belmont Park or Pimlico.

He rushed up to our little group immediately after the race was over. "There!" he exclaimed exultingly. "I told you so! All the time I knew Spike Island couldn't be beat." Then he swaggered off with the air of a man who had prophecy locked in a room.

"Can he always pick them like that?" I inquired of my friend.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. O'Donohoe laughingly. "He's like a good many others; he can tell it's a funeral if he sees the hearse."

And for the first time in my somewhat variegated race-track existence I saw a parrot at the track, and he could talk. He could yell like a bookmaker; he kept on shrilling "Two to one, bar one! Two to one, bar one!" and "Even money the field!" until he had a crowd of interested spectators around him.

Florrie joined us as we laughed at the parrot, and told us about another animal with a fondness for sport.

"The funniest monkey I ever heard tell of," he began, "belonged in the County Cork. He was a big monkey—I think they said he was an orang-utan. Did yer honor ever see an orang-utan?"

Did we? That came pretty close to carrying us back to the salad days of the circus and the glorious record established for longevity by Barney and Estelle, the two celebrated monks which succeeded in defying all the scientific authorities concerning the ability of simians to withstand the rigors of our beloved climate.

"If you know anything at all about monkeys," continued the narrator, "you will know what I am telling you is true. You see, the master of the Muskerry Hounds owned this monkey and for a long time he was made free of the stable yards an' could go wherever he pleased."

The Monkey Had Enough

"Well, sir, the stud groom noticed that the horses were beginning to fall off in flesh, and sometimes when he would open the box stalls in the morning they would be standing there trembling, with the sweat rolling off them. Altogether, they were getting in a condition where they couldn't go through the day's hunt if they were paid for it. So he started to watch, and one night he noticed the monkey climbing into a horse's stall. Thin he jumped on the horse's back and galloped him around and around until he was nearly ready to drop. Now what do you suppose they done to cure him?"

"It's too hard for me," I protested. "Can't you make it an easy one, Florrie?"

"I'll tell you what they did! They had a little red coat made for him, and a little velvet cap, and then they put a soft pad saddle on one of the old reliable hunters. Thin they tied that monkey to the saddle the next time they wint out to hunt. The minute the fox broke cover an' the hounds wint away, faith, that horse knew his business an' he started off with that monkey ridin' him.

"They had a mighty long hunt that day and owing to the condition of their horses they lost the hounds entirely. As they were going along the road towards home they met a turf cutter and asked him if he had seen anything at all of the hounds.

"'Faix, I did,' says he. 'I saw them about half an hour ago. The fox wasn't more than a field ahead of them, an' you could have thrown a blanket over the whole pack.'

"'Was there anybody with them?' says the master.

"'Indeed, faix, there was,' says the turf cutter. 'There was a little bit of a man in a red coat, riding a big bay horse; and troth he was the grandest rider I ever saw. No jump was too big for him. I think he was a dwarf,' says he, 'because at a distance he didn't look any bigger than a two-year-old boy.'"

"Well, what happened after that?"

"Oh, indeed, they followed along in the direction the hounds had gone an' they got up to them just as they were running into their fox. Sure enough, there was the little monkey man mounted in the middle of the hounds, because, faix, the ould horse knew what to do but that monkey never rode a horse after that day, so he didn't."

Taking it altogether, it was a very fine day's sport and was followed by many another during my visit in Ireland. But when you want to hear good old-fashioned stories you must get down into Cork or Limerick amongst the old-time hunting crowd.

I remember driving out one pleasant afternoon to Carrigtohill, near Cork, with Mr. Rohan. We were going to pay a visit to his place, besides looking the South Uniontown hounds over. Until recently Mr. Rohan was joint master of the Muskerry Hounds.

When we reached the family mansion, after driving up through a long shaded avenue, not a soul was in sight, but on the big table in the old-fashioned hallway a hunting horn was standing.

"Faith," said the master, "I'll have to find some of the family."

Mr. Digby Puts Himself Right

So he took the horn and going to the door blew a couple of strident blasts, and while you could clap your hands young members of the family seemed to come from all parts. Then we had tea, and a little something else while Miss Peggy Rohan was making the tea, and after that we went into the big dining room and saw a sideboard just covered with racing and hunting show cups and trophies, besides looking at the paintings of old champions and listening to the stories that everybody appeared to have on tap. And you know, I found that there are no small, little, skimpy dining-room tables in an Irish sportsman's house. There is always plenty of room with an extra leaf handy, and I also discovered that no dining-room suite is complete unless there are at least a dozen and a half chairs. That's the way it goes in Ireland. It's like what the Tammany Hall politician said when on his way to Chicago to the national convention: "Ain't it wonderful, Mike? You see something wheriver you go."

You find out, amongst other things, how sacred a fox is in Ireland. You are told that away, away back during Sir John Kennedy's mastership of the Kildare Hounds, the following resolution was passed at the semiannual meeting of the club:

> The members of the Kildare Hunt Club have heard with great regret that Mr. Digby's butler has shot a fox and we hope that Mr. Digby will prevent said butler from again perpetrating a similar crime, while in his employment.

And to Mr. Digby's credit be it recorded that he gallantly rose to the occasion, because at the next meeting of the club the following communication from him was read:

> Mr. Digby has heard with great regret of the offense committed by his butler and begs to inform the members of the Kildare Hunt Club that he has discharged said butler.

Oh, they were a great crowd, that old hunting bunch. They tell you of the Masseys. There were twenty-one sons and one daughter in the family, and seventeen of the boys appeared mounted one day at a meet of the Limerick Hounds.

Faith, they have a story for pretty nearly everything. You cannot help noticing how rich the land is in Limerick, through the Golden Vale, as they call it. It's the place, you know, where all the famous race horses come from, and I happened to mention how wonderfully luxuriant the grazing was.

"You may well say that!" said the gentleman addressed. "Did you ever hear the story of the Kerry man who came up here once to buy a piece of land? I must tell you that down in Kerry the land is so poor that it would take an acre of it to keep a goat alive.

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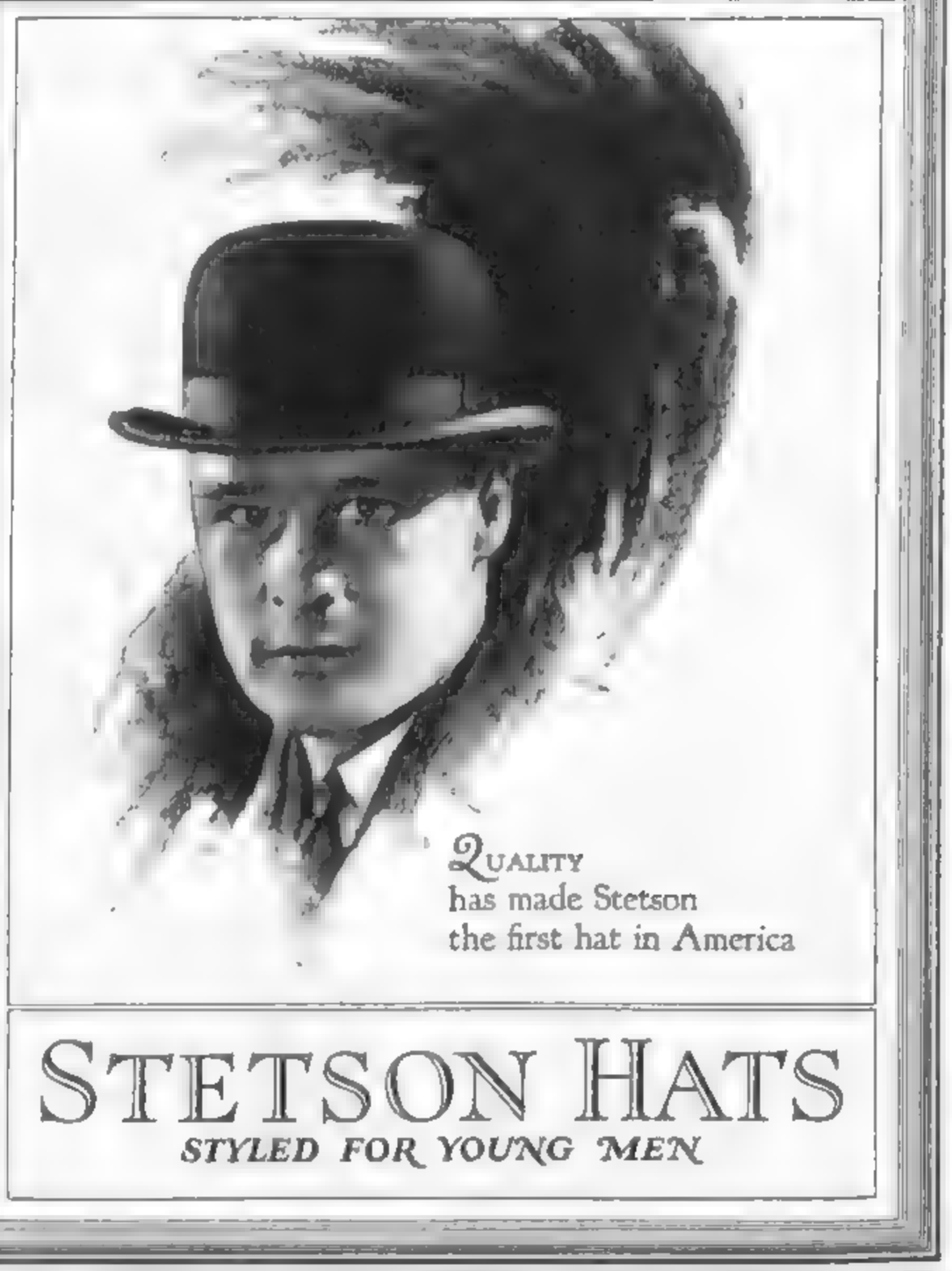

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"Well, sir, the Limerick man was telling the Kerry man how good the land was. 'Why,' said he, 'if you were to turn a heifer out in it in the evening you would scarcely be able to see her the next morning, the grass would grow so high during the night.' Now what do you suppose the Kerry man's reply was?"

"It's beyond me."

"'That's nothing,' retorted the Kerry man; 'if you left a heifer out at night in my country the divil a bit of her you'd iver see again!'"

Honestly, it's the nicest job I ever had in my life—just going from one place to another, talking about sport; and the best of it is, you never meet a man there that's in a hurry.

One day I thought I'd take a little ride from Templemore to Thrules, because a friend offered to lend me a horse, and just then in that country automobiles were as scarce as hen's teeth, most of the people having hidden theirs for fear they would be commandeered by the irregulars.

I had got about halfway on my journey and was going along a road hedged in heavily on both sides by hawthorn, when suddenly two young men sprang from the concealment of the bushes, both armed with service rifles and revolvers, and commanded me to halt.

You know, I did.

"Where are you going?" they demanded roughly, but before I could answer the first question they fired another one at me: "Where do you come from?"

I explained in a general way, if perhaps vaguely, that I was just traveling through the country.

"Aye, yes. What's your business?"

I replied that I didn't have any particular business. I did not want to say that I was a writer—not to those boys.

"Are you looking for something?" they demanded. "Well," said I, "I'm not looking for a fight, though if I was to find a good hunting dog I guess I could be persuaded to buy him."

At the word "guess" my captors seemed to cock their ears. "Aye, you're from America!"

"Thank God, I am."

"And you like hunting dogs?"

"I do."

"They tell me they have some fine dogs in the States. Have they got any greyhounds, I dunno?" queried the taller of the two.

I explained that we used to have some great greyhounds in America and did a lot of coursing until the Blue Laws stopped us.

The Enemies of Sport

As the boys became interested I felt myself on firmer ground, and enlarged freely on my knowledge and experiences as a leash man. I had something to say about For Freedom and other famous ones that were imported to America, and at their invitation dismounted and sat down in the hedge row for as comfortable a talk on sport generally as I ever had in my life.

After a while I forgot all about having been taken prisoner, and I am sure my custodians did likewise, because when I got ready to start again I told them I would have to be going while it was light, and they did not make the slightest objection. In fact they walked with me about half a mile down the road and showed me the right turn by which I could go down a boreen and make a short cut to the town, also furnishing me with fulsome information concerning the hotel to stop at and where I could best find a stall for my horse. We parted with mutual expressions of esteem and regard.

And from all this you will gather that uppermost in the heart of the sane, normal Irishman is the desire to keep alive healthy, wholesome sport for sport's sake.

But you begin to wonder how long he will be permitted to carry on, unless the people who have been turning the country upside down change both in viewpoint and in sentiment.

Ireland is particularly fitted for raising livestock because the whole south is an agricultural country. Its chief value lies in the fact that you can raise better-boned horses and more evenly fatted cattle with less effort than anywhere else. So the Irishman of the counties naturally takes to horse and cattle raising, and this forms rather an important item when considering his yearly budget. You can't take it away from him without having him feel a distinct loss. It is all right enough to say that we can do this and we can do that, but it is hard to make men believe it who know the possibilities of their land under the old conditions and who appreciate the important addition to their income that accrues through the yearly sale of the young horses.

Away back in 1886, when the land-league troubles were, practically the same condition had to be combated. At that time the late John Gubbins was master of the Limerick Hounds. In sustaining the pack entirely at his own expense a conservative estimate was that he spent between twelve and fifteen thousand pounds a year, and the total amount distributed during a season by members of the hunt, visitors and others, for upkeep, horses, servants and all attendant expenses, was said to be little less than half a million dollars a year. But some of the irreconcilables thought that it would be a good thing to stop the hunting, and to further their theory they began to poison the hounds by the wholesale. Naturally such action could have only one result. The master stopped hunting and moved his entourage to England.

But sometimes in Ireland they have a way of acting first and thinking of the consequences afterwards. So it was that, when the merchants and country people realized what the direct loss meant to their individual pockets, there was a terrible to-do, and all kinds of resolutions promising protection were sent to the exiled master—without avail, however, because, I believe, he never hunted a pack in Ireland again.

The Naming of Galtee More

The whole thing is really so hard to understand! The people naturally take to sport as a duck does to water. Many of them practically live for it and it is the strongest influence towards holding them together. Then all at once some faction will endeavor by disruption to tear down all its time-honored traditions. Then these are the very ones to wonder why it doesn't live and last!

I can't help thinking of a memorable visit I had over at the Knockainey Stud Farm, where Ard Patrick and Galtee More, the English Derby winners, were bred. And to the Irishman, let me tell you, this is like a visit to a sacred shrine. You see, it isn't such a big place, as we would measure farms in this country, but from its paddocks came the horses that twice won the English Derby, the St. Leger Stakes, the Eclipse Stakes, the Two Thousand Guineas, the Newmarket Stakes, the Irish Derby, and many others of lesser note. Just what you might call a regular nest of champions.

And old Michael Byrne, the ancient stud groom, is still hale and hearty. And with what pride he tells you how these great horses got their historic names! I'll have to tell it to you in his own words.

"Faith," said he, "Misther John was sitting at breakfast one morning, and a man that was passing by the road ran in and sez he, 'Misther John,' sez he, 'the ould mare out in the paddock has a colt, an' he's as big as Galtee More.'

"'All right,' sez Misther John. 'We'll call him Galtee More.'"

Galtee More, I must tell you, is one of the high peaks in the Galtee range of mountains a few miles back of the farm.

"So then," continued Michael, "the next colt that came to the ould mare, they called him Ard Patrick, after the other peak in the Galtee range. Then, as you know, both of these colts, sons of the same mare, Morganette, won the English Derby. An' faith, when Galtee More ran I went over to England with Misther John, and after the race, when the Prince was waiting to shake hands with him, he saw me standing there, and ran across and shook hands with me first. 'Ah, Mike,' sez he, 'we did it! And it's a proud day for us!'

"Oh, he was a great man, was Misther John. When we came home he doubled everybody's wages on the place, and remitted all his tenants half a year's rent. Everybody celebrated and we had bonfires going up on the mountains every night for a week."

It was this kind of day and sentiment that kept and still keeps the spark of sport alive in Ireland. It may be that it will survive all its present vicissitudes, because through all the troubles of the year the Irish sportsman has shown wonderful recuperative power. It will be probing too far into the subsequent to prophesy concerning that. We can, with the other friends of Ireland and Irishmen all over the world, hope that such will be the case.

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is capable of sowing *intensively* unnumbered fields—for great harvests. It is a matter of unbounded surprise to many business men and educators that the Mimeograph, as it is now perfected, has the wide range of action that makes possible the beating down of important costs and the speeding up of efficiency in so many remarkable ways. It is something more than a rapid duplicator of bulletins, blanks, letters, designs, etc. It is a mighty cultivator of new business, an inspiriting device for the better development of old ground. Its easy duplication of all kinds of diagrams, drawings and line-work on the same sheet with typewriting has added tremendously to its usefulness. And its great speed enables the turning out of forty and more thousands of finely printed pages in any work-day—at almost negligible cost. Let our branch or local dealer show you how it can infinitely multiply a speedy seeding in your several fields. Or send for booklet "S-10" and all information to the A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—and New York.

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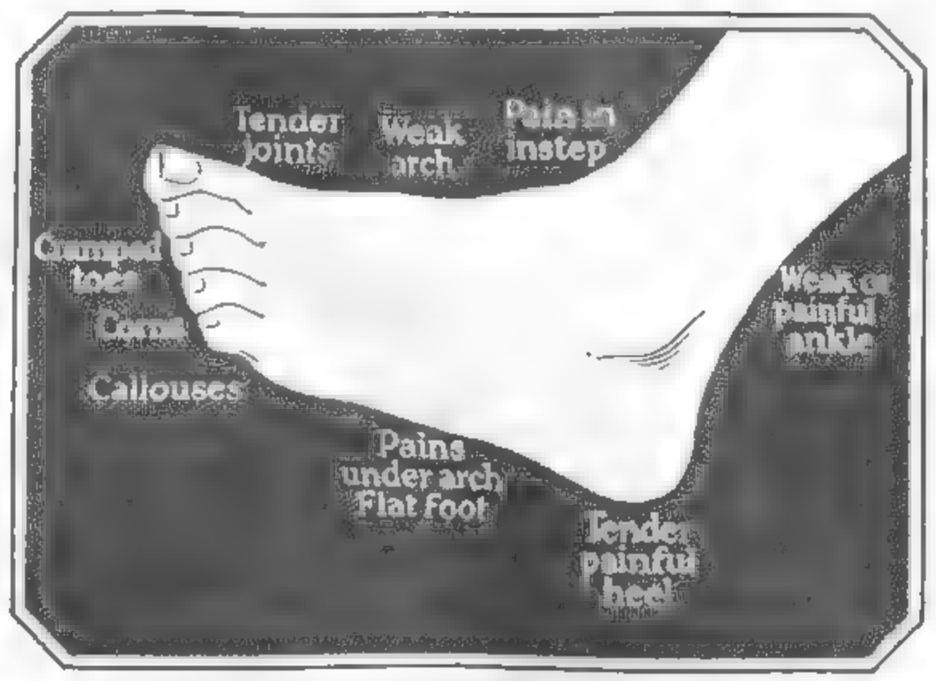
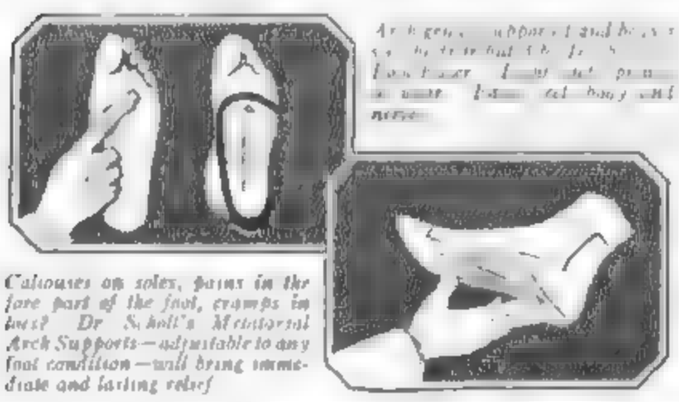


STUDY the chart at the top of the page. If there is a single condition there which you have ever experienced, by all means take advantage of Dr. Scholl's Demonstration Week, Oct. 28 to Nov. 4.

If your feet ache and burn, if walking or standing tires you quickly, if you have corns, bunions or callouses, weak or turning ankles, tender heels or rheumatic-like pains in the feet or legs, here is your opportunity to get relief.

Thousands of men, women and growing children endure endless suffering as a result of weak arch, foot strain and broken down arches (flat foot). And yet these conditions can be quickly relieved and permanently corrected by Dr. Scholl's



Callouses on soles, pains in the fore part of the foot, cramps in toes? Dr. Scholl's Metatarsal Arch Supports—adjustable to any foot condition—will bring immediate and lasting relief

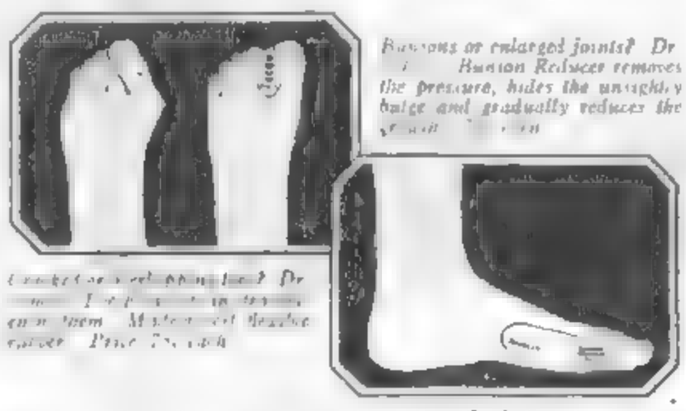
method—without even a change in your usual style of footwear.

How to correct weak arches

To correct these conditions, the cause must be removed and nature must be assisted. Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazers and Arch Supports, as applied to each individual case, do this by gently supporting the bones and ligaments, increasing the circulation and stimulating muscular action until the strength of the arch is entirely restored.

They do this gradually, a fraction of an inch at a time. As the arch structure is elevated to normal and permanently strengthened, the use of these appliances in many cases is no longer necessary.

No two feet, no two conditions, are the

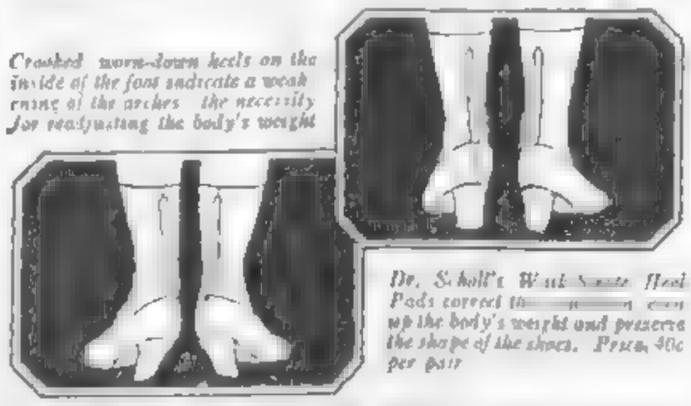


Bunions or enlarged joints? Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer removes the pressure, hides the unsightly bulge and gradually reduces the

same. Each case requires individual treatment. Obviously, only an adjustable arch support can apply to every case. This support must be easily removable from the shoe, and capable of being adjusted to each individual condition and each changing condition.

Minor foot troubles relieved quickly

Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances are

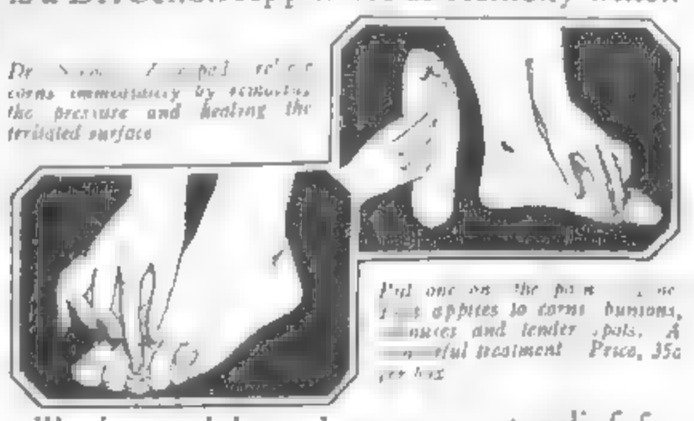


Crooked worn-down heels on the inside of the foot indicate a weakening of the arches the necessity for readjusting the body's weight

Dr. Scholl's Wedge Sponge Heel Pads correct the [illegible] and keep up the body's weight and preserve the shape of the shoes. Price, 40c per pair

fitted to each individual foot and to each individual foot condition. Each Scholl dealer is required to have Dr. Scholl's Arch Fitter, a specially designed machine which enables him to mold the appliances to the exact elevation and shape required in each particular case.

Tender, aching corns, painful bunions, callouses on the ball of the foot or heel, overlapping or contracted toes, hot, burning, tender feet, cramped toes—all cause untold suffering and prevent millions of people from really enjoying life. And yet this suffering is absolutely needless. There is a Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy which



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads relieve corns immediately by removing the pressure and healing the irritated surface

Put one on the pain and it stops. Applies to corns, bunions, callouses and tender spots. A wonderful treatment. Price, 35c per box

will give quick and permanent relief for every foot trouble.

Money back if you want it

Go to the Scholl dealer in your community during Demonstration Week and find out positively, definitely, the condition of your feet. He will supply you with a Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy if needed. Wear it ten days—if it fails to give relief and comfort, your money will be refunded.

Insist upon having Dr. Scholl's original and genuine Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies. Do not be misled by extravagant claims regarding devices in which you cannot have the utmost confidence.

If you cannot locate the Scholl store in your community, write our nearest office. Address The Scholl Mfg. Co., 1010 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill., or 62 W. 14th St., New York City. For Canada, address The Scholl Mfg. Co., Ltd., 112 Adelaide St., E., Toronto.

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2. Booklet, "Treatment and Care of the Feet"
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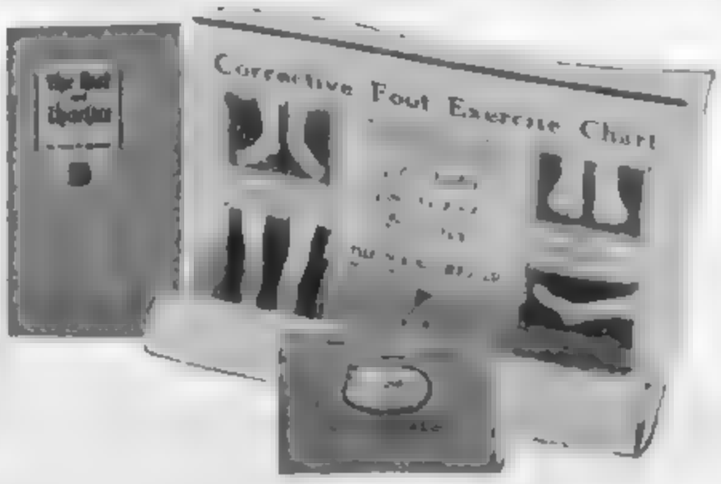

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   Illustrates actual photographic reproductions of a series of exercises for building up and strengthening the muscles of the feet
2. **Booklet, "Treatment and Care of the Feet"**
   The book is thoroughly illustrated and describes the various foot troubles, causes and method of treatment which will bring permanent foot comfort
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Take the coupon to your local store. Absolutely no charge. If for any reason it cannot supply you, mail it direct to us and we will supply you.

PSYCHE AND CUPIDITY

Continued from Page 15

This brought the doctor forward with an enthusiastic: "Say, that is an interesting phase! You ought to know"—significantly—"how a doctor's bills drag on. But do I ever have to wait for mine? I should say not! And are my statements ever questioned?" Reminiscently he smiled. "Well, hardly!"

J. B. directed his attention to the statue on the mantelpiece whimsically. "No," he decided, half to himself, "it ought to be called Psyche and Cupidity." Then to his host: "I suppose the poor dears are so grateful for that last thrill, they'd mortgage the old home place to pay for it."

No longer could the note of sarcasm be ignored without a sacrifice of personal dignity; and F. Ernest Bradly was framing some competitive come-back when the ring of the telephone distracted him to his desk.

"Doctor Bradly, of the Bradly Sanatorium speaking. . . . Ah! Leaving right away? . . . Please tell her I must see her here. . . . Yes, in a few minutes." Hanging up the receiver he turned to his guest. "Sorry, old man, but I've got to turn you out now."

"Ah! Some fair lady about to have her ego inflated, eh?" Leisurely he rose and sauntered to the door. "Well, go to it, old thing! After all, we're only Jung once!"

This vaudevillain atrocity failed to penetrate the Bradly consciousness, so absorbed was the doctor in his own musings. Expertly he adjusted a log in the fireplace and regrouped a bunch of roses as he followed the other to the door. And all through the perfunctory closing amenities his brow was knitted in preoccupation.

"Now, let's see," this to himself, of course—"she's foreign; French, I think; and has a rather nice voice! Ah, I have it!" By this time the two men were shaking hands; after which Doctor Bradly said, "Listen, J. B. As you go out would you mind putting a record on the phonograph for me? That thing from Samson and Delilah, My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice, you know."

"Sure thing," the other promised with a grin; "but how about My Luv is Like a Red Neu-Rosia?"

"Number 22, lower shelf to the right."

Assuredly the astringency of this should have shrunken any comic spirit; yet it was with expansive hilarity that J. B. disappeared.

Back at his desk Doctor Bradly had a few moments with the poets before Saint-Saëns' dulcet selection sounded; and he was just memorizing the lady's first name, Hélène, when she walked in.

"Ah! Miss Hillaire!" He went forward to greet her, a soothing professional manner personalized by an Old World graciousness. Then, seating her near the desk, a brief dialogue about the weather enabled him to study her.

She was a young woman around thirty, almost a head taller than the neurologist. A long tweed coat buttoned closely around her throat and the heavy-meshed, thickly dotted veil of a small toque made any estimate of her comeliness necessarily vague. Yet her voice was charming, with the timbre of a bronze bell and a French accent that added a kind of piquant edginess. It was this accent which now informed the other's appraisal with certain apprehensions—that is, the sense of security behind his treatment was possible through his knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon temperament, but would this cover the psychology of the Gallic nature? In other words, wasn't it possible that the originator of that desk motto, "Don't start anything you can't stop," had in mind the posterity of Madame de Pompadour, Lenclos and kindred disturbing influences?

"And so, doctor, I am really cured?" Miss Hillaire broke into his mental debate.

"Oh, absolutely!" A recognition of the power of suggestion supplied the conviction.

"And my melancholy spells will be no more?"

The question stimulated an intensive study of his patient. Certainly there was nothing in manner or mannerism to indicate anything but a thoroughly reliable self-control; in fact her poise suggested a coördination so much superior to most of his dismissed cases as to admit a reassured smile into his rejoinder: "After you leave I think I can guarantee there will be no relapse."

She sighed with relief. "That's comfortable; I mean comforting. And now, doctor, may I have my bill?"

"Certainly."

From an upper drawer F. Ernest Bradly handed out a statement which Miss Hillaire accepted with her head turned towards the door.

"What lovely music!" Quietly she listened. "And the name of the piece?"

"My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice. Samson and Delilah, you know."

And as her gaze shifted back to him with a murmured "Of course," his eyes held hers compellingly for a moment. Then swinging halfway in his chair the doctor fell into a sort of tragic abstraction, an expression doubtlessly identified in the Harper course as a wistful reverie.

Wholly unconscious of it, however, Miss Hillaire looked up from her bill with: "But, Doctor Bradly, isn't eight hundred dollars for three weeks rather tall—I should say, steep?"

The physician of the soul came out of his daydream with a start. "Eight hundred dollars—three weeks?" he repeated dazedly. "Ah!" A return of memory. "You mean your bill. Really, Miss Hillaire, I never bother with these tiresome statements. The bookkeeper ——"

Ignoring the gentle reproach of this the other intercepted: "But there are fifteen massages here, and I had only twelve."

"Dear lady, you must forgive me," no longer could the curse of an ostensibly breaking heart be diverted, "but I cannot talk of these things now. I am too unnerved."

"Oh"—with concern—"I am sorry. Is it that you are ill?"

"Miss Hillaire!" Shakily he rose to face her tensely. "Miss Hillaire, I cannot let you go without saying that I love you deeply, deathlessly. To me you are that ideal of loveliness and charm—heart and brain—whom every man hopes some day to meet. The flavor of your personality ——"

An outraged "Doctor Bradly!" halted him as the woman leaped to her feet; but resolutely he continued: "The first time I heard your dear voice, I knew. Then some chord of—of—of ineffable delight vibrated through all my being. Listen!" he enjoined in a hushed voice, and as Miss Hillaire automatically turned her head towards the sirupy cadences he quickly consulted the book on his desk. This permitted a glib but glorified "Then I realized it was the voice of love, which, as Shakspere says, 'makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.'" A breathy pause. "And you never guessed?"

"Certainly not!" the lady informed him acidly.

"Ah, sometimes I thought you had! Isn't it Byron who says: 'In many ways does the full heart reveal—the—the'"—here his memory system sprang a leak, but fortunately Miss Hillaire's preoccupation with her glove enabled him to connect up with the original fount of inspiration—"'reveal,'" he read, "'the presence of a love it would conceal'?"

"Byron?" A brassy note sharpened the bronze-bell voice. "It has a sound like your American poet, Mr. Frank Crane!"

"Frank Crane! Nonsense!" With the justifiable testiness of a gentleman who knows his classics he turned to the documentary evidence; but recalling himself just in time, stepped back into character. "But what does it matter? At least, had I thought you ignorant of my feelings I would not have spoken. As a servant of science, perhaps ——"

"It is not as a servant of science," ironically, "that your declarations seem in very bad taste. It is as a married man with many children."

"But ——" Dramatically he stiffened. "Does that avowal imply any active disloyalty to them? Is it possible"—an incredulous gasp—"that you have misunderstood? Have you thought because the fire you kindled here"—impressively but prudently he struck his thirty-inch expansion—"flamed into speech that I meant something equivocal, unworthy?"

His histrionic attitude—cf. Injured Innocence, Harper Course—was one calling for immediate propitiation; but Miss Hillaire stood fixed and speechless. Obviously the Continental creature, unaccustomed to the ultimate austerities of the

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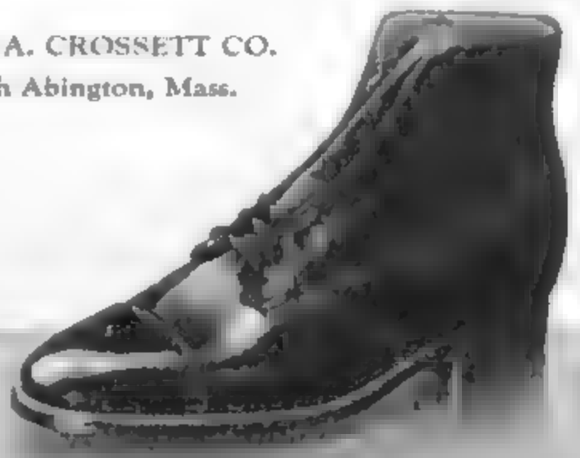

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ESTABLISHED 1853

Anglo-Saxon temperament, had thought just that. For there were both embarrassment and apology in her final: "I am sorry if I misconstructed ——"

"Then you did!" The doctor closed his eyes as if to shut in an ideal imperiled by such misconceptions. It was a long moment before he could master a forgiving gentleness. "Why, 'I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more.' It was the unselfishness of my love that justified my speaking. A love which asks nothing, expects nothing."

"You mean ——"

"I mean,

'A place in thy memory, dearest,
Is all that—that—er—I claim;
To—to pause and look back when thou hearest
The sound of my name.'"

He quoted raptly, reverently.

Impulsively the lady stepped towards him. "I think I can promise you that." Patently this unexpected dénouement, so rarely sequent to such a prologue, touched her. Regret and certainly respect quivered in her voice as she extended an ungloved hand. "And now, may I say good-by?"

This the doctor clasped between both of his. Soulfully he held her eyes. "Hélene"—a gasp betokening a fierce inner conflict broke from him—"Hélene, my beloved, would you kiss me just once?"

With a hostile haste Miss Hillaire jerked away her hand and backed away. "Certainly not!"

"But," he pleaded piteously, "your eyes are so kind. Can you deny me just this?"

"I am sorry," with emphasis, "but ——"

"But it is so little!" An arc of flawless teeth closed over—ostensibly—trembling lips. "Just one tingling memory, my sweet, to help me face the empty future. Just—one tingling memory!"

To his emotional stress were sacrificed both Napoleonic impressiveness and professional dignity; and without these his physical insignificance dwarfed into something poignantly pathetic. Certainly none but the hardest heart could have denied a tingling memory to such a crushed, abject figure, and Miss Hillaire, after a moment's reflection, sighed a resigned "Very well."

Impetuously then, of course, the doctor rushed to her; on tiptoes, through the heavy-meshed veil, delivered a sketchy salute. It was a kiss that suffered, one might say, with anemia, belonging to that class reserved for spinster aunts whose prolonged dalliance under the mistletoe makes defaulture impossible, or at least impolitic. And yet immediately afterwards the doctor flung himself upon the divan, face in hands, a palpable commotion visible around the shoulder seams.

"Go, please!" he bade her chokingly. "And—and Mizpah."

Hesitantly Miss Hillaire made her way to the door; but paused on the threshold. "I am staying at the inn for a few days," gently, "and I'll send a check for my bill when I send for my large trunk."

The impatience of his "Yes—yes" rebuked the lady's sense of the fitness of topics; this intrusion of bills and baggage into such an emotional crisis. Yet the moment she retreated he sprang to the phone.

"I want to speak to John, please. . . . No, no! The porter. . . . John? . . . Doctor Bradly speaking. Will you hold Miss Hillaire's trunk until you see the receipted bill? . . . Yes. Thank you."

This finished, he hurried to the stationary bowl behind the screen. In deference, however, to the amenities prescribing more or less privacy for tooth and nail businesses we withhold any report of the subsequent proceedings.

It was two hours later, a little after eight, that F. Ernest Bradly returned to his office, where after a brief dalliance at his desk he started for the arched doorway. Halfway there he halted as a dazzling vision appeared—a bewilderingly beautiful woman in green and silver—a décolleté frock, chic, shimmering, rue-de-la-paixian—from which ivory arms and shoulders stood out in sculptural symmetries. In her hand she carried a large silver-embroidered bag whose jade clasp matched the long pendants in her ears. Thick, bobbed chestnut hair curled crisply about a faintly familiar face.

"Miss Hillaire!" Astonishment in her changed appearance widened to include surprise at this reappearance; then, with a comprehending smile: "Ah! You came back about that tiresome bill."

She came towards him, and the radiance from a near-by lamp lit up burning, full-lidded eyes. "No, no. I came back because I must." She was breathing spasmodically. "After I left here your words kept ringing in my ears, and suddenly I realized. I saw what I thought the gratitude of a patient for a doctor was—was an answer to your love."

During this speech bewilderment in her listener's face ceded to fright, and now as she took a step towards him he backed off agitatedly.

"You're crazy—I mean, it's nerves. Here"—looking around in panic—"I'll get you a bromide."

"Can a bromide dull that eternal cry in my ears: 'He loves me! He loves me! He loves me!'"

Her voice made an excited ascension after each period, and at the finish she took another step towards the doctor. His retreat, however, was commensurate both in speed and distance; and not until after three vocal swallows could he summon calm enough to beg: "Miss Hillaire, you must compose yourself. I'll—I'll" inspirationally—"get you a glass of water!"

Naturally this evoked more imperious scorn than the bromide. "Water!" Scorn slurred into a rich melting tenderness. "Ah, my beloved, have you forgotten the Song of Solomon? 'Many waters cannot quench love,'" she quoted ecstatically, "'neither can the floods drown it.'"

The doctor bit his lips nervously and a harassed frown wrote across the narrow brow its evidence of growing alarm. What a fool he'd been to try a rational scientific treatment on an irrational foreigner. No telling how far she'd go! His experiences, however, with hysteria counseled temperate methods; and there was a soothing note in his reproof. "Miss Hillaire, when you left this room I flattered myself you were a well-balanced, equilibrated ——"

"Well-balanced! Bah!" The woman flung back her head with magnificent disdain. "I was an iceberg, but, ah!" The bronze-bell voice quivered. "It was your kiss that warmed me into life. Your kiss ——"

With extended arms she swept towards him, but the terrorized neurologist scooted behind the desk.

"For God's sake, control yourself!" Panting and blenched, drying the perspiration from his brow with a page unthinkingly torn from the poets, he faced his pursuer; but now she paused in baffled wonder.

"But what has come over you, my dearest? Is it that my indifference chilled your love?" A shudder went through her and she closed her eyes; yet a minute later they opened upon him with reassured tenderness. "But no! Your kiss told me of a burning passion that cannot change. I knew—I knew you had never really kissed a woman before!"

Yet she made no advances towards him, and the Napoleonic neurologist, bulwarked into comparative security behind the desk, gave himself up to strategic considerations. Once he reached for the telephone; only to abandon such maneuver immediately. A general alarm, with its probably resultant publicity, would not only deploy all his patients, both past and present, into shock troops, but would certainly shoot considerable poison gas into his home life. No, it was best to temporize with the fool, in hopes that she might be outgeneraled by diplomacy; or, presuming possible defeat here, until the porter came to turn out the lights.

Meanwhile she stood regarding him wistfully. "Ah, I understand now!" with a kind of tragic resignation. "It is your sense of honor that is trying to stiffle" she pronounced it to rime with "piffle"—"your love. But, oh, my dear one!" A sudden energy. "Do you not remember your Pope?"

"You mean the present Pope?" The doctor consulted his watch matter-of-factly.

"Alexander Pope, beloved." Ecstatically she quoted: "'A curse on all laws but those which love has made! Love, free as air at sight of human ties, spreads his light wings, and—and'"—then triumphantly—"'and in a moment flies.' And is it not true?"—eagerly.

"Very neat," the other commended blandly. Indulgence was best until he could decide upon the proper diplomatic measures; but, startled, he jumped back as a cry of ringing elation broke from her.

"Then you do agree with me! You do see that we must let our love sweep us away. Oh!"

(Continued on Page 112)

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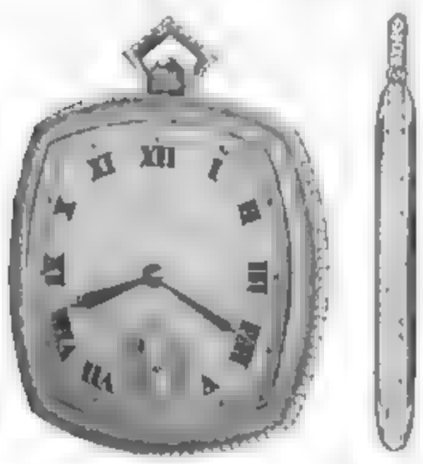

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(Continued from Page 110)

Again she stepped towards him, only to be halted by the other's shrill explosion: "You mean ——"

"I mean," gently, "as Ruth says: 'Whither thou goest I will go; . . . thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

All his old terror reinstated itself. "It's out of the question—your remaining here!"

"Remaining here. Of course!" A withering scorn of such an idea melted into a kind of transport.

"No, we will go away together, to some little island, 'where the moonlight is like fever.' There hand in hand we will let the world go by."

F. Ernest Bradly received the island proposition with all the reactions that St. Helena doubtless evoked from Bonaparte. Once his mouth opened for speech, some flaming retort that would burn into the creature's softening brain; then deciding that these feverish fancies called for cold applications of irony he frigidly asked: "Madam, will you come back from your little island long enough to remember that I have a wife and four children?"

"A wife—four children!" A dazed look surrendered to "Ah, yes! Your wife. But I shall go to her and make her see that man-made ties must go down before a love like ours." Resolutely she wheeled. "I shall go to her at once."

She started towards the hall, but the doctor, hurdling over a stool and beating the world's record for a seven-yard dash, outdistanced her.

"Don't you dare!" He barred the door with outstretched hands.

"I must!"

"You won't!"

The air whistled through his clenched teeth as his chest lifted and fell. Standing thus, he suggested some practitioner of a new system of deep-breathing exercises rather than a graduate of the Harper Dramatic Course. Certainly the frantic squeak in his voice as the woman made a defiant advance negated all its histrionic values. "Come one step nearer, and I'll call an attendant! I refuse to ——"

"You refuse!" Regally she towered above him. "And how about me? It is I—I—I who refuse! Refuse to let you sacrifice our happiness to a mistaken sense of honor. Do you think," her eyes blazed in anger, "I will let your soul, created for life's highest adventures, be stiffled here in this deadening atmosphere, here among these soulless scientific books?" A flourish towards the shelves. "No, no! I would rather," jerkily she pulled from her bag a revolver, "kill you first!"

"H-h-help!" he gasped weakly.

Now, according to rumor, there are six hundred thousand fibers in every muscle of the biceps; but suddenly each of these went back on him. Weakly he swayed, then by a gusty effort he flung himself upon the homicidal maniac. The surprise of the attack enabled him to grip the wrist above the weapon, but quickly she shifted it to her left hand, which immediately flew ceilingward, far above his head.

Yet, through a frantic tiptoed reach he got hold of the dangling bag. The cords grew tauter and tauter, and at last her arm lowered. One leap and his fingers closed around the gun. In a panting struggle they rocked. Now and then his grip slipped under the pressure of her superior strength, but desperation empowered him to a renewed hold. But suddenly she wheeled, her back against the narrow chest, all his movements blocked by the weight and pressure of her body. Slowly but inexorably her long white arm pushed out; he felt his clutch unlocking. Then followed a moment which corroborates all the testimony of the drowning about their snappy mental processes. For in ten seconds the terrorized neurologist not only saw himself dated up for a rendezvous with death, as the poet says, but he had time to speculate about the sentence of the murderess, the bitter comments of the press on such an atrocity—a benefactor to humanity cut down in his prime. Also a throb of pity for the widowed Rowena, who, despite her jealous nature and imperfect understanding of himself, had been a fairly satisfactory mother to their children. But just then, luckily for the prospective orphans, a log in the fireplace fell with a crash. Miss Hillaire jumped, turned her head, relaxed her muscles. A quick maneuver and the revolver lay in the doctor's hands; one bound took him behind the divan.

"Oh!"

The frustrated criminal gave a smothered moan, facing him in disheveled helplessness. A broken shoulder strap hung over her heaving bosom; her hair was touseled in a wild lawlessness; and but one pendant dangled from her ear; the other gleamed on the carpet. Yet F. Ernest Bradly's appearance presented an equal disorder. His hair, too, matted clammily over his eyes; gone was the decorous boutonnière; and his number 14 collar had wilted into a stringy rag.

"Listen!" his voice jerked out through spasmodic gasps. "If you will go to your hotel and wait for me ——"

"You mean," with dilated eyes, "you will come to me, my lover!"

"I mean I will come and talk things over with you quietly!"

Hungrily, hopefully she searched his face; then a sigh of inexpressible pathos sent a shudder through her. "No, you will never come. Your noble nature will make you crush me from your heart." Slowly her eyes filled with tears, and sinking into a chair she broke into hard, gulping sobs. "But, oh, what is to become of me! The future! The bleakness, the blackness of it!"

Burying her face in the angle of an elbow supported by the chair arm she gave herself up to grief. An uncontrolled paroxysmic grief that should have elicited pity from the hardest heart; yet Doctor Bradly's response was a sigh of relief, for the situation, he felt, was now in his hands. In other words, tears, woman's only weapon, according to the poets, could be handled so less riskily than the cold steel variety.

Reassured by the thought he deposited the revolver on the table behind him as he murmured, "Really, you know, you've got to pull yourself together."

She looked up then, and her misted eyes caught sight of the pistol.

"No, I can't face it! It would be better to end it all now."

Up she sprang and started for the table. But with one motion he naturally recaptured the thing first.

"Give me that gun!" Erect, heroic, she confronted him, like some dauntless Joan of Arc.

But the doctor, not to be outdone, threw a Napoleonic imperiousness into his "Not in a million years."

Gradually the woman's shoulders sagged and as she dropped weakly to the divan a quivering anguish flashed across her face. "Oh! But I cannot bear it!" Fresh tears flooded her eyes. "The years and years ahead of me. Never to feel your arms around me! Never to see the gleam of your white teeth as you smile into my eyes. Never to ——"

A sudden gulp choked her into silence. Then another outburst of tears, which the doctor regarded with compassionate indulgence. Poor creature! It was natural, of course, but none the less tragic that the affections of the starved nature had fastened upon him. "There! There!" He bent and ventured a kindly pat upon her bowed shoulders. "You mustn't take on so. Time will bring forgetfulness."

The heresy of this prophecy brought her to her feet. "Forget you!"—with unutterable scorn.

"Yes, Miss Hillaire. You are a young and charming woman." He paused and her eyes caught his; eyes, luminous, compelling, blackly outlined by the tear-wet lashes. "By Jove!"—with sudden conviction—"you are a beautiful woman. Some day there will come into your life a man free to love you."

There was in this prediction almost a faint envy for that problematical unencumbered gentleman, but it drew from the woman only a sardonic laugh. "And do you think, having loved a god—I could love a mere man?"

The doctor smiled a deprecatory "Oh, nonsense! I ——" But Miss Hillaire, her brows constricted tragically, intercepted: "No. Your noble character, your beautiful soul with its passion for music and poetry, your—magnetic personality ——"

She halted and the doctor cleared his throat, eying her with a new respect. Not only a beautiful woman but one capable of fine discriminations and appreciations. Gad, if only Rowena recognized his values like this!

"And oh, your flashing white smile!" Miss Hillaire turned her head, in the throes of some new stress. It was fully a minute before she could finish. "No, you have spoiled all other men for me."

"Well," comfortingly, "even if they do not fire your imagination as I have done,

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there may be one who can at least look out after your future."

Again the neurologist laid the gun down, then selected a fresh rose for his lapel as she murmured, "No, that cannot be. I must stiffle the flame you have kindled here."

"Stifle, Miss Hillaire."

"Stifle, then." She accepted the correction automatically; then her shoulders collaborated in a resigned shrug. "It is as your Coleridge says: 'To know, to esteem, to love, and then to part, makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart.'" A hesitant pause, during which she scanned the other's face with imploring humility. "But before I go, would you -would you kiss me just once?"

"Certainly not!" Automatically the doctor stepped back.

"With one kiss draw 'my whole soul through my lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.'"

The quotation came in a half whisper as she stood, head tilted back, her eyes invitational gleams under arched, petitioning brows, her lips parted, humid like scarlet threads across her face. It is safe to say that the only man capable of permanently resisting such an appeal would have been a case of complete paralysis.

Certainly the doctor began showing signs of defective control; then his higher nature triumphed in a perfunctory "I am sorry, but ——"

"But it is so little. Just one tickling—tingling memory to help me face the empty future."

"Very well." After all, he owed the poor thing something. "If you promise to go then."

"I promise, my beloved."

The next moment she had gathered him into a clinging embrace, then bending, kissed him.

Now if the doctor was correct in imputing to neurasthenics lives cheated of sentimental enrichments—and their accessory training in osculation—Miss Hillaire's technical skill and highly specialized expertness showed a natural talent for kissing that amounted to genius. When Shakspere wrote "Parting is such sweet sorrow," indubitably he had in mind just such a kiss. This was F. Ernest Bradly's first thought, but unfortunately immediately afterward his blood pressure went up thirty millimeters, and further intellectualization became impossible.

"Oh, my king!" He felt the tender touch of her hands upon his face, a touch which erased finally all his inhibitions.

"Oh, I do love you! You wonderful woman. Kiss me again!"

Miss Hillaire demonstrated an obliging nature; then after a cataleptic interlude she drew away to murmur, "And to say good-by after this!"

"Good-by? Never!" Desperately he reclasped her. "We will go away together."

"You mean you will leave your wife?" Incredulity shot through with joy.

"I'd leave anything for you."

It was stated with conviction; yet all at once a tribal taboo sprang from his Puritan conscience. A responsive pucker which almost immediately cleared. After all, uxoriousness was all right in its way, but there were circumstances that justified these cases. For instance, hadn't posterity come to see Napoleon's point of view in that Josephine affair? Reassured, he reached up to kiss her, when there appeared at the door a dark figure—a man who, when he took in the tableau, rushed into the room.

"What does this mean?" And at his enraged shout the two broke apart.

"Jim!" The woman clutched her throat.

"J. B.!" The doctor swayed weakly against a chair back.

"So this is a sample of your scientific love-making, you dirty cad!" With a cold withering contempt he looked the doctor up and down, then turned to the woman, who stood in motionless terror, twisting the cords of her bag. At sight of her disheveled hair and broken shoulder strap a maniacal gleam narrowed his eyes. He turned to the neurologist. "Well, do you know what I'm going to do to you?" A twitching smile, as the revolver on the table caught his glance. "I'm going"—one stride and it was in his hands—"to kill you in cold blood."

Up flew the doctor's hands. "For God's sake, J. B., let me explain! This woman here ——"

But his alibi was lost in the lady's piercing cry. "Jim!" She fell to her knees and caught hold of the other's ill-fitting coat. "I swear ——"

With a brutal push, however, he flung her off and started for the neurologist, just as that gentleman, ashen and trembling, sagged over the back of the divan.

Miss Hillaire sprang to him, and when, after a few wrist-slapping measures, he opened his eyes, she smiled down reassuringly. "Don't let my husband frighten you like this, doctor. Fortunately, the gun is as empty as your patients' futures."

Dazedly he blinked at her. It took two long minutes for the realities to work through his benumbed consciousness. "Your husband?" He tottered to his feet and faced her with a return of dignity. "But didn't you register here as Miss Hillaire?"

J. B., his weapon discarded, stood looking on with the old familiar grin, which gave birth to a chuckle as his wife answered, "Certainly. That is my name. You see, I am an actress—sometimes."

"Then you mean ——"

"That our big scene was what you say a frame-up?" She took a comb from her bag, and ran it lightly through her hair with graceful unconcern. "Exactly."

F. Ernest Bradly stiffened. An impotent fury seemed to pour all his blood into a softening brain; to thud in veinous pulses all over his body. Oh, the intolerable ignominy of it! A reflex impulse moved him towards the discarded weapon; then a memory of its empty chambers diverted all his baffled wrath into: "This is an outrage! I ——"

"Nonsense, Brad." J. B.'s laugh cut short the threat. "Helen was just trying to expand your ego."

This sally joined the two conspirators in a burst of uncontrollable laughter. It was the husband who sobered first.

"Honey," he grinned across at the lady, "just as soon as you stiffle your contagious mirth you'd better come on out and meet your empty future—and the Blakes, who are waiting in the car."

"I'll be ready in a moment." She motioned him away with another spurt of amusement. "You run out and play with the phonograph."

Still grinning, J. B. sauntered to the door, but here he paused for a parting quip. "It's as our American poet used to say, Brad, 'You can fool some of the people ——' You know the rest." And off he went.

Along with the doctor, Miss Hillaire assumed a stately dignity. With a business-like gravity she drew from her bag a paper. "Will you kindly receipt this bill?"

"But ——"

"Or does" -she looked significantly into his eyes—"your wife attend to these tiresome statements?"

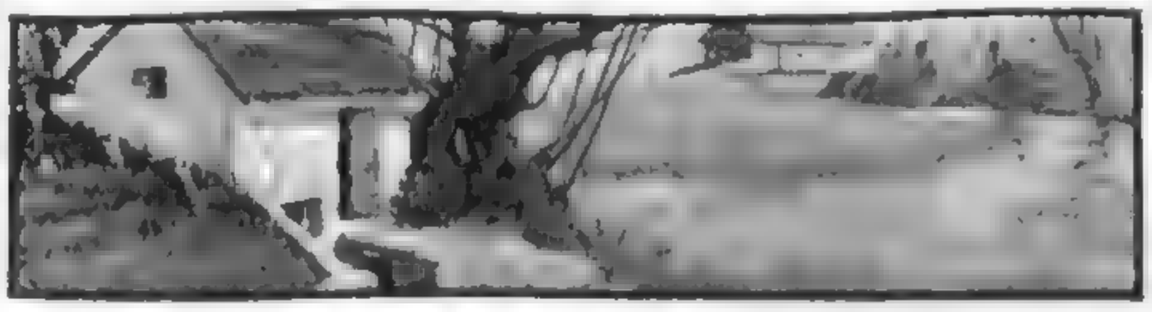
He gasped weakly. "Blackmail! Gad! He'd ——"

"Well?" Her sinister interrogation prodded him into action.

"Very well." He took the bill, receipted it with a fountain pen and handed it back savagely. "And now, you get out of here at once!"

"Presently." Her bronze-bell voice was soothingly bland as she once more dug into the embroidered bag. "But first, I'm sure you won't mind if I brush my teeth."

Toothbrush in hand, she started for the stationary bowl; but the doctor could stand it no longer. Like a hunted creature he bolted towards the hall, and if to the imaginative there remained with him any resemblance to Bonaparte, it must have suggested Napoleon immediately after Waterloo; especially when, just as he reached the door, the phonograph outside burst into melody. It was a close-harmony record, the melting chorus of that deservedly popular song, The End of a Perfect Day.



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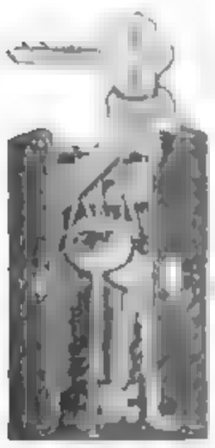

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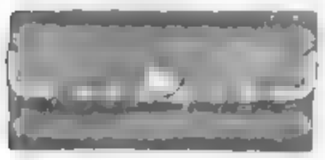

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

Cut out that business about dumb animals. Some dogs deserve to be kicked. The Prince should have a decent income.

WHEN A GIRL IS TWENTY-EIGHT: The Prince need not stay away just because he is bald, or because he has an impediment in his speech, or because he is homely as a hedge fence. Kind hearts are more than coronets, and so forth, and a girl has a way of looking behind exteriors. His voice may sound like a buzz saw striking a rusty nail, yet he himself may be a perfectly good Prince. He should be a gentleman—at least, a gentleman in the rough—one whom it would give a girl real pleasure to reform. Clothes do not count at all—nobody judges a man by his clothes. If he has money enough for two persons to live on, that's all there is to that.

WHEN A GIRL APPROACHES THIRTY-FIVE: Any male person, not a tramp or a second-story man, is a Prince. H. H.

Lines to a Proud Maiden

HEAD high and nose atilt, with air reserved,
As though you came from some diviner sphere
And for a moment only walked these ways
And breathed the sad pollution men breathe here,

I see you coming down this city street.
A conscious grace like light about you clings.
Your body has the beauty of a flame
Against the dawn. The winds' hushed whisperings

Are gathered in the silence of your eyes
Where a far sunset burns. And oh, your hair
Is like a shadowed light. And now you pass.
My spirit quivers at your haughty air.

So lovely and so proud—but "pride," you know,
"Goeth ——" This shall my stricken heart console;
For oh, proud maiden, you'd not be so proud,
If you knew that your stocking had a hole! —*George Brandon Saul.*

From the Salome Sun

A TENDERFOOT from Iowa came along last week in an old Lizzie and Squint Eye Johnson traded him 160 acres of land for it. I hear Squint Eye said that the durn fool couldn't read and he made the deed out for 640 acres.

Our poor Old Frog is getting gray
Waiting for a Rainy Day;
If it don't hurry up and rain,
I fear he'll have a window pane.

Almost everything grows well here. Squint Eye Johnson built a barn last year and on account of the high price of lumber cut four big cottonwood posts and set them in the ground for the corners, nailing boards on to complete the barn. It rained soon after and the corner posts started to grow—and it kept Squint Eye busy all summer nailing on more boards at the bottom to keep the cows from getting out—and now he has a two-story barn and uses the top story for a henhouse. Squint Eye says one more wet year and he will have to buy an aeroplane to feed his chickens.

In dry years we sometimes have to plant onions in between the rows of potatoes and then scratch the onions to make the potatoes' eyes water enough to irrigate the rest of the garden—and the kids sure do hate to scratch the onions on moonlight nights.

The Cactus Kid says most folks are going just because they are going—and that just as many are coming back as there are going; so we can't see why they don't all stay at home and write each other postal cards and save their money to buy garden seed.

Don't up and make a holler every time you have to spend a dollar, for we're here to sell you Oil & Gas—and keep you laughing, happy as you pass; so spend your money with a smile, and maybe, some day, afterwhile, if you give the boys an even chance, we might make Salome dance—and if the dance is full of Vim, we think the Frog might learn to swim.

—*Dick Wick Hall, Editor and Garage Owner.*

"Push Him Closer, Can't Ye?"

SCIENCE and SAUERKRAUT

"HELLO, Doctor, sit down. You've caught me with the goods—I'm indulging a secret weakness for sauerkraut. We never have it at home—my wife laughs at me—but I'm just plebeian enough to like it and—"

"My dear sir, don't ever apologize for eating sauerkraut. You don't know, perhaps, that Pasteur called sauerkraut one of the most useful and healthful vegetable dishes on earth."

"No, I didn't know it. Pasteur, the French scientist?"

"None other. You know we medical men have been learning some surprising things about sauerkraut lately. I was reading just the other day an article by Metchnikoff in which he tells of a man who lived to be one hundred and three years old. He was a weaver, who had always led a sober and thrifty life, and he had only one grand passion—he adored sauerkraut, and he ate it in great quantities, oftenest raw. Metchnikoff says that from all we know of the beneficial part played by lactic ferments, it is probable that the sauerkraut had a great deal to do with his long life."

"Is that so? My taste for sauerkraut is supported by high authorities."

"By the highest. For sauerkraut is very rich in lactic acid bacilli—the same good little germs that Metchnikoff tells so much about in his famous work on 'The Prolongation of Life.' These are the germs that destroy the poisons in our systems—the fighters that attack and destroy the bad germs that cause disease."

"The Dempseys of the human body, eh'"

"Exactly. For they don't know when they're licked. They keep on fighting till they win. They are the best friends we have in the arena of life. And the strongest and most energetic of these little friends are the kind which literally teems in sauerkraut and sauerkraut juice."

"The juice that our wives and our cooks usually pour down the kitchen sink."

"Yes. As I said, I have lately been reading some very interesting reports on sauerkraut. It contains all three of the vitamines, it is rich in mineral salts and iron, also in calcium, the bone building substance. Over in Copenhagen sauerkraut and its juice are held in high favor for those ailments arising from uric acid in the system. The acid in sauerkraut neutralizes uric acid—destroys it at the source.

"The celebrated Dr. Arnold Lorand of Carlsbad, in his book, 'Health and Longevity Through Rational Diet,' tells of good results from one or two tablespoonfuls of sauerkraut at the beginning of a meal. Sauerkraut is given first place in the diet for diabetics in no less an authority than Ander's 'Practice of Medicine.' Dr. Edward Ochsner has given it some very interesting tests at the Augustana Hospital in Chicago in cases of diabetes, and another famous Chicagoan, Dr. Sadler, credits it with excellent values as a health food.

"As to food values—chicken soup is considered nourishing—and it is, yet the average is only 100 calories, while sauerkraut has 125. We think of beef soup, 120 calories, as a tolerably substantial starter to a good meal, but sauerkraut has greater heat value. Government reports go even further and show the superiority of sauerkraut in energy value over such valuable vegetables as okra, asparagus, lettuce, celery, cucumbers, string beans.

"For many years sailors have eaten sauerkraut as an anti-scorbutic—that is, a preventive of scurvy. It was Captain Cook who discovered its value in 1776, and it is still used on long cruises to keep the sailors in condition.

"You know what the celebrated Dr. Brokaw of St. Louis used to say: 'Spinach may be the broom of the stomach, but sauerkraut is the vacuum cleaner.'"

"I don't know why it is that people smile whenever sauerkraut is mentioned. The average woman seems half ashamed to serve it on the table."

"Yet nearly everybody has a secret fondness for it, and I honestly believe that if the facts about it were made known to the public sauerkraut would do more for people's health, to keep them in condition, pink cheeked, bright eyed and with keen appetite and increased capacity for other dishes on the menu card than any other one thing I know of. Ah, here's our waiter now. Bring me some sauerkraut."

Every statement made by the doctor in this conversation is substantiated by the testimony of the highest scientific authorities. If you would know more about the remarkable value of sauerkraut as a health food and as a *preventive* and *corrective*, mail this coupon for a free copy, postpaid, of "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new recipes for preparing this delicious food.

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WHEN THE SHOWDOWN COMES

(Continued from Page 23)

needs to buy new machinery or additional supplies, and if any evidence were lacking at this point it is fully supplied in the reduction of the hours and days of labor everywhere off the farm, the even greater reduction in efficiency, and the overmanning by main strength of such necessary industries as transportation and mining.

He has found out in a thousand ways that under the system of labor now in vogue a tax-free man with his bare hands can get more money for his eight-hour day in these highly organized industries than a farmer can get with both his labor and his investments and that very largely the farmer pays the taxes for both classes of citizens.

Nor is this the entire burden that is thrown upon the farmer by our industrial system. The excessive cost of transportation has made millions of dollars of fruits and vegetables, even potatoes, worthless, and they have been left on the tree or in the ground to rot while the owner borrows money with which to pay his taxes and live, if he can. At the same time, men in the trades continue to enjoy a wartime wage on an eight-hour day, so hedged about by restrictions that labor along some lines has become almost a sedentary occupation.

The perishables which are thus made worthless represent the labor and the living of thousands of hard-working families, deprived not only of their profits but of their capital because the men engaged in the transportation service have forced a wage and working conditions so far above what private enterprise can pay, except in the manufacture of luxuries, that they have rendered the service almost prohibitive except for favored commodities. Yet they have been out on strike, paralyzing the transportation system of a hundred million people to gain their point, even killing their fellow citizens who undertake to fill the vacant places in the necessary business of distributing food.

The onerous conditions under which the farmer is now working are not limited to transportation and the disproportionate cost of machinery and supplies as compared with the value of what he has to sell.

A few days ago in a farming community of the Middle West bids were opened for the erection of a new building to shelter a township consolidated school. All bids were rejected as running above the one-hundred-thousand-dollar bond issue authorized by the voters of this strictly agricultural community.

Discussing the matter with the bidders afterward the contractors explained that bricklayers were demanding a dollar and a half an hour, that three hundred bricks was a day's work, and that they were in a position to tie up any job unless their demands were met.

Bricks in Terms of Wheat

Now half of this building committee were farmers, and wheat was selling that day in the local markets at ninety cents a bushel. Even a farmer could soon figure out the fact that at these rates for labor it would cost four cents to lay a single brick and one bushel of wheat would lay only twenty-two and a half; or, if the cost of the brick itself is included, the farmer's bushel of wheat would put but twelve bricks in the schoolhouse wall—enough food to feed a full-grown man for twenty days representing only a single row of brick eight feet long.

Reason enough, this, why the board rejected all bids for building; but the questions remain: How are the children of the community to be schooled? and What will the farmers do about it? They might lay the brick with common labor or do it themselves, but in that case the other organized craftsmen would strike and tie up the job. So the question remains: What will the farmers do about it?

The bricklayer talks about a living wage, but what does it mean? It means that a bricklayer, beginning his day two hours or more after the farmer is in the field, and quitting long before the farmer begins his chores, would still get twelve dollars for his day's labor. This is the full output of an average acre of wheat, in which the farmer has put twelve to fifteen hours' labor of himself and team and has furnished both seed and binding twine, after having invested in the land and being held to pay taxes, insurance, upkeep and repairs.

Here is where extremes meet and here is where organized labor will meet its Waterloo unless it mends its methods, improves its manners, selects proper leaders and does an honest day's work for a reasonable wage. Every right-minded man believes that men who live by the labor of their bare hands need organizations of their own, and these organizations have done great good not only to the laboring man but to the country. But except in the higher ranks of skilled craftsmanship labor in large part is now being led by the same class of agitators, often aliens, that has endeavored to capture the agricultural organizations. These men are militant, gaining their ends by means that are undermining government and paving the way for their own undoing.

For the farmer has begun to see daylight through the situation and he is not so powerless as he may have seemed while capital and labor have been wrangling like two hungry dogs over a bone that really belongs to neither of them. For the public has never voluntarily paid the wages demanded by certain organized crafts and highly protected industries or willingly submitted to their coercion and oppression. In every case it has been forced and in some cases terrorized into submission.

The Right to Work

As these words are written half a dozen men, more powerful than the President of the republic, are able to dictate the terms on which a hundred million of supposedly free people can have the coal to drive their industries and heat their homes. This is government by a militant minority, which has long been rather successfully camouflaged behind the screen of the living wage and the right to strike.

The right to strike is demanded as a corollary of collective bargaining and is defended on the ground of the constitutional privilege of the individual to work when and where he pleases, or not at all, for that matter.

From these premises is hatched the whole brood of labor troubles under which enterprise, dependent upon organized labor, is slowed up to less than its proper efficiency, and advanced to more than its proper cost when it is not prohibited altogether. Besides that, the world is being told by these organizations the terms and conditions in which it may be permitted to secure the necessaries of life.

Now the individual right to work or not, as granted in the Constitution, implies only the individual right to quit; and collective bargaining, conceded by the public, implies at most only the right of collective quitting. It would be bad enough if this collective quitting should be so organized and planned by methods of conspiracy or otherwise that a wholesale walkout should paralyze an essential industry and cause widespread suffering and distress.

But the bad logic does not stop even at this point. The right to strike is held to imply that the strike must be made effective, and this means that other men, not belonging to this particular hierarchy of labor but ready to exercise their constitutional privilege of working when and where they please, must be denied this right and driven off the job, by force if necessary, carried often to the point of terrorism against the man and his family, even to the extreme of bombing and wholesale murder. As an example, witness the Herrin outrage.

In the meantime homes and roundhouses are bombed and trains are wrecked. So does the striking laborer propose to hold the job he has abandoned, even at the point of the gun; and the more suffering it entails the more likely the strike is to be effective. Indeed, a strike without either force or suffering would be foredoomed to failure.

The strike unsupported by force would lose its effectiveness nine times out of ten for the very good reason that long before the strike was called the organization had succeeded in securing for its numbers a wage considerably above the prevailing rates. Under these conditions a strike unsupported would be a simple walkout ending as a joke, because the vacant places would be filled as promptly as any other vacuum. The strike to be effective must operate in such a way as to produce, first of all, a closed industry, and then keep it closed by keeping other workmen away

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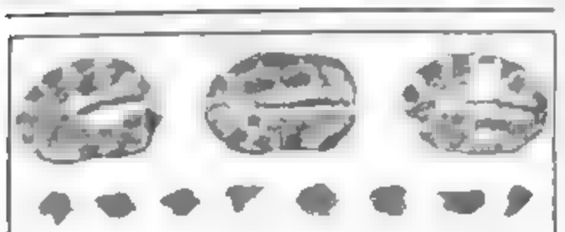

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and by forcing the public to its knees; otherwise the strike will vanish in thin air.

In brief and in plain English, organized craftsmen cannot secure their demands upon the public without using force to the extent, first of all, of depriving their fellow citizens of their constitutional right to work and, finally, of starving, freezing, paralyzing or otherwise hammering the public into submission; and in pursuing this policy there is evidently no limit this side of terrorism.

Under these conditions local, state or Federal authority is powerless, for both rioters and their organization leaders claim the right to employ any methods necessary to make the strike effective that is, to prevent the orderly and usual conduct of our lives until their demands, which are frankly spoken of as "advantages," are met and guaranteed.

At many points the public has yielded even this contention and withdrawn the militia, the so-called armed guards, leaving everything wide open, even to halting and searching automobiles on the public highways and beating up suspected strike breakers.

And so we have arrived at a time when the labor issue is no longer a quarrel between capital and labor but a defiance of the rights of the public to the conditions of living. The strike is now aimed not against the employer so much as against the public, the proof of which is that the highest wages have been forced where the greatest public distress can be depended upon to follow a strike. In practical procedure we have come to the time when the advisability of a strike and its revenue-producing power depend upon the speed and completeness with which the public can be brought to its knees.

Supergovernment

Not only that, but the strike has developed or descended from a contest against the employer and his business to a trial of strength between the regularly constituted and responsible Government set up by a free people and an arbitrary supergovernment set up by an irresponsible but militant minority making their own rules, which they propose to enforce over the laws of the country in which they live, by the frankly announced method of boring from within.

As long as labor issues and the question of wages were merely a quarrel between the employer and the employe the public was powerless.

The public was compelled to suffer in helplessness, pay the bills, and beg the two parties to the controversy to come to some kind of understanding and give service, even on hard terms.

But now that the quarrel has extended itself beyond the bounds of business and the successful contender has set up a code of its own making and methods of government of its own devising which it purposes to invoke, the issue is no longer principally economic; it has become political, and upon that issue a popular vote can be taken.

That the labor issue has become political there is abundant evidence on every hand.

For two sessions of the General Assembly in Illinois, for example, organized labor has said that the farmers and small-town residents of the state shall not have a state constabulary for their protection, and they have so far succeeded in killing a measure necessary to the safety of the great majority of the citizens of a state that is more and more exposed to marauders as its system of perfect highways is extended between the population centers and across the open country.

Only the other day the Federation of Labor of the great state of New York in convention at Poughkeepsie is quoted as having passed a resolution demanding the abolition of the constabulary of that state, which it denominated as Governor Miller's Cossacks.

A few months ago at Herrin a massacre occurred in which some twenty American citizens or aliens were driven from lawful labor and killed when totally unarmed and on their way out of the county in which they had a perfectly lawful right to remain and work but from which they were being driven by fear. A hundred-thousand-dollar private fund is being raised by subscription among the chambers of commerce of the state to enable the attorney-general to determine whether there is such a thing as law in Illinois for a small minority organized to defy it. In that connection it is important to note that the attorney-general of the state and important witnesses are receiving anonymous letters threatening their lives if they proceed with the case against the Herrin murderers.

Terrorizing Methods

This double outrage of wholesale murder and defiance of the law is but the outcome of the determination of a small but organized group of citizens and aliens that no coal shall be mined in the state except upon terms which they themselves dictate.

Upon this point the operators and the public have surrendered, not as a matter of justice but because by force the organized miners have succeeded in shutting off the coal supply, and the operators have well pointed out that the contest had been carried far beyond a strike against the employers and had become a strike and a holdup against the public, in which, by confession, no law exists whereby the public can protect itself.

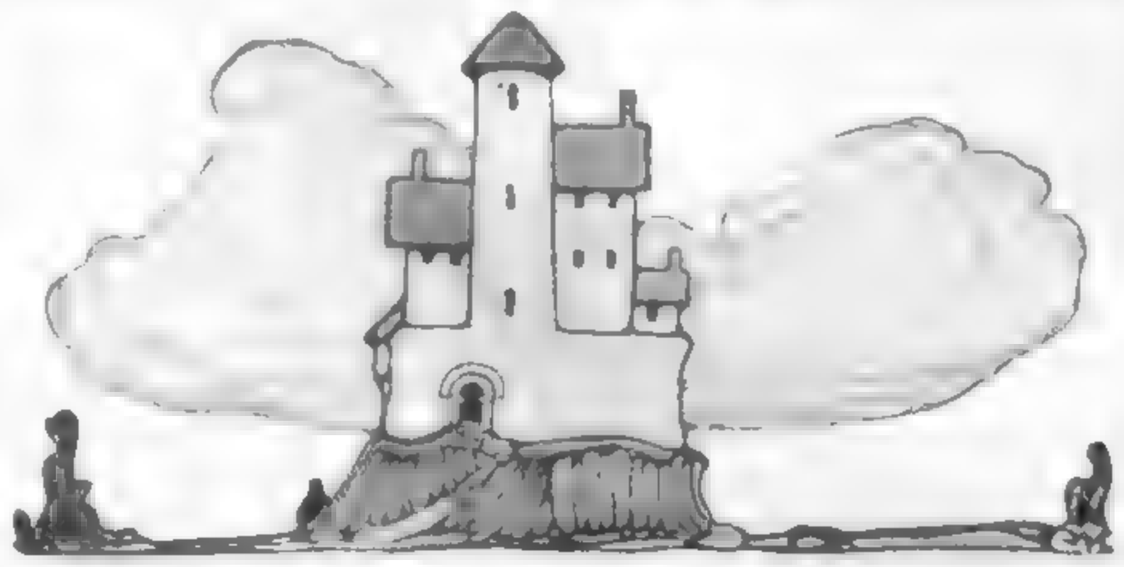
The miners based their latest demands upon the issue of the living wage, when everybody knows that so many men had been attracted to the coal fields by the high wage so long prevailing that work could be had for only about half the time. Nevertheless they insisted that the world should support the mining industry on that basis or freeze, and on that basis the public has been smoked out.

The President of the United States very properly insisted that the Government would protect every citizen within its borders in his right to work, but it has not done it and cannot do it without declaring a state of war, because in many of the communities affected the mob has been in complete possession of the situation.

Not only that, but when the President of the United States, the most powerful administrative officer of any government of the world, makes a statement of actual conditions to the Congress and to the country, and when the Supreme Court of the United States, the oldest judicial body in the world sitting upon questions involving international law, makes a decision in either case, within a day or two labor leaders come out in the daily press telling the court where its jurisdiction begins and ends and criticizing them both, passing superjudgment upon their utterances and informing the world as to how far they will be heeded.

Organizations affected and conducted in the name of labor are thus making and enforcing their own laws by irregular and terrorizing methods, and they indignantly protest against court decisions that would hold them either financially or morally responsible.

This is class legislation run mad. It is bad enough when made in Congress under



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Quick Clean-Up After Baking

Old Dutch—the natural cleanser —keeps your woodenware and all kitchen utensils bright like new. The soft, flaky particles make cleaning easy because they quickly erase the dirt instead of scratching it off. Contains no lye, acid or hard grit.

It's economical—because a little goes a long way. The thin, flat particles of Old Dutch clean a *great* amount of surface with a *small* amount of work. Use Old Dutch for all your cleaning.